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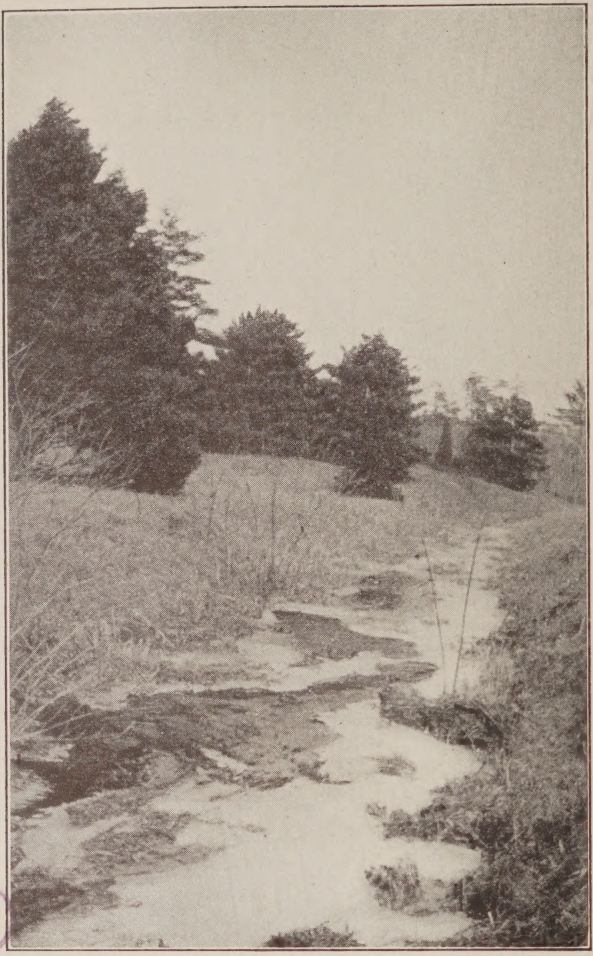

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THE BROOK IN A PUBLIC PARK DEDICATED WHOLLY TO THE STUDY OF NATURE. ARNOLD ARBORETUM, BOSTON.

MAN'S SPIRITUAL CONTACT WITH THE LANDSCAPE

BY

STEPHEN F. HAMBLIN

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS
BY THE AUTHOR

ARTI et VERITATI

BOSTON
RICHARD G. BADGER
THE GORHAM PRESS

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TO

R. N. C.

WHO SERVES ALSO

PREFACE

Or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee.
—Job 12:8.

We do not at start try to define what we mean by the idea "landscape," it is too general a term to be bounded by a few words. One purpose of this book is to try to gather our various experiences together in one composite whole and see what we have. The term "landscape" has scarcely been used in literature in any except a vague way—it has no definite literary standing; but the ideas included in this term have been the theme of poets and philosophers since literature began. You can prove that for yourself merely by looking at a few of the quotations I have used and the writings of the authors whose names are here listed.

This book has nothing to prove concerning the value of the landscape to the human mind; there is no longer any argument against the landscape to combat. All of us have a hazy idea of what it does to us.

We shall consider the landscape not only from the esthetic point of view, as a composite, kaleidoscopic object of beauty, but also in its effects on the mental, moral and religious phases of our existence,—in a word, its message. To some of us a cloud is a fleecy white mass—"a great soul across the sky"; to others a portent of the quick arrival of much-needed rain; to all of us there is a message, but how different! To the abstract scientist an insect is a marvel of mechanism; to the poet a symbol of the ever-abundant life; to every one of us there comes more than physical contact. But as our world is physical we must deal with these things through the senses, in order to reach out to that which is not bounded by our finite means of impression.

The most common means of expressing to others what the landscape has said to us is through the medium of poetry; prose seems less appropriate as a means of conveyance for ideas not represented by material things. To poetry then we naturally turn to see what the ages have bequeathed us.

I have not included any poems in my lists that merely state in a poetic way that some object of Nature is beautiful; its message must also be suggested. The poem quoted wholly or in part is *not* chosen for its information on Nature subjects, but because of its mood and spirit, though as a Nature poem it may be very faulty. Quotations from the lesser poets are as valuable as those from more widely-known writers. "Not from the grand old masters." I have used the works of only writers in English—to keep near home; other tongues will show this same sympathy with the world outdoors, colored by their national life.

The poems listed at the end of the book it is intended that you should find and read, as they are just as much a part of this book as any words here printed. They express far better than any words of mine can do the mental and spiritual attitude of man toward Nature. No poem is suggested that cannot be found in any public library, and to help you to be sure to get the right one the first line is given as well as the title and author of each. None of them are short poems of a few lines only, nor fragments of longer works, for the short bits are included in the chapters themselves—so far as copyright permission allows. I do not pretend that I have an exhaustive list; merely one that is suggestive and easily traced. A great many more may be found, and it will be even more valuable to you to hunt them yourself.

Though you read them hastily and carelessly, which I pray you will not do, even the most thoughtless of us cannot help catching something of the spirit of the writer and his subject, and live life fuller as a result. I particularly suggest that you read them in the mood and physical environment that the chapter they accompany has tried to suggest to you.

The books listed for each chapter at the end of the book you may read or not, as their titles may influence you. Some are merely interesting reading; others corroborate or combat various ideas set forth in that chapter. I could have made the list much longer, but you should hunt them yourself; and if you read faithfully one-half of these here suggested it will take several years of your spare moments.

Great numbers of Nature books have been brought forth within the last fifty years, and they differ widely from those of the previous centuries, if only from the change in our scientific attitude toward the world of life. Only these of the later growth are really appreciated today, and only such are listed. What will be our attitude in another half-century?

I must most gratefully acknowledge permission to use:

The Song of the Sea Wind by L. M. Montgomery (McClelland & Stewart and Frederick A. Stokes Co.), *Talking in Their Sleep* by Edith M. Thomas, *The Pine Tree* by Mary Turner Salter (G. Schirmer, Inc.), *Tree Feelings* by C. P. Gilman (Small, Maynard & Co.), *The Lord God Planted a Garden* by Dorothy Gurney (Dodd, Mead & Co.), *In the Voice of the Garden* by Lucy Cable Bikle (Dodd, Mead & Co.), *Autumn Song* by Ellen Mackay Hutchinson Cortissoz (Houghton Mifflin Co.), and *A Sunday Hymn* by Oliver Wendell Holmes (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

Real pictures of real live Nature and studies by master artists are almost perfect substitutes in some ways for the actual landscape; nay, even, they may bring thoughts to us that the world outside could not, as they are usually partially interpreted for us. A partial list of Nature painters, in the restricted sense of true landscape painters, is given at the back of the book; but let us not forget that we are not studying the landscape pictorially—nor as an artistic composition.

Photographs are also very useful helps; except for the bird picture none of those here given have been before published. Hunting the landscape with the camera is a modern sport enjoyed by gentlefolk that perhaps takes the place of hawking, archery, and the chase, with other pastimes that civilization has made ancient.

This book is wofully incomplete; the subject is too vast and varied to be at all adequately treated within the limits of one volume. To quote what has already been done would give a library in itself. At most I can only outline the more obvious phases of the face of Nature, the things that we can see, all of us, nearly every day, and leave a more detailed study of these to other abler observers. A larger work would be divided into several related volumes. The marvel is that this literary field has been so long neglected.

Whatever may be the faults of this book, they are due to poor powers of delineation or faulty observation, not to the subjects themselves, for each chapter was written for the most part out of doors with the material in sight, and in the month in which we are discussing it—in order to make the atmosphere real. No Nature literature should be turned out on the top floor of a business block in our cities—the material and environment are not there.

We deal here only with phases of Nature. Man, too, is partly a product of Nature, but in this discussion he is regarded only as linked to her, and never apart from her, or in relation to his fellowmen. The great Trinity of human experience is God, man, and the universe. Let us observe somewhat the universe together.

S. F. H.

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INTRODUCTION

Not only around our infancy
Doth Heaven with all its splendors lie;
Daily with souls that cringe and plot
We Sinais climb and know it not.
Over our manhood bend the skies,
Against our fallen and traitor lives
The great winds utter prophecies;
With our faint heart the mountain strives;
Its arms outstretched, the Druid wood
Waits with its benedicite;
And to our age's drowsy blood
Still shouts the inspiring sea.

—James Russell Lowell

MAN'S SPIRITUAL CONTACT WITH THE LANDSCAPE

CHAPTER I

THE DAILY INSPIRATION OF NATURE

All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord.
—Numbers 14:29

Since the advent of man upon the earth his relation to it has been very close, for upon it has his physical life depended. We still draw our physical substance from the earth, but no longer as directly, for many of us civilized mortals know nothing of the source of our daily bread. In the old days every man found his own food and ate it raw or cooked over his own fire. Today too many of us exchange some of the coin of the realm for our food, clothing and other physical necessities, just as we do for our car tickets, houses, amusements, and instruction. We know little and care less about the original source of it all; we pay for something and get it.

So, too, time was when every mortal, in serving his needs for daily physical comfort, was brought in close personal contact with all the varied forces of Nature, the plant and animal life, the globe surface in all its forms—soil, air, and water. Its many manifestations—wind, storm, snow, rain, thunder, flood, and that varied result called weather—all greatly modified his daily plans, and filled his mind with terror, anxiety and travail. He adjusted his physical and mental life to a power outside of himself—there was no escape for him. We civilized peoples of today pay little attention to the weather as affecting our plans; the taxicab and trolley car put us beyond the reach of meteorological changes, just as steam heat and electric lights allow us to triumph over the changes resulting from the earth's movements. Let the old earth swing as she will, we merely turn another electric switch.

Again, in the old days, in their leisure moments, as well as while they sought their daily bread, our early parents looked daily at all these earthly wonders, not with an eye for commercial profits, but as objects of pure beauty to be enjoyed, thought about, and woven into romance, history, and religion. We don't bother with sunsets, moon and stars, or other sky phenomena nowadays—the street lights are far brighter and nearer. Instead of youth and maid gazing raptly at the moon as it peeps over the hill, he passes over a dime and a more realistic love scene is enacted for them on the stage with all the color, light, and motion that our senses can demand. In the daytime we have no leisure moments in which to glance skyward even once; should we ever try to see above us, brick walls and a pall of dust and smoke shut us in.

As for the varied forms of plant and animal life, of natural earth features—hill, valley, and natural skyline—all went long ago when the city set up in business. There is nothing left upon the face of the map within city limits that is purely the work of Nature, so that many of us cannot be expected to know and understand such things. Our daily work keeps us in the realm of things that sing of the skill of the handiwork of man. Blessed be parks and playgrounds, of which one of the purposes is to keep on exhibition some of Nature's works, that we may not forget her presence.

There is fortunately plenty of wild Nature left, but it is coming to be further from the homes of men as fast as improved methods of travel tend to bring it nearer. Hasten the day when cheap rapid transit and other devices from the brain of man will allow his fellowmen to get in the vicinity of sunlight, moonlight, trees, grass, flowers, birds, running water, open fields, and the breath of the wind for a few moments each day. Both the handiwork of man and that of Nature are needed for our observation, study and growth.

Suppose we are confronted with a sunset or forest road, what results? Do our eyes behold visions? No, our thoughts are elsewhere too often. Not having lived with the earth's elements we can't be expected to give them much attention when first introduced to them. Whether we live in town or country unless we have tilled the soil and felt the pulsations of Nature, or unless born with that blessed primal instinct which allows us to put ourselves in sympathy with Nature's forces, most of us have to learn how to appreciate Nature before we get much from her. We may say that a flower or sky effect is pretty, but the thing itself brings us no message. It cannot, for it is foreign to our life, and we know not its ways. As our civilization progresses we must unavoidably lose the close sympathy with the earth itself once the common property of sages, poets, fools, workmen, and leisure folk, and take our love and appreciation of Nature vicariously, along with other things supplied us. Many of us never know the call of Nature, but far more of us have a dormant longing which wakens when Nature rightly gets a chance at us.

All of us have not lived our lives within city limits, but they who have never seen cities except casually may be no more observant of the wonders of the world about them. Children reared in the country are often surprisingly ignorant of what is going on all about. It may be only after they have been cooped up in cities for a while that they learn observation and come to understand that with which they were reared.

We can't many of us get close to the heart of Nature as did Thoreau (see his "Walden") and feel the real primal thrills come over us. Too many of us have not the power to throw off for a time the effects of our habits of social existence, even if we had the time and opportunity. For many of us the direct road to Nature is closed by the circumstances of our community life, as well as by our self-imposed limitations.

Though I find one of my greatest joys in getting off for a time by myself—for it is not easy to get the lessons of Nature when too much human companionship is at hand, as a divided attention is rarely worth full value to either subject—and camping for a week by wood or water, or walking cross-country for a day or so,—though I have Nature all to myself I still feel humanity all about me, and know that I am not an explorer in the true sense, but only in a limited way—no Daniel Boone, Robinson Crusoe, Henry Livingstone, or Robert Peary. While still there is plenty of field for exploration and discovery—the world is not all charted yet—for the most of us the trend of our lives lies in the common way, nearer to the human than to the undefiled haunts of Nature, and we are resigned and glad it is so, and make the most of it. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new, and God fulfills Himself in many ways."

We shall dip into the history and literature of the past to some extent, for the attitude of our forebears is always interesting to us, but the world as we see it today is the thing of most vital importance to us.

> Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
> Sees God within the stars, and hears Him in the wind.
> —Alexander Pope

> Great God! I'd rather be
> A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
> So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
> Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
> Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.
> —William Wordsworth

Must humanity today be pagan and uncivilized in order to see God in Nature? There can't be any serious objection to this humanizing of the earth's surface; man's handiwork must show more and more as civilization advances and population increases, and the early pastoral and agricultural days of our forefathers are no more. We can't possibly see the earth as did they; nor would we wish to. We must lose something in the onward march of the years, and vain it is to regret this loss. But there comes, too, a greater, other gain that until now the race of man has not known. If our opportunities are less, our abilities are even greater; we have the wisdom of the centuries with us, and what came to the mind of the early shepherds only after years of thought is today open to the educated man after but a few moments of observation and study.

The great danger today is that with our increased knowledge of the substance of things there will come a disregard of their spirit. We must ever keep the early naïve clearness of vision, along with our trained abilities of perception. Then shall we truly see visions and feel deeply the call of the earth's activity within us.

When we get the restless fever upon us—feel like playing pirate again—we can read the writings and study the lives of those great solitary men who often gave up cheerfully the comforts of civilization and endured all hardships to bring something of permanent worth back to the world of man—or were they driven by the same restlessness and eager desire to discover that some of us feel but lack the means to gratify, and their contributions to science and art came as a result and not as a reason for their wanderings? Probably it was both cause and result with most of these explorers, but we don't have to figure it out to feel the thrill of their narratives.

When the mood is on us and we have congenial companions, or our own company as we prefer, a blazing fire on the hearth, or a cool seat in the garden as the season permits, will furnish the background, and we can in a few moments wander far away to new and strange lands without the inconveniences of travel, yet with much of its influence on mind and heart. Leaving aside all works of fiction we have in authentic writings an almost unlimited field from which to choose—

Ferdinand de Soto
Americus Vespucius
Christopher Columbus
Ferdinand Magellan
Henry Hudson
Sir Walter Raleigh
Daniel Boone
Captain William Clark
John Fremont
Alexander von Humboldt
Henry M. Stanley
David Livingstone
Sir Ernest Henry Shackleton
Sir John Ross
Sir Robert Falcon Scott
Frithjof Nansen
Robert Peary
Roald Amundsen

A literary or natural history club would find such material an engrossing subject for a whole winter. And to prepare some of us to do some original observation of our own no reading could be more valuable; even the most skeptical will soon see that there is a great deal in the sympathetic understanding of Nature—a world of thought untouched by the average person.

Why do we look so little upon the daily beauties of Nature? The soul needs the landscape just as it needs human and divine companionship. Suppose you underwent solitary confinement, as many have done for various reasons. Would not a longing for natural objects be one of the results of being deprived of their sight? Oft-times we can appreciate a thing only when we can no longer see or have it. Read again "The Prisoner of Chillon" and "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" with this thought in mind and see to what factors the stories owe their force. Every object, animate or inanimate, sends out its wave impressions which are effective as they are intercepted and transmuted by sentient beings. We cannot escape being affected, if our minds are at all active. "The meek shall inherit the earth"—they always have had it. More people yearly die of worry than of any other one thing. Why worry with the example of Nature ever about us? The universe makes no fuss, her laborers move purposefully and without a jar. Why hurry so, when Nature is never hurried. A sacredness was once attached to contemplation—why no longer? True inspiration always comes during a brief period of interior calm. Prof. George McLean Harper says, "The greatest joys of life come to the quiet heart; where no permanence is there is no peace."

What do people think about as they are riding or walking about out of doors? They are not often giving much thought to the wonder world of beauty about them. Wholly engrossed in the cares of business and thinking only of what they will see or do at the end of their journey, they cannot afford to give their minds a rest and change by looking at the landscape on the way and making a few mental comparisons. You will observe dozens of people on any train that never on the journey look out of the window once; there is nothing outside the window to interest them, except a fire or a fight at a station. Complacently they will sit for long hours, reading a little, conversing with their friends, or gazing idly about the car and at nothing at all, while the train is passing across a fertile and diversified country, or through a picturesque mountainous region. To them the journey is tedious and a waste of time. And this lack of any attitude at all toward the presence of Nature, save the negative one of never having considered her seriously as having any definite existence, does not hold only when some of our kin are travelling, for they are in that state of mind all the time. Only when houses and men are about them do they feel at home and in familiar places; they are a product of our civilization.

We don't expect our neighbors to understand the workings of all the forces of Nature, find beauty in all her movements, and read a sympathy into all her activities. That would be expecting too much of most of us. All we could wish for each of us is an interest in what is going on in the natural world, in whatever phase of it is near to our work each day, and naturally from this start from dim beginnings will an understanding come to us.

I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture; I can see
Nothing to loathe in Nature, save to be
A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,
Class'd among creatures, when the soul can flee,
And with the sky, the peak, the heaving plain
Of ocean, or the stars mingle, and not in vain.
To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her
stores unroll'd.

—Lord Byron

This feeling for Nature and appreciation of her charms, and the desire for a life in the country, the development of which we have followed through the centuries, from the indifference in which the ancients held it, to the false sentimentalism which came at the end of the eighteenth century, has taken on in modern society a form both rational and poetic, which seems, if not definitive yet, at least in a fair way to become so.

Nature exercises so great an influence upon our souls that there are few men who do not feel at some time in their lives the need of retiring to the country. Every age has found pleasure there. Though there may be necessary a preliminary initiation to fit men to enjoy the delights of art and civilization, only an instant is needed to find pleasure in the sights of Nature. Every one of us is touched by the gentleness of the springtime, the richness of summer, the abundance of the harvests of autumn, and even winter itself has charms, in places where our minds are in sympathy with it.

Every high spirit, every heart that truly pulses should feel these emotions; and to these are joined a desire for a life more free, independent and untroubled, more healthy for the mind and body than that found in cities. The devouring activity that saps the life of humanity when huddled together changes here to calm and rest. Instead of exciting beyond measure his faculties, man here can exercise his physical and moral strength in a full and normal way, without being held under fatiguing restraint, and that perpetual self-analysis that comes from the state of existence that we have made in modern society. There alone can the family develop with all its pleasing phases; there the children are nearer to their parents, and follow more easily their lessons and examples; the cares of business, the strifes of ambition, base jealousies, and the war of self-interests, all are kept out, if the householder is wise.

—Edouard André

In the city, man is impressed by the great power of men and their works; in the open country man is impressed with the works of Nature alone. Inhabitants of the country are far more individual than they who live always in the city, partly from their isolation, which does not permit them to get their corners rubbed off, and prevents them from acquiring through a similarity of experiences a similarity in thought and habit of action. But making due allowance for the lack of human companionship, the country folks have certain positive qualities that never are acquired in the city—hospitality, neighborliness, simplicity, forethought, etc. These are well known, and among the most desirable qualities in a citizen and home-lover. The presence of these must be charged up to the workings of the near influence of Nature, and we may well seek to feel them too. I don't mean that we need all of us to be artists in appreciating sunsets, or poets in interpreting the songs of birds, but there is a point of view toward life and a seriousness of purpose that only these natural phenomena seem to foster.

This contribution to the mental and moral nature of man on the part of the landscape has always been known to man since the time of Adam, though we are often quite forgetful of its value. The Greeks, with their usual felicity of imagery, kept this thought before them in the story of Antæus. This giant, it seems, was born of earth, as we all are, and from her was his strength perennially renewed. In the wrestling match with Hercules it availed not to throw the giant to the earth, for with each touch of his mother he grew stronger than before. At length our hero was able to overcome him by holding him high in the air, where, deprived of his source of strength, the giant soon withered away, and was easily vanquished.

This tale of course refers particularly to the source of our physical strength, but it is easy to read into it power of mind and steadfastness of spirit. We do find these both in communion with our familiar natural scenes, we admit that the world around us has lessons for us; lessons in beauty, order, purpose, sacrifice, love, and obedience. Why not study these lessons in some regular order, instead of by chance and as they happen to fit into a momentary mood?

Science and morality are studied by us all from our earliest schooldays onward. If the principles of art and the appreciation of the beauties of Nature were made a third part of our curriculum what a changed world we soon would have! It would be no less scientific, surely more moral, and would not our lives be more livable?

The Hebrews were an imaginative people, but their great writers were more concerned with their spiritual needs and their physical wants—yet see what a wealth of Nature knowledge and understanding the Old Testament has given us! The oldest tributes to the universe are there preserved along with praises to its Maker. Read Psalm XIX again.

The early Christians were surely no Nature enthusiasts. Theirs was a stern life, and one too much occupied with the glories of the future life to note much of what was going on about them; yet even they could not help admiring the wonders of this earth, though they read into them a stern interpretation!

In the monumental work of Edouard André (" *Parcs et Jardins*") we find the following characterization of the appreciation of Nature as revealed by the ancients:

> The Greeks have given us faithful descriptions of beautiful natural scenery, but there is rarely any emotion there revealed.

The Universe spoke to their intellect rather than to their hearts; and in their literature they consider Nature primarily as a setting, the background of a picture before which their human figures moved.

Hesiod sings a hymn to spring and drily paints a few natural phenomena; Homer interests us rather than charms us in describing the forests of Parnassus, Calypso's grotto, and the gardens of Alcinous; Pindar exploits the spring in some of his odes; Sophocles sings complacently of the village in which he was born; Theocritus creates the idyll and invents pastoral poetry; Plato spiritualizes Nature a little; Aristotle writes a natural history and sketches out the laws; then Longus merits to be compared with writers of our own time. All these great minds followed the same track—the description of Nature in her relation to man.

The Romans showed even less emotional insight into Nature than did the Greeks, and the gravity of their everyday speech, their measured reason that made them more prone to see and paint the reality of things than to lose themselves in poetic contemplation, these are reflected in their literary works. However, Lucretius, in his poem on Nature, shows himself both philosopher and poet, and gives living and charming pictures. Cicero has shown that the beauties of Nature affected him, but he was thinking only of his villa at Arpinum. Virgil often describes landscapes, but always as a background for his heroes. Horace has left only fragments of this sort, scattered through his well-turned verses, quite to the point, but which he leaves at once to pass to other subjects. Ovid, Tibullus, and Lucan relegate to the middle distance in their works the portrayal of the beauties of Nature.

The barren times of the Low Latinity are even less interesting in this respect. The poet Ausonius has sung the landscape of the Moselle in a work that is dry and didactic. Pliny the Elder, of whom his illustrious nephew said, "His wisdom was as varied as that of Nature," has left long descriptions in his thirty-seven volumes of natural history, but there is no feeling in them. Pliny the Younger, who has described in sections his Laurentine and Tuscany villas, gave proof that he felt the charm of the open country; and then the Emperor Hadrian had reproduced for himself, in his villa on the Tiber, the laughing Vale of Tempe.

But nothing in these writers reveals a trace of a great appreciation of Nature. There is need of no more convincing proof than the complete silence that they kept on the magnificent scenery of the Alps and Pyrenees, which the Roman legions must have crossed many times in waging war with the Gauls.

It is only when we arrive at the Christian era that we find in men's souls a sign of a profound admiration for Nature, just as she came from the hands of God. The speech of the Fathers of the Church, while it breathes above all its introspection and deep meditations, reflects often a great appreciation of the beauties of the Creation. Saint Basil has admirably described the landscapes of Asia Minor; St. John Chrysostomus speaks charmingly of the surroundings of Antioch. This feeling for Nature grows more and more as the centuries advance, until the time when Albertus Magnus and Roger Bacon liberated the sciences from the shackles that paralyzed them and restored to the human mind its freedom of investigation.

But these varying ways of feeling the sights of Nature do not depend alone on the age or development of a people; they come also from the difference in the races and their peculiar genius. What a diversity of appreciations, on the subject of Nature, among the Greeks, the Hindoos, the Gauls, the Semitic races, and the Egyptians! What lofty sentiments in the contemplation of Nature shown by the Minnesingers in the Middle Ages! In the naïve times of these bards the descriptions of mountains and beautiful sites had a considerable place, and we must turn back to the Vedas, the most ancient literary monument of India, to the psalms of the Hebrews and the poetry of the Arabs, to find pictures which attain to this level of descriptive poetry.

At the threshold of a new world, Dante, in his turn, with the superiority of a great genius, took up his song inspired by Nature. His Purgatory, in the first and fifth books, shows admirable examples.

But how much these descriptions of Nature took on a more noble flight when the great discovery of the new world opened to the minds of men an infinite field for new observation, and caused to gush forth the springs of modern sciences! The unfamiliar forms of plants, the vastness of the impenetrable forests, the luxuriance of the vegetation, all fixed in the minds of the first explorers, who were not solely drawn by a thirst for gold, an admiration that their writings breathe in every page. Read from the journal of Columbus where he describes the natural beauties of the Isle of Cuba.

The true language of Nature had been found: henceforth, she was admired for herself. Tasso, Ariosto, Camoens, Milton, borrowed from her their most happy poetic effects; a new sort of literature had birth, to which the strength and vigor of descriptive prose gave as much as had formerly the language of poetry. Mad. de Sevigny, J. J. Rousseau, Buffon, Bernardin de Sainte-Pierre, Chateaubriand, showed successively that the dramatic interest in their works need not occupy the limelight in order that their writings be admired by a public now awakened to the beauties of Nature.

Of course excesses were not long in coming. These true descriptions of Nature in her more charming aspects were soon followed by overdrawn pictures of travellers and writers who were poorly inspired. Instead of following the precept of the Arab which says that the best description is that which makes an eye of the ear, Delille and other poets saw in Nature only a subject for declamation, and their works took on an artificial brilliancy and false point of view that the modern critic has judged harshly.

—*Parcs et Jardins*

A great deal of our modern attitude toward Nature dates from the time of Wordsworth, and to him, more than to any one man, is due our realization of the value of thinking about things out of doors. If you are interested historically in the movement toward a rural life you will read all his poems and see what a giant he was in those days. It cannot be doubted that he was the direct inspiration of many of our more recent Nature poets. He made Nature, as we know her, a subject for poetry. To me personally no poem of whatever length shows a greater understanding of what I call the spiritual impression of Nature than his "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality." And to have given that masterpiece to the world has been of greater value to mankind than the labors of a dozen of our other poets and philosophers. He towers far above mere Nature poets and even scientists, and stands alone of his kind among those few truly great souls whose thoughts have been eternal, whose words have become the salvation of men.

Concerning the expression of Nature by the art of painting we read in the work of André:

We have seen the conception of Nature made spiritualized by descriptions more and more faithful as the art of finished expression progressed, and shown that it has reached in modern times to a place never accorded to it by the ancients. Not content to show us the wealth of form in the physical world, the writers have given us also Nature as visible to our inner feelings, and these are the nearer to perfection when the descriptions are most true in this double sense.

Landscape painting can equally fulfill this purpose and attain this ideal duality—the presentation of matter and spirit, the highest summit of art. The ancients knew it no more than did they real descriptive poetry, or made it play a very minor rôle. In their pictures and mural decorations, we can see, from the little that does remain of the compositions of the ancient Greeks and Romans, that their landscape was only an accidental ornament that accompanied the scenes of action which their artists wished to present. But little by little this accessory became the principal, as fast as the understanding of Nature was spread among mankind. As we have already seen, the landscape served as a background or silent frame for their pictures of men, we see man, in his turn, become the accessory in the painting of natural beauty, which carries in itself a charm and a poetry.

Plato has spoken of the representation of Nature scenes; Aristotle declared that the decorations of the theatres enlivened the brilliancy of the tragedies of Æschylus and Sophocles; Philostratus mentioned pictures showing landscapes and volcanoes. As in architecture and sculpture the Romans imitated the Greeks in this new art, and applied it, not only to their public works, but to their private dwellings.

Pliny attributes to a certain Ludius the invention of mural painting, in which the landscape played a rather important part. But the artists strove rather to represent certain villas, places, gardens, harbors, cities, and to give exact copies, than to express the picturesque charm of scenes absolutely uncultivated.

During the Middle Ages the same was true. If at times, in some illuminated missals, a landscape is carefully drawn, though out of all laws of perspective, and painted with that fidelity to detail that characterizes the work of the miniaturists of the fifteenth century, nowhere in the compositions can we feel an effort to give exclusively the message of Nature.

But as soon as oil painting is invented, when Antonello of Messina spreads through Venice a taste for the copying of Nature, this new art quickly and widely finds its place. At Florence, Ghirlandajo gives a profound perspective to his paintings in bringing out the foreground from the middle distance and background, and grading his tints. Pinturicchio shows real landscape scenes in the belvedere of the Vatican, and exercises over Raphael an influence most helpful to this prince of painting. Titian at a bound with his genius raises himself in some of his pictures to the most lofty expression of the feeling of Nature.

These scattered pages would not make up a complete art of landscape painting; it was in the seventeenth century that it opened out in all its glory. Henceforth Nature had her admirers inspired by her richness and variety; all arts were loved and encouraged; technique improved; the minds of men were very much inclined to enjoy the charm of the influence of the physical world on the human spirit; art spread out her empire. Claude Lorraine appeared, flooded his composition with a golden light and created his poetic distances. The two Poussins found lovers of their philosophic landscapes, cold perhaps, and conventional, but painted in a grand style. Ruysdael and Hobbema touched the sublime in their expression of Nature, joined with a most careful truth to the subject. Privileged epoch of the art of painting the landscape, marvellous blossoming that has never been surpassed, let us say rather equalled, since that time, and which remains one of the glories of that century!

—*Parcs et Jardins*

In a sense, landscape painting began in Italy, though the landscape was still an accessory, even in the work of Michelangelo (fifteenth century). Still about this time did the landscape begin to have a real place in art, and in the works of Leonardo da Vinci and Raphael we see the real beginnings of the feeling for the expression of Nature in painting, as we know it today. A century or so later in Venice her painters were famed for their interpretation of natural scenes. The art rose to a great height also in the Low Countries, in the fifteenth century, and we come to the great name of Rubens. The development in Germany was a later growth, not that the wonders of Nature did not appeal to the people (witness the poetry of the Minnesingers), but because no great masters were ready to interpret them.

In France, the really modern work began in the seventeenth century with Poussin and later with Claude Lorraine. The faithful hand photography of the Dutch is familiar to us in the works of Van Ruysdael and Hobbema, with other sea painters, and the animals of Paul Potter. Rembrandt, the greatest of those Holland produced, gave far more than faithful pictures; he made Nature have a significance that art has scarce seen again.

All these influences finally awoke talent in England, and in the eighteenth century we see with the eyes of Gainsborough, beyond his fine ladies, to the trees and flowers about them. But this is hardly landscape appreciation. With the work of Turner we come to scenes truly modern, with an artist's interpretation; since his day there has been no lack of love of Nature in a pictorial way, if no other. And in America there has been shown the expression of a great Nature love, such as that for the meadows of New England in George Inness, a sympathy with the Nature worship of the American Indian in Couse, the spirit over the waters of our rugged coast as caught by Bricher, and the portrayal of western scenes by Frederick Remington.

'Tis said that every picture should have a human interest in it—if not a human being, at least a house, boat, dog, or other thing that suggests the near presence of man. While this is often quite true, there are many pictures that are very satisfactory from all points of view in which there is only the landscape. Man and Nature may be separate or working together in a pictorial composition; each is complete in itself, but of course each gains from the presence of the other.

As we are not studying the reproduction of Nature in art, we will let the modern works themselves show our interpretation of her by the brush, as we look at the familiar works of Corot, Millais, and others. The list of names at the end of the book is suggestive for purposes of study, though not at all complete, and many critical works, as those of Ruskin and Hamerton, will give you assistance, though more often from the technical point of view of the artist than from that of the lover of Nature.

Leaving now the poet and the artist, let us see Nature ourselves today with our own eyes.

There is one way of looking at the landscape that is distinctly modern; I mean by the use of photography, especially through the snap-shot camera. This is looking at the landscape pictorially, not always to understand it, though finding pictures in it may be one of the necessary steps in the process of loving it. Hunting the landscape with a kodak is usually great fun as well as instructive, and you soon learn to notice and compare in a way the unseeing observer never knows. The eye of the lens helps greatly our own vision. As a means of preserving in our personal records scenes that made an impression on us photography has no equals. We can live our vacation over again from a few pictures; but a collection of pictures is not all that we should bring back from a trip to Nature.

The voice of Nature arouses in every man an unconquerable desire for happiness. This craving is legitimate, but its satisfaction would lead often to excess were it not counterbalanced by our moral nature, a counterpoise to our impassioned nature. Through reason do we know duty which puts a check on our passions, duty in which one cannot fail without remorse, and in the fulfillment of which we receive reward of merit before ourselves and above all before God.

In contemplating the spectacle of Nature we find everyhere order and harmony, a beauty that enlarges our affections and calls forth virtue within us by destroying egoism. The idealized field enlarges itself and fills agreeably our lives, which become beautified again at the thought of other scenes that our travels have given us and which we compare with those by which our eyes are struck daily.

The pleasure that we take from the arts is but passing, the satisfaction given by the study of the sciences is mixed with dryness; on the other hand the contemplation of Nature brings us an impression as agreeable as sudden, and at the same time as durable. It is from the point of view of this feeling that the

> English say, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." ("Endymion" —Keats.)
>
> Thus it is that in enlarging the domain of pure joy we augment the sum total of happiness, which progresses forward from the pleasure of the senses to the pleasure of the soul, and a love of the good.
>
> —*Parcs et Jardins*

But before we proceed far in our finding of beauty and order in the material word about us, let us try to make clear in our minds just what we are seeking. The term beauty, and the adjective beautiful, is used every day by everybody, and since it is an abstract term of wide application it is hard to put the meaning in words as easily understood as the term itself. I can do no better, however, than quote from a standard work on esthetics.

> Beauty is value, positive, intrinsic, and objectified. It is pleasure regarded as the quality of a thing. Beauty is a value, it is not a perception of the matter of fact or of a relation; it is an emotion, an affection of our volitional and appreciative nature. An object cannot be beautiful if it can give pleasure to nobody.
>
> This value is positive, it is the sense of the presence of something good. It is never the perception of a positive evil, it is never a negative value. That we are endowed with the sense of beauty is a pure gain which brings us no evil with it.
>
> This pleasure must not be in the consequence of the utility of the object or event, but in its immediate perception; in other words, beauty is an ultimate good, something that gives satisfaction to a natural function, to some fundamental need or capacity of our minds. Beauty is therefore a positive value that is intrinsic; it is a pleasure.
>
> The pleasures of sense are distinguished from the perception of beauty, as sensation in general is distinguished from perception; by the objectification of the elements and their appearance as qualities rather of things than of consciousness. The passage from sensation to perception is gradual, and the path may be sometimes retraced; so it is with beauty and the pleasures of sensation. The more remote, interwoven, and inextricable the pleasure is, the more objective it will appear; and the union of two pleasures often makes one beauty. Thus beauty

is constituted by the objectification of pleasure. It is a pleasure objectified.

—*The Sense of Beauty,* by George Santayana

It does not seem necessary to explain the steps through which our mind travels from the seeing an object to expressing our ideas of what we have learned. Psychologists will make it rather plain to you if you wish to know about it. But for our present purpose we will suppose that we understand the process sufficiently thoroughly, or else know nothing at all about it. One phase there is in our process of being aware of what is about us that we must ever keep in mind as we look at the universe—no two persons look at the same thing with the same eyes, with each of us our observation is profoundly influenced by previous experience and our mental and temperamental attitude at the moment. We see through what is in us, our eyes are merely the lens. This fact, which is plainly seen today, is a rather modern discovery, perhaps first stated some hundreds of years ago in a poem of which a portion is here given.

It is the soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the subject, but the mind descries;
And thence delight, disgust, or cool indifference rise;
When minds are joyful, then we look around,
And what is seen is all on fairy ground.
Again they sicken, and on every view
Cast their own dull and melancholy hue;
Or if, absorbed by their peculiar cares,
The vacant mind on viewless matter glares,
Our feelings still upon our views attend,
And their own natures to the objects lend.
Sorrow and joy are in their influence sure,
Long as the passion reigns the effects endure;
But love in minds his various changes makes,
And clothes each object with the change he takes;
His light and shade o'er every view he throws,
And on each object what he feels bestows.

—George Crabbe

The camper on my land more truly owns it than do I who live in a distant city and have only the title-deed to look at, and taxes to pay. He who looks at the landscape really owns it. Primitive man saw no more than the cow sees. Are we still cows in our mental development?

For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
—Alfred, Lord Tennyson

The same may be said about our appreciation of the spiritual value of the works of Nature—we miss the most of it and are not conscious of our loss.

To minds oppressed with the cares or the sorrows of life, the soothing influence of the contemplation of Nature is peculiarly precious.

—Alexander von Humboldt

Any object is beautiful if it fills the place in Nature assigned to it by the Creator.

—Edouard André

It seems as if the day was not wholly profane in which we have given heed to some natural object.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson

Let us resolve every day to look at some really beautiful natural object or scenery, think about it, say to ourselves that it is beautiful and that we in part understand and enjoy it, and then talk about it to our friends and carry our impressions with us.

Father, Thy wonders do not singly stand,
  Nor far removed, where feet have seldom strayed;
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
  In marvels rich to Thine own sons displayed.

In finding Thee are all things round us found,
In losing Thee are all things lost beside;
Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied.

Open our eyes that we Thy world may see,
Open our ears that we Thy voice may hear;
And in the spirit-land may ever be
To feel Thy presence with us always near.
Jones Very (Adapted)

In each chapter as we take up the commoner aspects of Nature, somewhat in their seasonal order, I shall try to follow, after a fashion, some such an outline as the following, though an orderly or scientific presentation of facts is decidedly undesirable as well as difficult, and deadening to the very forces that I wish to awaken. After introductory remarks we shall admit some knowledge of the physical aspects of our subject and their underlying causes, with an understanding of their applications. All this may not be necessary, but it is still very desirable, that we may begin to have an appreciation of the beauties of the object in question. Through this appreciation we come to have a love for the object itself, and a feeling of the moral and esthetic state of mind aroused through this love and understanding, to finally a definite formulation of our feelings in our own minds and an expression of them to ourselves and to our friends.

This sounds very abstract and scientific, as well as very lengthy and well-ordered; but we really do go through some such mental process as this whenever we meet for the first time some natural object. The action may be brief and unconscious, but not many of the steps are omitted. You can't love or appreciate truly those things that you do not understand.

Primitive man was afraid of Nature—we always fear that which we do not understand. The savage runs at his first hearing of the sound of a gun; after a time he learns that the noise is harmless and only the bullets can stop his frenzied attack. So, too, through the years Nature has been held treacherous, cruel, harsh, relentless, pursuing man for his destruction, and storm and thunder have been the attributes and agents of an outraged Deity who sought vengeance. This idea was present in the minds of all peoples in the early days, and became symbolized in the thunderbolt of Jove and the wrath of God.

When Jupiter was no longer to be conciliated and the state religion of Rome gave place to doubt, as well as when the fear of God of the prophets was replaced by direct defiance in the time of the French Revolution—when religion and Nature were utterly disassociated in the minds of civilized men, still remnants of this old terror remained. Not only did it persist in the superstitions and lore of the peasantry and unlearned, as would be expected, but up to the eighteenth century and even later it was considered in literature quite proper and romantic to have various phases of Nature ready to jump out at mankind and devour him.

The fairy tales that we enjoyed gave Nature a supernatural cunning often in her ability to capture the unwary. Read some of the stories of Hans Andersen and the Arabian Nights. Gloomy caves and beetling crags were in the first chapter of every novel. In many a romance the elements conspired to help the villain. John Ruskin, in his "King of the Golden River," a story aimed to teach the moral strength of purity of heart, turns his wicked characters into black stones engulfed in the cataract. Stories of the sea dwelt more on the dangers and hardships of the voyage (very real things of course) and had little to say of the ocean's calmer moods. The Robinson Crusoe style of adventure used the treachery of the elements to furnish many of the thrills.

All this is quite natural and not at all undesirable. We still like a flavor of mystery and humanism to our treatment of inanimate objects. But most of us do not today read these older stories with the idea of being afraid. We can't feel the fear that we once as a people had. Scientific study and mechanical invention have made us look at the elements as our partners in business, and not as our traditional enemy. Scylla and Charybdis are merely a dangerous bit of rough water, not anything to jump out and bite us, and call for the same steady hand and brain in passing them that directs a touring car through streets congested with traffic or an aeroplane in baffling air currents.

> The attitude toward the material world has changed. It is no longer conceived as spared from divine wrath for a brief day before cleansing fires, but as expressing in beautiful evolutions the thoughts of God, having passed through creative fires, and having the promise of endurance beyond human ken. Now is the propitious moment for a new education. The environment depends upon the mind. We cannot say with enthusiastic idealists that every man may create new heavens and a new earth; but it is no extravagnace to believe that every instructed child may see a world, and live joyfully in a world unknown in former times.
>
> —*The Country Town,* by Wilbert L. Anderson

The monk found God by communicating with Him direct in his cell, we have our churches today; since the time of Jesus we have found God in our fellowmen, and sages, toilers, and the poor and needy are still with us. In the last century we have practically found God in Nature, and some of us may be accused, and perhaps justly, of neglecting the church and our fellowmen in our following the ways of Nature. We all of us take naturally that means of communicating with Our Maker that first makes an appeal to us, and we learn the other ways of approach only as we are taught them. The ideal way for our lives to attain their fullness here on earth comes by experiencing Him in all the manifold ways in which He is revealed.

THE TREASURE-FINDING SOUL

Yet in my flesh shall I see God.
—Job 19:26

They say, in some bright future land, beyond this earth removed,
Forever happy spirits dwell in more than mortal bliss;
It may well be; nor can that state to mortal minds be proved,
Nor need I count those after joys, for what I know is this:
Each hour we live some message clear comes from that better land,
And every minute we may see some spirit's beckoning nod;
Its instant presence none can doubt, and as I understand
I know it truly lives, for in this flesh I shall see God.

When palest pearl-tints flush the dawn, or vivid flame of rose
O'er-spreads long cloud bars ranged in ranks when setting sun drops low,
From out those depths a living Voice into my being flows,
As when I watch the heaving waves incessant come and go;
In forest depths in those dim aisles a thousand voices are,
And clear they speak in every flower that pushes through the sod;
In bird and beast and insect's wing, and every shining star—
For me were these prepared, that in my flesh I may see God.

When bright the pathway to my work, the soul within me sings,
And exaltation bears me on like tides upon the shore;
Then in all places round about I hear those spirit wings;
But when distress has clutched my heart, e'en then I hear them more,
For pain and sorrow strip away this veil of flesh again,
A naked soul, gone forth alone, up stony ways I plod,
I'm guided by some stronger hand than earth e'er gave to men,
In prayer His Self is near, and in my flesh I can see God.

From those I see from day to day in unity of place
A certain dear familiar strength is given to my soul;
And they who help in work I do, whate'er their rank or race,
Through our united purpose take a worth we can't control;
But when some unguessed mortal comes and thrills our being o'er
In unity of spirit, then we do not think it odd
That what within us each is moved seems what we've known before;
We feel in each His power, and in our flesh we do see God.

Where'er I go, whate'er I do, this Presence guides my feet,
And fearlessly within that Strength I do my work each day.
I turn to Nature, to myself, or to the friends I meet,
And there He meets me face to face, and tells me what to say.
When through that gateway known as Death the pillars passed between,
And forth I go upon that Way no human feet have trod,
Nor strange nor new unto mine eyes will that fair land be seen,
'Twill seem but going home, for in this flesh I have seen God.

—Stephen F. Hamblin

APRIL

Now Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain,
And clothes him in the embroidery
Of glittering sun and clear blue sky.
With beast and bird the forest rings,
Each in his jargon cries or sings;
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain.
River, and fount, and tinkling brook
Wear in their dainty livery
Drops of silver jewelry;
In new-made suit they merry look;
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

A LITTLE BROOK IN A BOSTON PARK WAKED BY SPRING

CHAPTER II

RUNNING WATER

All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full; unto the place from whence the rivers came, thither shall they return again.

—Ecclesiastes 1:7

Nothing is more exciting in early April than the sound of running water in a brook, no matter how small it is. Something that has been locked has been loosed again, and it behooves each one of us to run and see. The emblem of the returning life activity of spring has come again to us. For many minutes we are content to just look—before any thought comes to us, for we are rapt in a kind of Nature worship that needs no thought expression. Something that brooks and mankind have in common has met again to renew their relationship, and our wandering thoughts are almost a profanation for a few moments. Then after a silence like that after a prayer, our mental self begins to work. Whence comes this pulsing mass of light and motion?

Nature wakes first in the swamps. When skunk cabbage thaws its way through the melting ice and the brooks are loosed into life again, then we know that spring is not far off, whatever the weather or the sky may indicate, and spring comes again in our hearts.

With pussy willow and alder and the green of water cress and other simple aquatic plants the winter's sleep of living things is broken, and the eternal promise renewed. Science tells our minds of course that the heat from the waters coming up from below the frost line, as well as the latent heat in water to be overcome in freezing it, keep the soil at a higher temperature and one more even during the winter than that in the fields about. It is but natural for life at the water's edge to first feel the new heat from the sun and respond. But our hearts explain the wonder by crediting the magic to the powers of the water itself.

It was not by chance that Chaucer started his pilgrims toward Canterbury in early April, it was the natural and obvious time to start on a long journey, and in those simple days the obvious thing was not unfashionable. No more typical symbol of the new life given us in body and spirit can be found than that suggested by running water in April. The flowers are emblems of spring, but of its full blossoming, not of its early promises. The most critical period in the life of the landscape is most fittingly accompanied by that element on which its physical life depends. As long as rivers run our physical wants will be assured of sufficient food.

Though this thought recurs to us most forcibly as the ice goes out of the rivers, yet never is it entirely absent from our thoughts at any season of the year. This fundamental feeling has been so well borne in upon us during the countless ages that man has stood by the moving waters that we hardly keep them separate—cause and effect—in our minds.

In Tennyson's poem, "The Brook," perhaps the greatest description in verse of the course of a brook from its source to its mouth, we have all the characteristic pictures of a small stream of water recalled to our minds, in a way that will fit all brooks universally, and the recurring thought of the purpose and immortality of its flow. This way of regarding a brook is very natural and one of deep lessons to the human heart, but to me it is far more interesting and even exciting to come upon a stream near the end of its journey and where it becomes broad and still on its approach to the larger river or ocean in which it is lost, and follow it *up* toward its source. It is not the natural method of study to begin with the last stages of an object first and trace its beginnings; perhaps this fact gives to the following up a brook toward its source a new zest; but more this joy is due to an eager desire on the part of the human mind to discover causes. It is all very well to look at a little mountain torrent and speculate as to what will become of it as it merges into the ocean, but a far deeper significance has a broad quiet stream as we stand on its banks and wonder from what mountain sides it sprang; and with man to wish to see means to start seeking, either by actual journey or in the mind's eye.

Let us start at the banks of the quiet sluggish stream that flows through our meadows, a most companionable place for intercourse with Nature, and trace its way back up toward the source of things while we try to get the meaning of its varied messages. Nearly all brooks have several similar phases in common, from the foamy little torrent near their sources to the final shallow winding stretches that mark the completion of their separate existence. Here in our meadow, where broad stretches of level grass plains greet the eye, where the current is slow and measured, we get the feeling of the completion of a task well undertaken, a burden now laid down and a rest from labor.

But walk with me slowly along its margin following the winding reaches upward against the sluggish current, with our eyes open to every detail of margin, bed and water-surface. Slow and turbid are the waters, the bed of fine level sand or silt, while cultivated fields stretch far and wide. Clumps of alders and solitary elms cast their broken shadows on the waters. We follow the stream upwards for a few miles and the scene has changed. Rolling meadows dotted with trees in clumps and groups form the background; a pebbly bottom over which the clearer water ripples has replaced the sandy bed; marshy spots have to be avoided, logs and sand bars give natural crossings over shallow reaches, while deep pools lie still and cool. The brook makes rapid little angular turns, its banks become more densely covered with undergrowth and our progress is more slow as the current becomes more rapid. Upward we go, the way becoming rougher and steeper, marshy areas and firm banks alternating, while cool forests soon stretch over all. The river has become much divided, diminished in size, but increased in activity, for it roars and splashes against its rough rocky bed as if it were a thing alive seeking to escape. Again after long marshy stretches through which we literally fight our way through the undergrowth we come out to open sunny hillsides through which runs the valley that bears our brook. More uneven is our footing, more varied the growths by the waterside, and enormous boulders rise through soil and stream. Steeper becomes the ascent, more stony the river bed, and we gain the cool shade of the mountain forest. How wild and noisy is the streamlet now! and hark! the roar of a waterfall above! More abrupt becomes the valley side, cooler the shade, and the soil of the forest floor gives way to dripping ledges, slippery to our feet. Over a green-mossed rock the clear water dashes in a song of its own. Deep pools are succeeded by foamy little rapids, and steep rounded declivities over which sheets of emerald light slip silently. Still we toil upward and a quiet forest pool stretches before us, as the ledge below us has resisted the wearing power of the current for ages and kept the waters dammed above. Save for the roar below us there is no sound of the river.

Majestic forest trees mirror themselves in the calm surface, and little breezes playfully ruffle it. Somewhere on the further shore we find the brook again, stealing from the forest into the pool. Swamps and ledges, tributary brooks and rapid twistings make our progress forward slow, while tangled vines and undergrowth nearly stop our steps altogether. The way rises upward but slowly, the turnings and swamps seem interminable, yet at last our toil is rewarded.

We emerge to broken little ravines on the upper hillsides, with steep rocky slopes dripping with moisture, the floor of each soft and oozy, laid with angular blocks of stone for our feet. Oozy black pools in which aquatic plants are growing lie under the shade of alder and birches. The stream itself has almost become lost, but listen to a trickle above. Over a dripping shelf of moss-grown rock, shaded by stunted oaks and birches, from out a cool well of waters that reaches far down into the depths of the hillside, runs in little streams of silver the unending flow of water which may be said to be the prime source of our brook. Our journey is ended, but the mystery is as unexplained to us as ever. We know whither it is hurrying, and the journeys it makes by the way, the work it does and the purpose it fulfills, for we have seen these things, and we are in part satisfied; but the river itself remains as much a mystery as ever. Stop where you will in its course, be the surroundings what they may, the deep, unsearchable source of it all and its activity still has eluded us. Who can say that even the smallest brook lacks a meaning in any part of its course?

The swift-flowing stream is one of the most potent witnesses of the tremendous leashed powers of Nature. Nothing within a small compass can give us such a vivid impression of the never-ceasing activity of the universe. The elements move, and to a purpose.

> The streams whose magnitude now excites our astonishment are only the feeble remains of the immense masses of water belonging to an earlier age of the world.
>
> —Alexander von Humboldt

Mighty rivers once there were when the world was young, rivers of which we now have no sign, or portions of which the scientist can trace only with difficulty. Great were the changes wrought by the power of moving water, and still great are the changes going on about us. Though no loud sounds are made, save as Niagara leaps from the ledge, the immeasurable forces called into activity when the earth had its beginning are still carrying out their divine orders. The wonder is that the little brook that babbles at our feet,—express it as you will,—works under the same laws and to the same great end as does the mighty Amazon rolling on its course. We can any of us go out in the meadow any day and catch something of this purpose. Perhaps the brook is better at start than the larger streams for our acquaintanceship, as the river may awe us by its very size, and we forget that it is also one of our fellow-workers for the betterment of our planet.

The rate of wear upon its river-bed of flowing water is the hour-glass of the earth. By this have scientists reckoned the age of the geologic formations and estimated the life of this globe.

Every little stream of water, no matter how small or temporary, is wearing down the earth in one place and building up elsewhere, carrying on the work of building continents, work so well begun centuries ago and only in a partial sense near to completion. Power there is manifested in every movement, nor is it wholly going to waste, though man has not wholly learned to harness it to his use. In the great purpose of the universe there is no waste; each brook flows to a definite end.

Without the ministrations of flowing water most of the surface of this earth would be bare and barren. Ere man learned to trust his frail canoes upon it, and impressed it to his use for power, Nature made it serve her great aims and carry out her designs. By this agent the fertility of the soil in the mountaintops has been brought down to the valleys where man has learned to plow and sow. The mountains have been forced to yield, and barren crags and ranges have through the ages become worn to hilly uplands, more adapted to her purposes and appropriated by man for his use.

Rivers carry the great principle of life—water—and fertility for the soil to regions where no rain falls, or falls but seldom; as an example of this we think of the Nile and its influence on the history and the development of mankind. If overflows today are agents of destruction we cannot blame the waters; man should build with a knowledge of the foundation on which he is working, and not blame eternal Nature for his poor judgment. Moreover, until man saw fit to cut down the forests and denude the stream banks there was little reason for the waters to seek to destroy, save to build elsewhere.

There is magic in running water, for after I have thought its life history all out there is still much unexplained; I am content to gaze at it fascinated, perhaps not thinking about it, or at nothing at all. Something in the mere motion can make me forget the flight of time for a few moments as nothing else on earth has power to do.

Having not the breath of life, yet it has the great attribute of life—motion—and our minds unconsciously read into it a spirit, a spirit that breathes and feels. Our kinship with flowing water was begun eons ago when man first went down to the waterside, was renewed many a time in season of stress and trouble, as history and legend testify.

> By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.
>
> —Psalm 137:1

According to the psalmist, too, at the great margin of the river flowing by the great White Throne shall we all meet again. And in these great crises does the river bring peace, "peace like a river." No figure in the Holy Writ is more effective than this.

It is easy to see then that besides light, color and motion, the moving waters have other meanings—meanings that the heedless may not see, but which impress poets and philosophers and children. Something of the glory of our early fascination passes away as we attain man's estate, though not altogether with all of us, for it is not uncommon for man to wish to build his home near the sight and sound of running water, and to have fountains in his garden.

The sounds of the river are many and varied, never twice the same in different portions of its course. These sounds may impress us even before our eyes are affected. Little brooks are often discovered by their noise; often the smaller the stream the more it strikes our ears. Even Niagara does not make the thunder one would suppose it would, when its volume is compared to that of a noisy little rill on the mountainside. The sound of a stream depends wholly on the condition of its bed, and seems to be a sort of by-product of the activity of the elements; Nature does not seem to use it in any way. Ever man has found delight in it, though the brooks murmured long before man was brought forth.

The pitch of the sound does not seem to depend wholly on the mass of water, though mountain streams near their source sing in a higher key than when filled with abundant strength in the lowlands. The poetic way of interpreting this is to say that brooks laugh loudest in their youth and become quieter near the end of their journey; a more prosaic examination will reveal that the pitch of the sound depends on the distance of the fall and as it is affected by the volume, while the timbre or quality of the tone is determined by local factors which ever vary. The genius of the universe never repeats her song; in every spot she sings differently, and to fit our varying moods. The music of falling water is one of the sweetest sounds in Nature.

Listen intently to the song of the river, and find therein the comfort and assurance you may need; it is there waiting for you.

Water at rest is far less common than water in motion on the surface of the earth. Even where the nature of the soil arrangement keeps it in level stretches, as in ponds and pools, there the wind is ever busy giving it life, light and motion. Wave motion we will take up later in our studies of large bodies of water and the ocean.

Large bodies of water that show no motion on their surface, as in a calm at sea or on a lake, are usually not wholly pleasing to the human mind, even though they may have phases pleasing to the eye. It may partly be because of the monotony of surface and of color that we do not find a response in our hearts, but we inherit too a feeling of fear from sailing vessels being becalmed at sea; a lack of wind is associated with a lack of life.

It is the smaller bodies of water, as the little lakes, ponds, pools, and the eddies or level stretches in streams that delight the eye and heart in a way that no other natural feature can. These smaller bodies of still water are true mirrors and their reflections are their chief beauty. A quiet pool in a plain with no trees at hand is most effective when seen at a distance where its reflections of light and sky are bright spots in the grass and soil color. Any pool of water will give a similar effect when seen from a height as from a mountain or an aeroplane—a mere map-like spot of light or color. It gives light and life to the landscape, though it has no life itself; its message is cheerful and exhilarating.

But when conditions are such that tree, mountain and cloud are reflected in all their variety faithfully before us, with all their color, light, and motion, then the nearer we can stand to the water's edge the greater our satisfaction. These complete, though inverted, pictures strike a chord in the human heart that no creation of paint and canvas can ever call forth. Just what each picture brings to us depends mostly on our own temperament and state of mind at the moment, and as other external features—sky, air, and season of the year—give it background. No two hours of the day, nor two days of the year is the picture the same, and all our moods will be reflected for us. Whatever we wish, we can find it there; a quiet pool is the most companionable and satisfying associate a mortal could wish.

Running water is one of the greatest blessings of Nature. In the early days, man, as well as beasts, gathered at the springs and brooks. The Old Testament more than frequently makes the water margin the scene of a story. Take the pictures of Rebekah or Rachel at the well; the whole episode had its beginning in the chance meeting where the flocks were watered, but we can't suppose that the spring of water had anything to do with later events in those stories.

From the life-giving qualities of springs of fresh water in a dry country there came to be a spiritual association of ideas with them; they were symbols of the ever-living Source of Life, the "Waters of Life," told by the prophets and psalmists. Many of our favorite hymns today still have this idea in simile and metaphor. As the waters in some places had medicinal qualities, or were supposed to have, the sight of springs of water carried with it the thought of cleansing and healing, qualities that we unconsciously attribute to water in all its forms in smaller masses in the landscape today.

> For in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert. And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes.
>
> —Isaiah 35:6-7

Today we do not deify our great rivers, as once did the peoples living on the banks of the Nile, the Ganges, the Tiber, and other great streams about which a mighty civilization arose. In our greater knowledge of today we condemn as foolish, wrong, and pagan the old religious ceremonies on their banks, traces of which practices exist even today. In our age there is no divinity in the river, the being to worship is the yellow gold that its factory-harnessed powers produce. Are we any wiser than the Hindoo mother casting her babe into the Ganges? Do we not with less moral reason cast our children and mothers of children into the factory by the river-shore? Will not our posterity mock our misguided efforts?

It is wrong for us to deify the individual aspects of Nature, for we know that they are not separate, but all One, and to Him do we render homage. But in the early days it was no more wrong to call the Tiber "Father" than for a child to reach for the moon. A stage only in human experience is there revealed. Yet when we condemned the ceremony as pagan did we not condemn the river too? Did not those pagans find something that civilized man has yet to discover again, something deeper than a mere transferred religious fervor?

The most effective comparison that they who study the workings of the human mind can give to us to make clear the result of their research is that which likens our conscious state in all its workings to a stream which flows from the unknown behind the cradle to the equally unknown beyond the grave. Our mental life, which is our self and personality, has many of the attributes of a river, now swift and narrow, again broad and deep and still, always being increased by many additions from other sources, and ever continuous from its beginning until it is lost in Infinity. Moreover, it is ever varied in its course, silent, musical, loud; ever the same in its fundamentals, and wearing out its own bed, and directed by its own internal forces. Though often much changed, it exists always, and reaches continuously from its source to its final destiny. In each bit of length it has its mission to perform, its own individual work to do. There are mighty rivers whose names are engraved in history, and little rills that never reached beyond their native village.

And out again I curve and flow
    To join the brimming river;
For men may come, and men may go,
    But I go on forever.
        —Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Though we see it not with our material eyes, we know its actual presence and existence; and this happy comparison makes our understanding of it easier. Perhaps this fact that the life of man and brook have more in common than at first appears, and that we always have felt this relation which only lately has science been able to state in words, explains the fascination of a stream of water over the human spirit. As I sit on the banks of a busy little forest stream I can feel something within me flowing onward also, and after a few moments' reflection I can gird myself again to work with renewed energy and purpose; for I, too, am not a millpond, but on a quest and a mission, the instrument chosen to work by natural laws to some great purpose which I do not need to know in order to keep busy at my labors. With the steady earnestness of purpose that the brook shows should my stream of life flow on.

Also the life of man may be compared to a stream in that it is tumultuous in youth, steady and full in age, gaining much from others as it goes along, and all finally going to one common destiny. And as no two rivers are alike, so are no two men. This comparison is food for infinite thought as we sit by the side of the running waters.

The "stream of consciousness" of the psychologist is carried out still further in idea by the Hindoo philosophers in their theory of the end of man:

As the rivers run, and in the deep
Lose form and name and disappear,
So goes, from name and form released
The wise man to the Deity.

THE MEETING WATERS

Close beside the meeting waters,
Long I stood as in a dream,
Watching how the little river
Fell into the broader stream.

Calm and still the mingled current
Glided to the waiting sea,
On its breast serenely pictured
Floating cloud and skirting tree.

And I thought, "O human spirit!
Strong and deep and pure and blest,
Let the stream of my existence
Blend with thine, and find its rest!"

I could die as dies the river,
In that current deep and wide;
I would live as live its waters.
Flashing from a stronger tide!

—Elizabeth H. Whittier

MAY

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—
The veriest school
Of peace; and yet the fool
Contends that God is not—
Not God? in gardens? when the eve is cool?
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

—Thomas Edward Brown

A COMBINED VEGETABLE AND FLOWER GARDEN NEAR CHICAGO

CHAPTER III

DIGGING IN THE GARDEN

And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day.

—Genesis 3:8

The Garden of Eden was one of God's last creations upon the earth itself. It represents then His highest and latest conception of beauty and grandeur, man alone surpassing it as the expression of His idea of the beautiful and the good. And God still walks in His garden; many meet Him there.

> And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there He put the man whom He had formed. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. And the Lord God took the man and put him in the garden to dress it and keep it.
>
> —Genesis 2:8, 9, 15.

As the frost comes out of the ground in early spring something in the odor of the awakening earth quickens memories deep in our soul—memories that reach back to the time when all mankind tilled the soil and earned his bread by the sweat of his brow. Our long partnership with the earth is recalled to us. The odor cannot be called savory nor associated with thoughts of things beautiful, but brings a certain keen delight that no other smells of Nature can engender.

Something entirely beyond the scope of our physical senses is awakened when we smell the freshly upturned soil in the spring; memories of centuries of coöperation with our Earth Mother rush over us, and faint glimmers are revealed of the future that our labors with her will bring us. It is a reminiscence, a benediction, and a promise, all rolled in one. The dullest plowman as he overturns acres of fertile soil in May can feel all this in his limited way, just as truly as does the suburban dweller working with his spade in his little plot, and the traveller who passes their labors on the trolley. Each feels something, in his own way, and to his own degree, as he is in sympathy with the operations of Nature. We can analyze it only for individual persons—the feelings are too intimate to be bounded by generalities.

But it is undoubtedly true that these feelings are most of all closely associated with our wonder at the awakening of life in the spring. The turning of the soil becomes symbolic of the Creation itself. From out of the chaos of lifeless brown earth under the guilding hand of man does life spring anew. Can any wonder of the universe surpass that, in its significance to us? The garden enthusiasm is most pronounced in May, but it should last all through the year. It goes with us through all the seasons and gives us its messages.

> He who sows the ground with care and diligence acquires a greater stock of religious merit than he would gain by the repetition of ten thousand prayers.
>
> —Zoroaster

Read from the existing writings of two of our greatest American citizens and statesmen, Washington and Jefferson, what they thought of the gardening art, and learn the favor which a life close to the soil then enjoyed. The mind that directed a new-born republic found its keenest delight in planning the details of the grounds of Mt. Vernon; the hand that penned the Declaration of Independence wrote weekly letters to the superintendent at Monticello about the care of the trees, flowers and vegetables. Would that we had such examples before us in public life today!

> For lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give forth a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.
>
> —Song of Solomon 2:11-13

In these days it is rather the voice of the lawn mower that is heard as each householder tends to the patch of green in front of his home; and to parody a thought of Tennyson's, "In the spring the commuter's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of seeds."

Perhaps no phase of the ever-living activity of Nature gives the moral and intellectual stimulus to the mind of man as does the bursting of the buds in spring. Scarce a Nature observer that has not dwelt at length upon the wonder of the annual recurrence of the life-giving sap in plant life, and drawn therefrom a moral significance typified in Easter and the Resurrection. This great parallel I can leave for readers to amplify for themselves. I would now speak of the lesser and more personal stirrings in Nature and the response in man.

Of course, here as ever, the call reaches us through our senses,—the warmer radiant light of the sun, softer, more genial temperatures, the quiet murmur of gentle winds by day or night, the savory odors sent back by earth herself—on all sides, in many forms, the great change is borne in upon us. These are all a part of the phenomenon—the stage setting of light, warmth, music, odors, and motions—all greatly to be drunk in by the spirit, whether at sunrise, noonday, or at the cool of the evening, but after all only the accessories to the great act of leaf unfolding, the true purpose of spring. When green comes forth from barren ground and bare twigs, each bit of herbage in its characteristic way, then the eternal fact of the Everliving Life is made manifest to us. It is not the flower and fruit of summer and autumn that most widely excite our wonder and gratitude,—we have learned to expect their coming as a natural consequence to the maturity of growth of green things,—but our hearts are newly awakened by the changes from dormant seed or bud to living pulsing foliage that has many of the attributes of man himself. We never quite take this for granted, for its coming will ever be a new joy and discovery though it has occurred faithfully every year since the dim distances of time when man was not yet, and by faith we know that it never will fail; still the feeling of uncertainty remains with us. As buds unfold in a balmy air and assimilate the store of nourishment about them they give off a pleasurable sensation that only the wilfully dull cannot receive and in part interpret.

Though the actual physical aspect of gardens has greatly changed through the centuries,—it is a far cry from the little walled garden of simples of the Dark Ages to the formal gardens of today—still the real garden spirit beneath it all has little changed as the ages have passed. A piece of ground, tilled ever so poorly, or carelessly, since it bears the imprint of the labors of man and his creative powers, has a value to the human mind as an object for contemplation that no piece of wholly wild scenery can have. The word "garden" has become hallowed by centuries of use.

With the first changes in the habits of man from savagery to the road that leads to civilization one of the first natural impulses has been to till the soil, partly for food, but as often from a love of the operation itself and a desire to be a coworker with Nature in bringing forth order and beauty upon the earth. So we find that the progress of the gardening art in any race is an index of the state of its advance in civilization. However far back we go in the history of the Aryan race there have always been gardens and workers in the vineyards. Much of the early point of view has been lost and can only be faintly guessed, but if we hold fast to the great fact that the fundamental attitude toward the life creating powers of the earth has not changed, that in many ways we till the soil with the same faith and zeal as did our early ancestors, we have a good start for analyzing our garden love of today.

Every race in every age and climate has had its characteristic garden development; there is at hand material for many volumes on this subject. We have delightful books that tell of the gardens past and present of England, Italy, Japan, America, France, Germany, and other regions of the globe where the garden art has been well developed, and still further studies are to be expected, for the interest in gardens is widespread these days.

For purposes of comparison with conditions today a few words concerning the beginning of the art in America and its subsequent growth will be helpful. You can find several books devoted to this subject. Before the advent of the white man there was scarcely any gardening in this country, at least in the modern sense. The French and Spanish settlers have left little that is of importance today, the influence of the early Dutch is considerable in some places, but the greater part of our garden wisdom was bequeathed to us by our English speaking parents, and in that knowledge, as modified by our new national life, are we living today.

Our early forebears brought directly from England, whether they were Royalist, Quaker, Pilgrim, Puritan, or whatever else. They found nothing here to help them in their experiments, and pathetic it is to picture them trying to fit the flora and wisdom of another continent to a new land and climate. The garden struggles of the first century in the new land will always make a unique chapter in the history of the art. The inherited great love and indomitable zeal at length triumphed over all obstacles, and real gardens were built, gardens not so much famed for what they actually contained as for the labors of love that they represented. Those intense little Colonial gardens had a charm and meaning that in our larger and more elaborate garden works are often lacking today. With all our progress in perfection of construction and equipment we may still have lost some of the most desirable qualities of a garden.

Today we have all sorts of influences at work upon our garden problems. Continued peace and prosperity have prospered all the constructive activities of mankind; we are freer than ever before to work out our individual salvation. All the learning and garden lore of the ages and the nations are before us to be studied; the garden wisdom of all mankind is focussed upon us. Moreover, garden building has been recognized as an art, and taken its place as a mode of human expression. For two centuries we have had real artists that have begun to show us what the mind and soul of man can conceive as good and beautiful in natural objects. The technique of the art has been greatly improved, the modern ingenuity of man has given us effects in garden construction that were as un-dreamed-of once as the steam engine. The variety of materials is almost endless now. No wonder that men today can build gardens that seem to rival Paradise itself, not only in their outward form but in their meaning and inspiration. Many a town has begun to take on the form of the dreams of idealists; it is not too much today to declare that all the civilized portions of the earth will some day blossom. Public holdings as well as private estates are feeling this inspiration; even the right of the public to share in what was once thought to be only for the privacy of the family is now being generally recognized; gates are being thrown open to the people. A widespread interest in all phases of garden labors is now felt; the garden wisdom of the race is unfolding as never before; our horizon is lifting rapidly.

How much does this new vision affect the average man?

To what extent does he feel this new responsibility in keeping as near to perfection as possible the portion of the earth's surface over which he has dominion? Are gardens to be had only by the wealthy, and not by those who must work hard for their daily bread? We are far from attaining the earthly Paradise yet; the race moves slowly onward, and there is no cause to be discouraged, for the start is in the right direction. There are several definite things for which we can all work. From the point of view of the physical aspect of the landscape, public pride will insist more strongly than heretofore that communities keep their house swept clean and in good repair, that corporations be restrained from dumping their waste in unsightly heaps on the earth, or as black clouds in the air. We know that these changes can be brought about; it is merely a question of our continued insistence. Various societies are well launched on their labors of civic betterment from a sanitary and esthetic point of view. Parks, playgrounds, and other means of public education and recreation no longer need arguments in their behalf. Improvement, as applied to our civic life in all its aspects, has become not only a popular, but a serious study.

But with all this even before him the private individual may not feel his responsibility both to his family and his community as to the appearance of the land on which he lives—the outward effect of the place he calls "home." Here is where the garden spirit and garden training have their peculiar value. Our civic endeavors rest on the progress of the individual, the nation is a family of homes, and neither the vast private estate nor the suburban home of the commuter is a true measure, but only the index of our advancement. The poorly kept houses and homes where no gardens exist as yet are the measures by which our work is to be judged. The man that dumps ashes in his yard will not be really aroused to the nuisance of the bill-boards; unless he tills his own plot a little he won't care much what the city puts in its parks, nor cheerfully pay the taxes that his children may play there and in their play enjoy themselves.

All this gives me reason to sternly indict those home owners who have no garden when they have the land at their door; who have no interest when they should have enthusiasm. We can look anywhere as we travel and be reminded of the old hymn:—

Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.

It is a sad fact and a disgrace to our civilization that too much even in this enlightened age do the great reaches of our landscape show only the despoiling hand of man. It is not so much the railroads and factories that show man's carelessness in his use of what was entrusted to him; he needs only to look at his own dooryard to see the same conditions. Other virtues than charity begin at home; start a garden today, and get the message of the soil.

It is more than possible that too much of the wildness of the new continent entered into our blood in our settler-ancestors; we may not have well kept our heritage; but after three centuries we should recover, and surely we are making progress. But consider for a moment the immigrant as a garden builder, peoples whose economic condition in Europe is far below that in the average American home. Is it not the natural desire of every one of them, Celt, Slav, Latin, Scandinavian, or other, to own a bit of land and till it for his use and pleasure so far as his limited means and abilities allow? Of course our economic conditions make the realization of this ideal impossible for most of them, but talk to any of them and see on what subjects their faces light up the quickest. It is only after they have become "Americanized" that they learn to become a menace to our progress. We should feel humbly ashamed that we with our greater opportunities do not show these strangers beauty and order everywhere, instead of conditions similar to those from which they escaped.

It rests with each of us to make the exterior of our homes a garden. We owe it to ourselves, our families, our community, the state, to earth herself that keeps us, and to our Maker Who has most bounteously fed us. Every plot of land where man has trod should show the results of his constructive labors, should have an added beauty from his presence. Earth where man lives should be a garden. Do not mistake me; a man's garden need not be the flowers, trees, clipped lawns and the gravel walks on the private estates of the wealthy, for that is only one kind of a garden. There need be no grass or flowers at all; many a village would be a suburb of Paradise if only man cleaned up the rubbish left after his work. Many changes are necessary in the scenery from the very fact of man's activity, but the truly undesirable ones are by-products of his neglect that are complacently allowed to continue to exist; remove the unnecessary ugly and Nature will attend to the beautifying. After this first step then will Heaven come both around and within us.

When we have every one of us learned that our earthly homes may be annexed to Heaven merely by our own work with Nature being constructive and not destructive then shall we see that it makes very little difference to how large an area we give the force of our creative energies. There is just as much *garden* in a window-box or on a fifty-foot city lot as on the largest estate that the wealth and ingenuity of man can build. Once started, the garden spirit cannot be bounded by the tape measure. It must take its start from physical things, just as man does himself, but it is not judged by its equipment. By the same logic that "a man's a man for a' that," a garden is a garden whether there is one plant, a thousand, or none. Yet only by its outward aspect can we judge the spirit within; a yard that raises tin cans and decrepit machinery is as a corpse washed up on the sea-shore—the spirit has fled.

Well, if where we plant and how much we plant do not matter, where is the garden and the spirit thereof? In the *way* in which we plant, in our own interior attitude toward the things with which we live. If we cannot tell the difference between coal ashes and green grass we shall be almost sure to let our dooryard represent neglect. If green grass grows within us it will grow by our door, the result is from inevitable law. Our garden and our yard are our state of mind, costing us neither time nor money, for time and money buy the things outside us, and never what we build within. Any piece of ground that shows the work of the creative works of man, no matter how poorly executed or carelessly tended, has a value to human eyes that no piece of purely natural landscape can ever attain.

Then we have not a mite of excuse, rich or poor, idle or busy, whatever our social or economic state, whether we "own property" or do not, for not cultivating a bit of garden spirit about our homes. And, oh! when we all see that it does not cost us anything in time nor effort, that it does not interfere with our business nor add to the cost of our living, but that it is only a labor of love to cultivate a garden about us and within us, what a stride forward our civilization will take! How our homes will blossom! Don't understand me to mean that gardens do not cost money; they can be very expensive and sometimes are, but the true garden spirit can no more be bought than can happiness, though we may spend fortunes in its pursuit.

> 'Tis Heaven alone that is given away,
> 'Tis only God may be had for the asking.

Now let us descend from the clouds again and get to work. By some magic every one of our fellow-citizens suddenly takes an interest in the plot of ground he calls his, and looks too at what his neighbor is doing. What are some of the things that the home and the nation will gain? As individuals we gain more positive qualities than can easily be catalogued. Among them we note—a closer discrimination between what is untidy and what is well-kept, a desire to coöperate with the creative forces of Nature about him and through her to express his own self, a sympathy and an understanding of the ways of growing things and a pride in being their guardian and helper, a feeling of the beauty and purpose of the universe in all its elements, a great respect for all growing things and for their Creator.

All this and more must have come to Adam, and comes to every man as he labors a moment in his little patch at the end of the day, but that is not the half of the lesson. As an individual in relation to his fellowmen he will learn: pride in achievement of work that adds to the beauty and order of his community, coöperation in a constructive activity, brotherly assistance and neighborliness as garden experiences and seeds are exchanged, a positive ambition to be an uplifting factor in the community—true service,—faith in the progress of mankind, and an understanding of its possibilities of development.

All this from a garden, and still the wonder grows; for this growth in the life of the individual, both in his own thoughts, and in his relation to others, must have its indelible effect on the life of the nation. It may sum up somewhat like this—an increased interest in public affairs, better citizenship and true public service, a real respect for law and liberty within it, and a whole-souled loyalty to the country that fosters that liberty. But we have wandered far outside the limits of the garden; we can talk about this matter a bit more as we think of the home scenery as a factor in our development.

He who follows the garden from season to season comes to know, perhaps unconsciously, the great forces and powers of Nature. He who has the garden spirit has somewhere learned humility and gentleness, charity and forbearance. I do not say that the garden is the only school of this instruction, but the lessons are plainly written there. He becomes accustomed to using and obeying forces outside himself, and familiar with the compensations of life. The rain that spoils his picnic benefits his field of corn and his border of flowers.

We find expression to our abilities in many ways, in art, in science, in business or professional life, but with our work we may or may not find peace and rest. Our real life may be quite unconnected with our daily toil, and to some of us our garden is our inspiration and our rest; for a garden that brings true joy is a relaxation and not a labor. Many people need a course in the perception and appreciation of the beauties of the world out-of-doors before they begin a garden. Then they would not think that they were not really interested or had not the time nor money to bother. For he who sees not the beauties of natural scenery about him will never get much inspiration—merely manual labor—from his garden. So you see that the true garden spirit and much of the training given by a garden can be gotten without owning a garden at all, though we must admit that the lessons strike deepest when we really live and work and love with our garden materials.

And when we have builded well there comes a joy from achievement, aside from the artist's appreciation of a work of real merit, which makes double the joy of a garden. To us then come the quiet moments, so rare in our business hours, when we take on strength and poise for action and upward vision to direct our life activity, with an assurance that we are accomplishing something of real worth today and of value for the future. Thus you may know that the realization of the joy of a garden is a state of mind and a point of view toward life, rather than a question of a few plants and their arrangement.

God Almighty first planted a garden; and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refinement to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiwork. And a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection.

—Francis Bacon

You must know, sir, that I look upon the pleasure which we take in a garden as one of the most innocent delights in the human life. A garden was the habitation of our first parents before the fall. It is naturally apt to fill the mind with calmness and tranquillity, and to lay all its turbulent passions at rest. It gives us a great insight into the contrivance and wisdom of providence, and suggests innumerable objects for meditation. I cannot but think the very complacency and satisfaction which a man takes in the works of Nature to be a laudable, if not a virtuous, habit of mind.

—Joseph Addison

Gardening. Its object, like that of all liberal arts, is, or ought to be, to move the affections under the control of good sense.

—William Wordsworth

These thoughts of three English men of letters have stood for decades as the final definition of the art of gardening; they should be known by every garden lover, as doubtless they are.

Youth hates to wait for anything, and wishes to realize its dreams as soon as they are conceived; but as we advance in years we take a sober satisfaction in waiting a little for our pleasures, and also we like something that can recur, and that is interminable. Most other delights, once experienced, are exhausted, but gardening grows by what it feeds on. It is the same, yet never the same; it can be forever renewed; it can be indefinitely extended; it is within reach of all dwellers in the country, where amusements are most needed. It can be compassed by the slenderest purse, and it will give a man a chance to spend a fortune, if he so desires. It has its agreeable economics, and its fascinating extravagances. It can be made to satisfy the most orderly dispositions, and also return beauty and grace from careless and wild arrangements. It can be utilitarian and lucrative; it can be merely esthetic and ornamental, or all four, just as the fancy takes you. In fact it may be briefly characterized as happiness for the million, with no patent on it.

—*The Rescue of an Old Place,* by Mary Caroline Robbins

The Norwegians have a pretty and significant word "Opelske," which they use in speaking of the care of flowers. It means literally "loving up," or cherishing them into health and vigor. The mere fact that certain life forms have depended upon man in part for their vigor and beauty gives them a human significance that no wild flower can have. And the spot where these favored plants grew becomes in a measure sacred.

The changes that have been wrought by man in his advance over the earth mark corresponding changes in the man himself; and in no particular is this more evident than it is in garden making. When the world was a wilderness, ranged by wild beasts and men less tame than the gardeners, defensive boundaries were a necessity, and within these boundaries, upon this bit of earth which each had thus claimed for himself, no hint of the wilderness could be tolerated. For it was a foe, and harbored foes—and no honest husbandman could possibly have temporized with it for an instant.

This I think explains the careful exclusion of any suggestion of Nature in the old designs; the love of artificial forms; the stiff lines; the unyielding repression; the straight clipped walls of sternly disciplined growth. And it is a perfectly natural taste, considered in this light. For it is only by contrast that we comprehend, and comprehending, enjoy; thus the gardens that were made, while the struggle against Nature and the wilderness was going on, were designed instinctively to afford the greatest possible contrast to Nature and the wilderness. While those that have come later, as earth has gradually grown to be more and more under man's dominion, we shall see, have, little by little, become more artfully like Nature.

—*Old-Fashioned Gardening,* by Grace Tabor

In "Old-Time Gardens" Alice Morse Earle suggests that the distinctive impression made by the formal garden may be summed up in the words "classic restraint."

The first garden for a home to have is one for vegetables, for life must be nourished before we can have desire to note the beauties of the world about us. The lessons learned from trying to grow beans are very like those when we plant nasturtiums, or onions instead of tulips. In fact, the garden beginner would better start with vegetables, for usefulness as well as ease of culture recommend them. Whether or not a person cares for flowers in the abstract, a few seasons of raising green things will result in a desire to grow a few plants whose products do not go into our stomachs. Then the second step in his garden development will have begun, and his garden horizon will grow larger, if only by a row of sunflowers. The start once made, there is no knowing how far a garden will go; even all purely useful plants may in time be excluded, but that will be unfortunate and unnecessary, unless the owner has the means to buy all his summer salads fresh each day.

A state of finality will never be reached in any garden; but its approach to a final state will depend on its size, its site, and the purse and garden development of its owner and master.

The invariable equation is: House plus Garden equals Home. Every person who can afford to own a home to live in, or rent one, for that matter, can also afford a little place, removed from the gaze from the street, where he can grow and tend a few plants, whether they bear flowers or tomatoes; where he can get close to the heart of Nature, now and then. And he, as well as his family, can, if they will, find time for a few moments there very frequently. As the value of a little spot becomes apparent to them, it is bound to grow, perhaps in size and cash value, if circumstances permit, but at any rate in meaning to the household.

We all of us make fun of the commuter, the man who adds two hours of train travel to his business hours each day for the doubtful (?) advantage of spending his sleeping hours in the country, and perhaps fussing with a garden on his Saturdays and holidays. As the old adage has it, "He laughs best who laughs last"; and the city dweller knows not at what he is making his poor joke; if only he knew the inward joy that grows in the commuter's garden he would be converted to a commuter at once.

A business man in one of our large cities has been actively interested for more than forty years in building up the business of which he is still the sole head and director. He is actually younger in years than many of his business friends who were born long after he had established himself. An active body and mind are his, as well as an experience that began when economic conditions were far different than now, and he is as alert and modern today as the youth who has just finished his college training. All these years he has made his six trips each way every week from home in the suburbs to the center of the city ten miles away. His home is the Mecca of each day's journey, but not because of its size or splendor. The lot is the usual suburban affair, twenty-five steps will bound it in either direction, and the house occupies a large part of the area. But there is room for a fine shade tree and a grape vine, and best of all, a few feet of soil at the rear where things can be planted and cared for, though but a few moments each day are given them. It is this garden that helps make the difference; it is one of the features of the home. It is not much to look at when placed beside show gardens of the town; no one outside the circle of family friends ever heard of it. From year to year the contents change, rotation of crops is as fancy wills, and nasturtiums, beans, asters, lettuce, pansies, and corn, all grow happily together; grow as readily as if design and arrangement were unknown. They grow to their own purpose, and no arbitrary decisions of the plan-maker can add to their vigor and effectiveness. Of course the garden is a success from a commercial point of view, fresh vegetables and flowers for cutting grow there all the summer months. But more grows than that; a garden grows the whole year round in the family circle, and bears fruit also in the city office—can you beat that? Every member of the family is vitally interested in the progress of the garden each year, none of the natural changes of the seasons go by unnoted, and many of the doings of the home life hinge on the needs and harvests of the plants. The test of true intimate friendship with the guest comes with the words: "Come out and see our sweet peas and cucumbers." Is it any wonder that the spirit and strength of youth abide within the walls? There is a garden in the home. Oh! the magic of those words!

I call to mind a dear old lady, whose span of life has so far run that she can no longer go beyond the confines of her house, and then only with the assistance of her nurse; her mind ever lives in the past when she had health, strength, and many interests in the village in which she lives, but her heart still lives and grows with her garden. The changes of the years have taken away her sight—she can neither see her flowers nor walk among them—yet no garden fervor is greater than hers. By some instinct she is made aware of the new life of each spring, and anxiously questions the household as each natural change takes place. Of every plant she knows its position, its requirements, and its habits; no evasive replies or poor descriptions will satisfy her. Her garden is more real than if she saw it; she asks about its welfare as an assurance merely that her knowledge has not failed her. She and her garden are still one. Blessed privilege to construct again from a few words the garden in which the story of her life was written, and to forget by the same process that the dear ones that helped make it will be seen there no more! This is a garden that exists wholly without the physical senses, an integral part of a life that has passed through its trials to the great faith that has awaited it. And in the building of this faith the garden has played no small part.

We do not show acquaintances and tourists our kitchen and work and sleeping rooms, only near friends see these; but the treasures in our parlors and front halls may be seen by anyone who comes properly introduced, and if we have particularly fine works among our art treasures we may well at stated seasons throw our doors open to the general public. In a similar way, every house that has room enough outside it to allow any real gardening operations should have two gardens; one for the family, hidden or enclosed from the gaze of the public, as always have been gardens in idea for ages, witness the gardens of Italy and England; the other, in accordance with modern American ideas of throwing everything open to the public, between the house and street, open to view from the highway. A home that can afford the one can find room for the other. The public cannot expect to see all of our garden treasures but we cannot wish to be so selfish as to try to keep them all to ourselves. The ideal is neither all openness nor all privacy; the proportion in every case depends on the individuality of the home and its owner. In the average suburban American home the logical solution is a modest show of flower and shrubbery in front of the house, visible from the street and adding to the general garden effect of the block, and a more secluded area back of the house, consecrated to the private enjoyment of the family. Where lack of space forbids this distinction, home lovers naturally make the best possible compromise; where space allows, either area may come to be very elaborately treated.

Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite beyond it, blooms the garden that I love.

—Alfred, Lord Tennyson

They set great store by their *gardeins.*

—Sir Thomas More

Show me a well-ordered garden, and I will show you a genial home.

—George H. Ellwanger

A garden grows as much in the heart as in the soil. Every true garden appeals to the spirit even more than to the senses. When Colonial gardens were in their glory there was one phase of garden enjoyment that was greatly in favor, and scarcely known today, though it is said that it is not rare among the garden lovers of Germany. This kind of garden appreciation was known as "garden viewing," and was in favor by the gentle sex, particularly in Northern gardens. Imagine a sedate matron in one of our quiet villages making a call upon her neighbor on a pleasant summer afternoon. Instead of being entertained in the "front room," whose slippery hair-cloth furniture was reserved for more formal visits, she was led further into the house. They did not stop at the kitchen, for this was not the time of day for household labors, but on and out into the garden, the most sacred part of the home. There was shade from trees, flowers for color, breezes and the birds for music, and seats for relaxation. Here life stories were told, and experiences with children and servants exchanged. Gossip there was, but nothing malicious, for the garden was there to hear. We can still see these stately dames, sitting sedately or walking slowly down the little paths, exclaiming over recent growths of the things growing, and picking off a seed or shoot to be tried in the other garden. Wonderful those gardens that grew great confidences as well as flowers!

In origin the garden was a portion of the earth's surface wrested from Nature and taken in charge by man. It was the only thing of Nature that was decidedly not a part of Nature, and consciously kept as different from the wild as man could make it. It must by its very nature be enclosed to keep Nature out—as well as man and beast. Read again the description of the garden of Robinson Crusoe. The natural way seemed to be to enclose it with a fence. Whether or not the Garden of Eden was enclosed is mere idle conjecture,—but was there not the idea of gates at which stood the angel with the flaming sword?

In the Dark Ages all gardens were enclosed to protect their contents rather from wild barbaric men than from wild beasts. It was true also in the feudal days that moats and castle walls enclosed the garden; not from any sense of art was the encircling fence erected, but for the mere utilitarian object of safety and protection of the contents and of those who walked within it.

Only when civilization made protection from wild men and beasts no longer necessary were the walls removed and the garden flowed out into the fields. The movement for a wholly natural treatment of our gardens was begun. But so strong a hold upon us had the idea of garden walls that the thought of a garden without definite boundary seemed to many a contradiction of terms. What had once been a mere accessory demanded by circumstance now by evolution and association became one of its prime necessities. Something the same took place in the idea of a saint's halo; from a shelf to keep off the rain from the statue it came to be modified to a ring of light signifying the presence of divinity.

To some of us a garden and an enclosure will always be associated the one with the other, though the prime reason for a garden wall has long since passed away. Probably always will the most elaborate and expensive gardens be planned with the feeling of the shelter of a wall about them. From one point of view a garden is not Nature, and a line of demarcation is quite in keeping.

But to many of us the thought of walls and hedges about us is quite distasteful; we feel the safety of the civilization about us. Even Nature has been tamed; we need no protection from her. In our desire for brotherly coöperation we throw open our gardens to the public. The new neighborhood feeling in our towns, unknown a century ago, works against the idea of enclosures. Then too, our democratic spirit and point of view imagine that a garden hidden from sight indicates exclusiveness and fancied superiority on the part of the owners. Nothing of the sort was intended by such gardens by their very nature, but by circumstance such an interpretation has often been found true. It is a coincidence and not a logical result.

The other extreme of garden ideas—the making a garden as Nature-like as possible to the hand of man—has been reached and we are recovering. The day of imitation piles of rock on a smooth lawn in front of a mansion has passed away; we don't invite the wilderness to encamp about our civilization. A sense of proportion has come to us, and the treatment of a garden has come to depend on the site and its use rather than as the result of *a priori* arguments and without regard to the garden itself. We have come to see that a garden should have meanings and not arguments in its defence.

It is more than probable as civilization increases more that Nature, untouched by man, or even slightly modified, will pass away from our sight. Of course the great wildernesses of the mountains of America and Asia, the expanse of the Sahara, the swamps of the Amazon, and the lakes of central Africa will remain unchanged through the onslaughts of several more centuries of civilization. The average man cannot hope to see these, and the newer resorts of travel are becoming humanized. Even the Alps begin to show the wear of a century of tourists, and there is little of Nature pure and undefiled for the seeker to discover. Perhaps the human touches upon them are no harm to their scenic and esthetic qualities, but that is not the argument at present.

Not only is purely wild Nature rare, but even Nature which shows more the work of Nature than that of man has disappeared from the region of the trolley lines. To preserve as much as we can of rural scenery for urban dwellers parks are kept up within city limits, and great reservations of hill, lake and forest, regions not easily available for agriculture or real-estate division, are set aside for present and future enjoyment. What will another century bring?

The time has come when the effect of the work of man upon the earth's surface must predominate over that of Nature, at least along the roads that most of us travel.

Then a new era of garden planning will come about, and we shall hold most precious that bit of ground that most brings back to our minds the feelings of the open fields and the deep forests. Then our smaller gardens will be symbolic in their elements, not copies nor imitations of anything, nor a complacent display for natural of something that Nature would never tolerate, but a reconstruction of the elements of the beauties of wild Nature, as interpreted by our refinement and adapted to our racial and individual needs. Perhaps something of this is in the peculiar gardens of Japan, and upon a closer study of their idea of a garden and of our own garden needs we shall find that we have more in common than would appear at first sight.

At any rate the garden of the future will be quite different from that of today. It will contain elements of the restrained enclosed area of the early gardens,—though the closing in may come from our close communal existence—and the essentials of the freedom and luxuriance of Nature. In it we shall find used some of the things discovered and preserved in the gardens of classic times, the walled monastic gardens, the splendor of those of Italy and France, the open parks of English estates, and influences from the wilds of discovered America.

THE LORD GOD PLANTED A GARDEN

The Lord God planted a garden,
  In the first white days of the world;
And set there an angel warden,
  In garments of light unfurled.

So near to the peace of Heaven
  That the hawk might nest with the wren;
For there in the cool of the even
  God walked with the first of men.

And I dream that these garden closes,
  With their shade and their sun-flecked sod,
And their lilies and bowers of roses,
  Were laid by the hand of God.

The kiss of the sun for pardon,
  The song of the birds for mirth—
One is nearer God's heart in a garden
  Than anywhere else on earth.

—Dorothy Gurney

JUNE

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite overcanopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine;
There sleeps Titania, sometime of the night,
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight.

—William Shakespeare

RHODORA BY A FARM FENCE IN MAINE. NORTHPORT.

CHAPTER IV

FLOWER CHARMS

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

—Matthew 7:28-29

Whenever on some genial Sabbath day in late spring the preacher's heart is filled with the fullness of Nature and he feels inclined to depart from his usual order of sermons and discourse on the meaning of flowers he is sure to use the above text. He has little other choice. In fact, that utterance of the Saviour stands almost alone in the New Testament, and a similar idea is found only in the Psalms. These few words of Jesus, uttered to illustrate for the moment the thought he had in mind, have served for ages ever to recall to us the mystic relationship that plant life bears to that of man. The very fact that this one thought among many others similar of the Master's alone was saved shows what an impression His comparison made on His hearers at the time. The Hebrews had things more important than the workings of Nature to occupy their minds. We can know but little of the attendant circumstances of that memorable occasion, and an argument or speculation is valueless. We can but take the words themselves and apply them to our present world and mode of life.

We know not what the Master meant by lilies, for the term lily was used even more loosely than it is today, and any showy flower common in the Holy Land may have been indicated. Returned travellers have made many suggestions, but after all it does not matter. Read the word to mean flowers and herbage in general and the lessons are plain enough.

> Ere man is aware
> That Spring is here
> The flowers have found it out.
> —From the Chinese

Among natural objects powerfully affecting the human mind and heart flowers have long held a high place; of all the phases of Nature they have most easily been endowed with a relationship to man's inmost feelings. So great has man's tribute been to them that to attempt to gather it all would be the labor of a lifetime. I can here but outline some of the more obvious of these meanings and leave the interested reader to pursue the subject for himself, either in the literature and flower lore of the past, or better still in the fields and woods with the very sources themselves.

The message of flowers is individual, personal, perhaps more so than with any other natural objects. Each kind of herb or tree has its zealous admirers, its particular partisans, that see nothing in some other of your floral treasures. Some of us even can see only flowers that are cultivated, others care especially for those that grow wild. The diversity of our loves is one great fact of note.

Again, not a few of us prefer to regard them singly, as a jewel set in green foliage. Such an attitude perhaps gets closer to the life and purpose of the blossoming of the herbage of the earth, but flowers in mass have their meaning and purpose too. Their first appeal comes through the eye, and a hillside painted with violets from its very magnitude has a value that no solitary herb can acquire. Such a landscape has become glorified in our minds. Then we who are color worshippers make much of mere quantity of color; but color is one only of the many beauties of the life of a flower, though perhaps the most obvious.

We marvel at their various forms and the fitness of each to carry out the purpose given it by the Creator. When we look at them closely our minds are filled with wonder at their perfection in the least detail, and the mechanical completeness of their construction. We see a little into their relation to the insects that help them in their seed production, and we stand awed by these living forms that seem almost to have in part the intelligence of man himself. We have learned that every one of their visible characters serves in the economy of the plant's existence. Science has opened our eyes.

To other senses than sight do they make their appeal; many of our favorites have endeared themselves to us by their odor. To bend before a flower for its fragrance is one of the most natural ways of acknowledging our devotion. And in the odors of flowers we have our likes and dislikes. The sense of touch is gratified also; we like to handle them, and children especially gain some great secret satisfaction from the physical contact with their moist little hands.

Flowers speak more to our hearts than to our minds and intelligence, and it is in this that we are particularly interested at present. We have toward favorite flowers an almost human affection. They become a part of our lives and by association come to have a symbolic meaning to us that early man never knew. This animism of flowers is bound to grow even more rapidly in the future, and have its peculiar phases among different peoples. The age of flower nymphs and flower fairies is passing, but still we can find the presence of something not to be seen by the human eye.

Comes first the great lesson of beauty in form, proportion, and color, of the most delicate and temporary of Nature's creations. For some reason that we are yet to discover the All-Wise chose to give them more than useful functions. Science cannot wholly explain the wonder of the beauty of a flower. Certain adaptations are readily explained as functional, but only dimly can the wisest of us see the reason for such a superabundance of beauty. It is a pure gain for mortals, a gift from God, and is joined to our conception of immortality; it stretches beyond our present life.

We are told that the odors of flowers serve in the plant economies and our minds are excited to wonder and respect at the thought; but that is not all. Something more than mere pleasurable excitation of the olfactory nerves comes to us as certain flower and plant fragrances are wafted to us on the breeze. Memories are awakened, associations are revived, that link us with other scenes now nearly forgotten. Nothing can more quickly put the passer-by into the feeling of our rural landscape than the odor of apple blossoms in May. Other emotions may also crowd in, as recollections of a childhood passed in the country, and memories of the old homestead, though the lilac is perhaps the sacred incense bearer of the dooryard. How greatly these two odors are a part of our national life you can but dimly guess as you walk a country lane in May and try to understand your own feelings.

There is more magic for us in such perfumes as these than in all the censers of the East. Man learned the emotional power of incense from his experiences with Nature. The rose always evokes sentiment and associations by its odors; but to me the sweetbrier, in its spicy fragrance, has the garden spirit of our foremothers, a living reminder of our Colonial life. To Whittier the smell of sweet fern meant the vision of the New England hills of his boyhood; the pungent odor of box breathes the spirit of eternity. How many and varied are these unconscious associations of the sense of smell, a part of the experience of each of us who lives in a close communion with Nature! Search out your own for yourself and see what a wealth of meaning they have for you.

The oak tree accomplishes its purpose of seed production as efficiently as does the showy magnolia; the lowliest weed in the garden as well as the lily and the rose. For the purpose of the plant itself no show of size or color in its flowers seems always necessary. Scientists argue that the striking forms of flowers have a close relation to the fertilization by insects, yet they are not agreed as to whether this show of color and size is a cause or result. We may suppose until further proof is adduced that the beauty of flowers serves other purposes as well as an aid to cross fertilization. At any rate, the flowers of the garden, as modified and grown today by the skill of man, are prized wholly outside any considerations affecting their seed production. What the mission of showy flower forms was when the world was young we can never know and only guess, but the message of flowers to us today may be received by any of us who will.

To many a thoughtful person it often seems perhaps that it is a waste of time and energy, as well as misplaced lavishing of affections, when there is so much work in this world to be done, so many wrongs to be righted, reforms fought for, homeless and helpless fellow-mortals to be befriended, to spend much of one's time and thought upon the mere raising of objects of beauty, creatures of but a few days, a delight to the eye of but a few beholders. There is no profit in dollars and cents, no great present good wrought to the human race; is a love of flowers, except as one admires them in Nature, wholly justified from an ethical and humanitarian point of view? Would not fifty cents spent for violets at the florist's be more truly well spent for potatoes or clothing? Under proper conditions the violets are as necessary to the human race as are potatoes, and the florist and gardener are as useful laborers in the vineyard as the grocer and farmer. We shall see why as we go along.

There is almost an infinite number of species of plants now upon the earth. One quarter the number of kinds would have served all purposes well enough and still have given infinite variety. Scientists tell us that no new species are being evolved, though there are many forms yet to be discovered and named. With the advent of man and his agricultural operations the world's flora has changed a great deal; some species have been nearly destroyed, while garden cultivation has given new hybrids very unlike anything in the wild, and changed common plants, especially in flower and fruit, so much that the wild form seems a new plant and exception and the garden form the rule. Take apples, strawberries, or roses; our wild forms are often escapes from cultivation though parents of these forms were once entirely wild among us.

The flora of the world today is quite different from that of eons ago. Read the story of the former herbage of the earth as revealed by the study of geology. The carboniferous era makes a great impression on our minds as a time when Nature did great works, but only half clothed them. Think of ferns and mosses as tall as our trees of today.

Not only do the wonders and beauties of the floral treasures of our own woods, fields, and gardens give us an inexhaustible food for thought, but as soon as we travel beyond our home town an entirely new field of mental experience is opened to us. If as children we were accustomed to the plants of our little gardens and the near-by fields and roadsides, what a feeling of awe comes over us as we discover the habitants of the deep woods! The rocky summits of mountains and wind-swept upland pastures give us fresh surprises; we readjust our idea of a plant when we meet for the first time the peculiar flora of the sea-beach and the desert. Always we find a wonderful adaptation of the plant form to its surroundings. Filled with a desire to see more in this wonder of Nature we can visit new lands in other regions and climates. Everywhere voices speak to us, each eloquently in its own way, from the sternly ordered herbage of the frozen North, where Nature says that only so far shall each plant grow, to the lavish profusion of the tropical forest whose splendor woke in the minds of the early explorers a new feeling for the glory of the Creator and gave a new horizon to the outlook of mankind.

Some of these regions have been well made known to us in the songs of poets and the praises of Nature-lovers, but the work is merely well begun; vast areas of the globe have yet to have their characteristic flower expressions revealed by their own bards. We have read of the incomparable beauty of the flowers of the ice-fields of the Alps, and of the depths of the forests of the Amazon; the splendor of the olive groves of Italy and the orange-covered slopes of California are visible even to those of us who have not travelled; 'tis said that the isles of the Pacific are a Paradise of flowers, that even the tundras of the frozen North have their brief but brilliant show. Celia Thaxter has told us what will grow upon the little isles of the coast of Maine—but, oh, the glories that still wait to be recorded!

Again, certain regions have long been famed for some particular flower that has become closely interwoven into the life and loves of the people who have claimed it as its own. It need not be large or showy in bloom to take value before all others. Who can fully tell what the heather means to Scotland, the little shamrock (white clover) to Ireland, the edelweiss to the Swiss Alps, the cherry and the chrysanthemum to Japan?

From these racial associations with flowers came the idea of national floral emblems, and today the use of these is almost universal. Nearly every nation and many parts of nations have tried to find the flower that best expresses something in the life and history of its people. Such a flower then becomes more than a bit of color in a field.

As is natural, flowers have had a very high place in literature, and will continue to fill this place even more widely as our relations to the objects of Nature become more intimate. Some of the most inspired writings of man have come from thoughts arisen through living with flowers. So great has been this tribute that to gather together what the ages have bequeathed us would be well-nigh impossible. Thousands of lesser writers, whose thoughts never reached the world at large, have added their bit to the great swelling volume of praise. It is often in the shortest songs that some message from the world of plant life is most forcibly stated in its relations to our spiritual existence. Every phase of our lives has been touched—the message of flowers has been universal.

Furthermore, this beauty is the same in essence whether we gaze in awe at the wonderful orchids of the tropical forests flourishing in costly conservatories, or come suddenly in a forest walk upon the rarest and daintiest of our native flora, singly beside a tree or forest pool, or in great masses down forest slopes; or sit quietly with familiar garden herbs which adorn our simple home yard. After we have adjusted our minds to certain physical forms the lesson is one and the same with all flowers. In a very real sense the daisies of the meadows are as valuable as the rarest exotics grown with greatest care by the garden lover.

BUTTERCUPS AND DAISIES

Buttercups and daisies,
  Oh, the pretty flowers,
Coming ere the springtime,
  To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
  While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and daisies
  Spring up here and there.

Ere the snowdrop peepeth;
  Ere the crocus bold;
Ere the early primrose
  Opes its paly gold;
Somewhere on a sunny bank
  Buttercups are bright;
Somewhere 'mong the frozen grass
  Peeps the daisy white.

Little hardy flowers
  Like to children poor,
Playing in their sturdy health
  By their mother's door;
Purple with the north-wind,
  Yet alert and bold,
Fearing not and caring not
  Though they be a-cold.

What to them is weather!
  What are stormy showers!
Buttercups and daisies
  Are these human flowers!
He who gave them hardship
  And a life of care
Gave them likewise hardy strength
  And patient hearts, to bear.

Welcome, yellow Buttercups,
  Welcome, Daisies white,
You are in my spirit
  Visioned, a delight!
Coming ere the springtime
  Of sunny hours to tell,—
Speaking to our hearts of HIM
  Who doeth all things well.

—Mary Howitt

These plants are of course English species that come in England very early in the spring; they are not the kinds common in our fields.

Lying in the sunshine among the buttercups and dandelions of May, scarcely higher in intelligence than the minute tenants of that mimic wilderness, our earliest recollections are of grass; and when the fitful fever is ended, and the foolish wrangle of the market and the forum is closed, grass heals over the scar which our descent into the bosom of the earth has made, and the carpet of the infant becomes the blanket of the dead. Grass is the forgiveness of Nature—her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood, torn with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass, and carnage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic become grass-grown like rural lanes and are obliterated.

Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal. Beleaguered by the sullen hosts of Winter, it withdraws into the impregnable fortress of its subterranean vitality and emerges upon the first solicitation of Spring. Sown by the winds, by the wandering birds, propagated by the subtle horticulture of the elements which are its ministers and servants, it softens the rude outline of the world. Its tenacious fibres hold the earth in place and prevent its soluble components from washing into the wasting sea.

It invades the solitude of deserts, climbs the inaccessible slopes and forbidding pinnacles of mountains, modifies climates, and determines the history, character, and destiny of nations.

Unobtrusive and patient, it has immortal vigor and aggression. Banished from the thoroughfares and the field, it abides its time to return, and when vigilance is relaxed, or the dynasty has perished, it silently resumes the throne from which it has been expelled, but which it never abdicates. It bears no blazonry of bloom to charm the senses with fragrance or splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the Lily or the Rose. It yields no fruit in earth or air, and yet should its harvest fail for a single year famine would depopulate the world.

—Senator Ingalls

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
  The dark, unfathomed depths of ocean bear.
Full many a flower was born to blush unseen
  And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

—Gray's *Elegy*

To say of a flower, "It is pretty" does not express much appreciation or understanding; we merely recognize the presence of something that we do not understand.

The flower has an inner meaning, hopes and fears that inspire its brief existence, a scheme of salvation for its species in the struggle for survival that it has been slowly perfecting through the ages with some insect's help. It is not a passing thing to be admired by the human eyes, nor does it waste its sweetness on the desert air. It is a sentient thing, impelled to act intelligently through the same strong desires that animate us, and endowed with certain powers differing only in degree, but not in kind, from those of the animal creation.

—Charles Darwin

The language of flowers, as once understood, is little in vogue today. We do not send messages in bouquets as did our grandparents; the sentimental significance of flowers, almost wholly an arbitrary affair that has flourished perhaps since William the Conqueror, has gradually passed out of fashion. Not that flowers do not still have a "language," but that it is not to the extent and meaning that they once had.

> Here's pansies, that's for thoughts.
> —*Hamlet*

Again, flowers have their particular significance in heraldic and other devices, as well as in conventionalized forms used in the decorative arts. In most cases the meaning of the forms has been somewhat arbitrarily given them, though at start there must have been a certain connection with definite qualities of the flowers themselves, since lost to men, and the later significance wholly apart from the objects in Nature. Take for example the plant-à-gênet of the Tudor kings, the fleur-de-lis of France, or the roses of Lancaster and York. They were revered and followed to death itself quite apart from any thought of the presence of the plants in Nature. They were symbols and not natural objects. So, too, in architecture, flowers found a place, symbolic at first, later merely as decorative motifs. Of these the most commonly cited are the lotus motif of Egyptian art and the acanthus of the Corinthian column in Grecian architecture. Though in all these ways there are meanings in the use of flower forms, they are not today closely associated with the living forms of plants.

The names of flowers, also, both the common and the scientific, may also show results of our long association with them. Many names have no personal interest, but are intended to be descriptive of actual or fancied qualities, or were arbitrarily given by botanists in recent years. Among common names that show a former mystic relation of man and plant life we are familiar with the following, and you may discover others for yourself. The plant lore of any country abounds in them.

Baby's Breath
Birthwort
Cancer-root
Lady's Slipper
Monkshood
Passion-flower
Five Finger
Heartsease
Innocence
Judas-tree
Bachelor's Button
Bishop's Cap
Dusty Miller
Love-in-a-mist
Nasturtium
Queen Anne's Lace
Forget-me-not
Hercules' Club
Jack-in-the-pulpit
Thimbleberry
Beggar's Ticks
Black-eyed Susan
Dutchman's Breeches
Matrimony Vine
Pansy
St. John's Wort
St. Peter's Staff
Shepherd's Purse
Solomon's Seal
Venus' Looking-glass

Many plants well known today had scientific names bestowed upon them before they were popularly known, loved, and given common names. Plants longest in cultivation have the most intimate relation to man. Still the scientists have given us a surprisingly large number of generic names that have a human significance, even though science is exact and takes no note of our personal feelings. Of course many names are fanciful, complimentary, geographical, or descriptive, as well as Latinized forms of old words that told of real or fancied virtues; but seek the application of some of the following meanings and discover that even science gives way at times to sentiment.

Ambrosia—food for the gods
Barbarea—herb of St. Barbara
Calluna—to sweep
Cypripedium—Venus' slipper
Dactylis—a finger
Digitalis—a finger
Hepatica—the liver
Parnassia—grass of Mt. Parnassus
Sambucus—a musical instrument
Syringa—a reed instrument
Dentaria—a tooth
Dianthus—flower of Jove
Tiarella—a little turban
Taxus—a bow

Many of the myths and legends of Greece and Rome are recalled to us by the names of flowers—particularly the scientific ones. It is especially fitting that a mythology that was passing away from the minds of men should be preserved in the flowers of the field and garden. Read again the lives and loves of these mythical characters here listed, and see again that even dry botany can exhibit signs of a sentimentalism, though the application may not seem so obvious. But the man who named the iris (Linnæus) has shown us his flower love for all time; no other name could possibly be as appropriate—the goddess of the rainbow.

Achillea
Arethusa
Andromeda
Artemisia
Asclepias
Callirhoë
Calypso
Cassandra
Daphne
Hesperis
Hyacinthus
Iris
Leucothoë
Mentha
Narcissus
Paeonia

God made the flowers to beautify
The earth, and cheer man's careful mood;
And he is happiest who has power
To gather wisdom from a flower
And wake his heart in every hour
To pleasant gratitude.
—William Wordsworth

Flowers have an expression of countenance as much as men or animals. Some seem to smile; some have a sad expression; some are pensive and diffident; others again are plain, honest, and upright, like the broad-faced sunflower and the hollyhock.
—Henry Ward Beecher

He roved among the vales and streams,
In the green wood and hollow dell;
They were his dwelling night and day,—
But Nature ne'er could find the way
Into the heart of Peter Bell.

In vain, through every changeful year,
Did Nature lead him as before;
A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.
—William Wordsworth

Many country folk and farmers "just hate" many common weedy plants as daisies, dandelions, chicory, toadflax, wild carrot, hardhack, sumac, and bayberry. Some of these are of course weedy growths that actually make the tilling of the fields much harder work, but they usually pass away under intense cultivation. More often they show that land has not been at all well cared-for, or that the corner or hedgerow they occupy is deemed by the farmer unfit for practical use. Many a country roadside seems bare and unproductive to the farmer when there are few "weeds" there. Some of this antipathy, then, has a real foundation aroused from actual combat with the plants; oftentimes more of it is a grievance against them because they grow where no useful plant will live, a survival of the attitude toward the unfruitful fig tree carried to the extreme that every herb must be useful to man's physical needs to be beautiful and be encouraged. Comes then the unconscious attitude that, unloved and unfruitful, they still thrive regardless of man's love or hate, their very effrontery is an added insult, a flying in the face of Providence as represented by the desires of Man. A sort of professional jealousy is aroused, like that felt by the man who fails where another succeeds; on a soil too discouraging for beans the wild lupine ("wolf") thrives. This is all natural but wrong. Nature never considered man's wants when first she planted her garden; man must adjust himself or make Nature suited to himself. A weed is a plant out of its proper place—regarded from man's point of view.

I like the plants that you call weeds,—
Sedge, hardhack, mullein, yarrow,—
Which knit their leaves and sift their seeds
Where any grassy wheel-track leads
Through country by-ways narrow.
—Lucy Larcom

Nature made ferns for pure leaves to see what she could do in that line.

—Henry David Thoreau

Each morn a thousand Roses brings, you say;
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of yesterday?
—Omar Khayyam

The brief duration of a flower is the one great thought that the beauty suggests to us. The more beautiful the things of earth the more quickly and utterly they are taken away. Yet we must not forget that a withered flower has already begun to perfect its seeds.

TO BLOSSOMS

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
  Why do ye fall so fast?
    Your date is not so past
But you may stay here yet a while
  To blush and gently smile,
    And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
  An hour or half's delight,
    And so to bid goodnight?
'Twas pity Nature brought you forth
  Merely to show your worth,
    And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
  May read how soon things have
    Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride
  Like you awhile, they glide
    Into the grave.
—Robert Herrick

Why should it be true that a child sees more in a flower than can the most learned and experienced of its elders? A knowledge of botany and all the sciences does not seem to help men in fostering a sympathy. The most adept in plant analysis usually feels no more sentiment toward his objects of study than does the astronomer finding new nebulae, or an archeologist digging up relics of long buried Pharaohs. Knowledge of the parts and functions of plants and the names bestowed upon them is not of itself necessarily a help—a plant in a tomato can may enter into the life of a poor woman that knows no plant names nor could spell them were she told them. No, knowledge is not always understanding when we deal with flowers. The more simple the mind often the greater the sympathy, and that may be why children, ignorant of scientific unessentials, draw meanings from flowers that their elders long ago forgot. Both children and flowers are simple in their ways. When I look at Kalmia I think of its mechanism of ten stamens; the curious shapes of orchids recall to me the offices of the bees; the sundews tell me of their insectivorous habits rather than their sheen under July's sun; the evening primrose suggests that I look for the night moths that visit it while I forget its exquisite perfume; with violets the interesting flowers are those that bloom under the ground and give no show of color,—and so always in my discoveries; curious phases of their economies, rather than their beauties, delight me. I know too much about botany always to get the direct messages from the flowers; too often my mind is more receptive than my heart. In this lack of scientific knowledge the children often have a great advantage over their elders.

We say at once that children are blessed with an imagination for which in later life they seem to have no use, or rather have no remembrance. The same state of mental development that finds fairies in garden and field and giants in the forests divines a personality in a flower. It is not wholly the workings of such mental states as this that causes an active child to stand quietly before a rose-bush in bloom while other members of the household merely note that the white rose has bloomed again. It is not altogether "imagination," but a more receptive state of mind and heart that comes to a more simple outlook toward life. As I have said, the child and the flower are both simple things, and direct in their ways; you and I are too complex in our habits of thought to be in tune with obvious things. Only when one of us manages to keep in his mature years some of his early simplicity do we hail him as seer and prophet, the exponent of truths universal.

But we haven't explained all yet. A handful of daisies will quiet a fretful child when all playthings fail; to pick buttercups is more precious a delight than to gather berries to eat; and memories of the early mysteries of lilac blossoms will abide with me forever. Why? Something comes from the Great Beyond that psychology has yet to put in words that will explain.

> To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
> —William Wordsworth

When in the right mood something that never before was in me comes surging into my soul, and I sorrowfully admit that I can feel this less today than when the garden and meadows first were fields for me to discover. Wider exploration should have given me a greater understanding, but alas, that is not the case. I look backward rather than forward in my sympathy with flowers.

Of course as individuals and a race we have all sorts of feelings towards flowers. Some flower sentiments are more or less based on real experiences, and others on circumstances fanciful or accidental. It is easy to list many of these for they show our race development. White blossoms symbolize purity, chastity, and the mystic connection to a life beyond. The red rose breathes a declaration of love; the white lily is hallowed by the spirit of the Resurrection. Flowers have all kinds of social significances, in the church, the home, and in gatherings of a diversional character. Every land has its rules of flower fitness for every social occasion, and strange as it may appear, about all these customs dear to the Saxon and Latin races today are modified forms of usages in ancient Greece and Rome. The early Christians deemed the use of flowers pagan, but slowly copied them nevertheless. We haven't added much in the recent centuries; perhaps floral usages have lost ground, and much that was once venerable and of religious import or social value has not been revived. Our ways of living have changed, but perhaps suggestions from other lands will help us to a broader outlook to flower values. For the most part these flower proprieties are peculiar to the sentiments of the race, and not in any way inherent in the flowers themselves, though they affect powerfully our appreciation of flowers in the landscape.

But this public feeling of flower values is not after all the phase that most we need to study. Our personal individual valuation of the different flower forms is the other extreme, and one that concerns only the few who are more sensitive than the average to the varied manifestations of the universe. What lessons in the future will the average man and woman be able to get from the blossoms in the gardens and meadows or even the creations of the florist, which never flourished before as they do today?

To me the flowers displayed by the florists have beauty merely; they have no meaning, no message, direct from Nature. By their form, color and texture they proclaim the handiwork of man. There is no sentiment about them—except that which social usage has given them.

Henry Ward Beecher says, "When a man can look upon the simple wild rose and feel no pleasure, his taste has been corrupted." "Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into."

We have little of the intense sentiment, the inspiration which filled flower lovers of olden time. We admire flowers certainly as beautiful works of Nature, as objects of wonder in mechanism and in the profusion of growth, and we are occasionally aroused to feelings of gratitude to the Maker and Giver of such beauty; but it is not precisely the same regard that the old gardeners and "flowerists" had, which is expressed in this quotation from Gerarde of "the gallant grace of violets":—"They admonish and stir up a man to that which is comelie and honest; for flowers through their beautie, varietie of color and exquisite form doe bring to a liberall and gentlemanly mind, the remembrance of honestie, comeliness, and all kindred virtues." It was a virtue to be comely in those days, as it is indeed a virtue now; and to the pious old herbalists it seemed an impossible thing that any creation which was beautiful should not be also good.

—*Old Time Gardens,* by Alice Morse Earle

That which above all yieldeth the sweetest smell in the air is the violet.

—Sir Francis Bacon

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

—Keats

Flowers are like the pleasures of the world.

—*Cymbeline*

And it is my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.
—William Wordsworth

Blue thou art, intensely blue!
Flower, whence came thy lovely hue?
When I opened first mine eye,
Upward glancing to the sky,
Straightway from the firmament
Was the sapphire brilliance sent.
—James Montgomery

GOD

I see Thee in the distant blue,
But in the Violet's dell of dew,
Behold, I breathe and touch Thee too.
—John B. Tabb

Linnæus, watching a flower unfold its petals, said: "I saw God in His Glory passing near me, and bowed my head in worship." Watch the evening primrose (Oenothera biennis) as it unfolds at dusk, with this thought in mind.

The process of the unfolding of flower petal from bud to blossom is usually too slow to be followed readily by the human eye, too gradual in movement to be viewed satisfactorily. A few large flowers, as the morning-glory, lily, and four-o'clock of the garden and the water-lily can be seen in process, and the final details of their birth seen clearly, while their hours of opening are somewhat constant. To me the most exciting blossoming is that of the evening primrose (Oenothera biennis) of the roadside, whose pale yellow lamp is lighted at evening at about six o'clock in midsummer. Bedraggled by day are the flowers of the evening before and the newly swollen buds show little promise of unfolding as they stand enveloped in a silken robe. But watch! The silken sheath bursts down the side and a yellow line appears. Wider and wider it grows until the tightly rolled petals split the sheathing calyx in two and four parts and emerge from it altogether. The divisions of the calyx fly backward as if worked by hidden springs. Immediately unrolling begins, visibly, rapidly. With stiff little movements that are not without grace the folds of each petal are shaken out, and spread outward as opens a parachute; the stamens pull away from the base of the stigma, loose golden threads of pollen catching from anther to anther. A marvelous power lies behind those movements, a force that cannot be stayed. There seems, too, to be almost a sense of feeling and of thought in the act, a consciousness that is akin to ours. Ere this thought is fully before us the four golden petals are rolled wide and without a fold. Like the emerging of a butterfly from its case the act is decided and brief. A delicate fragrance fills the evening air, and night moths, attracted by this, hover about to carry out the Divine Plan. Before such a miracle and revelation as this the foolish details of many human activities are worse than trivial. If ever Divine Purpose is illustrated before us it is shown for us in the opening of this flower. Green calyx, golden corolla, and all the wonderful mechanism of stamens and stigma last but a night, the stalk which holds all these flowers lives only this season, yet two or three blossoms burst into bloom every night of summer. There seems to be no questioning or hesitation. In the myriad seeds that live after these blossoms, because they have lived and finished their work, the endless purpose of their race is carried forward.

> Here, in the warm darkness of a night in June
> While rhythmic pulses of the factory's flame
> Lighted with sudden flare of red the gloom
> And deepened long black shadows, children came
> To watch the primrose blow! Silent they stood,
> Hand clasped in hand, in breathless hush around,
> And saw her shyly doff her soft green hood
> And blossom—with a silken burst of sound!
> —*The Deserted Garden,* by Margaret Deland

We are accustomed to the brown of woods and fields of winter, relieved by the whiteness of their winter covering of snow, and we understand through centuries of familiar observation the change of all to the green of tree and grass in spring. These are all seasonal changes, infinite in their variations, but save for the colorations of autumn foliage, of a pleasing tone that does not excite the optic nerves unduly. Nature intended landscape colors to be in the main restful; but she has also her pictures that are very bright in color—on the earth as well as in the sea and sky. So we have learned to look for fields in early summer bright with the red of clover, yellow with buttercups, blue with violets, and week by week new changes are added until in early autumn the flower colors are transferred to the changed foliage. Vivid splashes of pure color, sometimes for acres in one stretch, are laid on over a green background. We know about it, and yet each time we have a new sensation, as a meadow dyed with yellow or purple is opened before us. Nature does not weary us; she ever excites us anew. We are led ever again to the old question—"What is the purpose of this glory of field and meadow?" We understand the phenomenon with our minds; 'tis plain that plants grow in masses because of congenial soil for that species, yet science does not answer our question. Why the wonder and beauty of it all? Why the feeling of awe and reverence within us? And we clutch firmly at the answer, "Beauty is for immortals." Blessed Mother Nature who reveals her kinship with us in the splendor of her flowers and the foliage of her fields!

THE USE OF FLOWERS

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree,
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough—enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and for toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
Requireth none to grow;
Nor doth it need the lotus flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain;
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night;—

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;

To comfort man—to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For Whoso careth for the flowers
Will much more care for him.

—Mary Howitt

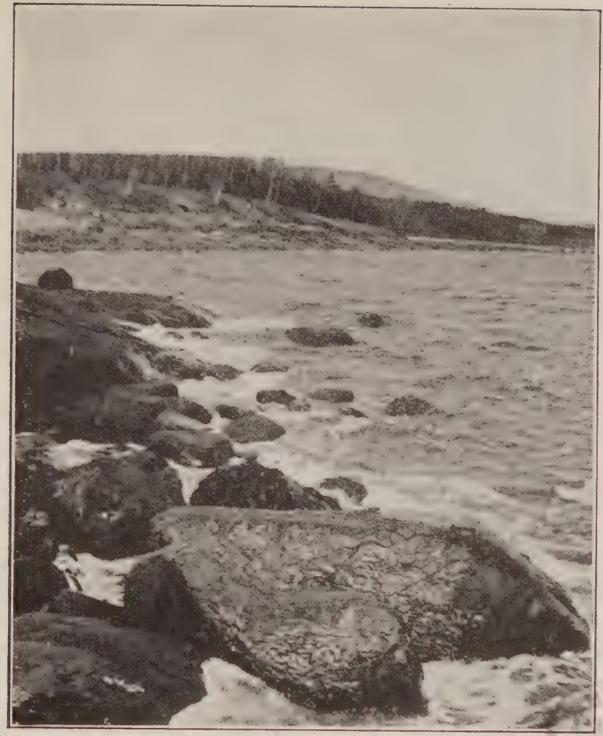
JULY

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

. . . .

Thou glorious mirror! where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

—Lord Byron



LIBRARY

A BIT OF MAINE SEASHORE AT CAMDEN.

CHAPTER V

THE SEA

The sea is His and He made it; and His hands formed the dry land.

—Psalm 95:5

When out on the face of the waters of the earth we get an entirely new view of the aspects of the universe; even familiar things of the shore have quite an unfamiliar look as we ride on the surface of the ocean.

Since the open sea is not properly a part of the landscape we will not journey out of sight of land at present. But only a mile or so from shore common earth forms take on new shapes. The mountains, trees, and plains lose their identity in the shore and horizon line; they become indistinct masses even mistaken at times for clouds. But they represent to our minds the solid parts of the earth and the goal of our journey. The face of the waters has only certain counterparts to the scenes of the land. Gone is all the detail of the meadow, instead a heaving level of motions forever varied, ever the same. The waves know no seasons, their only masters are wind and tide, and the light showered down upon them from above. Sea birds fly over, and the winged ships of men give a feeling of the presence of man, somewhat as do houses in the landscape. But this difference is ever to be observed—all things move; they have no fixed place, but are filled with the restlessness of the waves.

The horizon line, which stretches in vast unbroken reaches, a mere level line between sea and sky, has too its changes. It merges with the sky and clouds above to make one vast background for our thoughts. The foreground is a moving frame which encloses for us some object on which our vision centers—an island, a ship, a lighthouse, a flock of birds, or other features of the sea. Perhaps nowhere on the earth's surface do we always get so complete a sense of a picture as in combinations of earth, sea, and sky—the three great elements.

Although we can see the ocean as constructive in the fostering of animal life within it, we can also observe her destructive tendencies, not so much of life and of human life in particular, but as we walk the beach we see everywhere the destructive action of water as urged on by wind and tide. Everywhere rocks and sand beaches speak clearly of the endless attack upon them, of the continuous tearing down to build elsewhere, it is true, but the wear is more obvious than the building. After every storm beach and headland are changed—Nature is ever making repairs to her foundations, and the poor powers of man can do but little to direct or arrest her changes. But as we tread the water-worn boulders and gravelly beaches there is little thought of destruction and desolation, but rather of great and ever-abundant energy and purpose at work—work in which man has no part save as spectator. These mighty forces act independently of human effort, they work out their destiny under Divine orders and we are privileged to watch them. Yet akin in source to the motive causes of wave and tide are the forces that direct also the course of our own existence.

ON THE CLIFF

See where the crest of the long promontory
  Decked by October in crimson and brown,
Lies like the scene of some fairy-land story
  Over the sands to the deep sloping down.

See the small ripples in curving ranks chasing
  Every light breeze running out from the shore;
Gleeful as children when merrily racing,
  Hands interlocked, o'er a wide meadow floor.

See the low surf where it restlessly tumbles
Swiftly advancing and then in retreat;
See how the tall cliff yields slowly and crumbles,
Sliding away to the waves at our feet.
—Rossiter Johnson

The ocean never lets us forget that she holds us chained by other physical senses than of sight and hearing. She, too, has odors and savors of her own, from the decayed smells arising from the dry beach at ebb-tide in August, long reaches of the kelp-covered sulphurous mudflats, and grass-grown tidal marshes with stagnant pools—all telling of age-long life and decay—to the salty tang of the atmosphere as the wind blows inshore again with the turn of the tide. Every shore has its peculiar aroma, arising to us under dead calm or wafted to us by the breezes of the season, and each speaks eloquently to our hearts of other experiences as we have lived at the margin of the great deep. The smell of drying fish and nets brings content to the fisherman; of sleeping harbor and dock to the returning sailor; from reedy marsh and silent creek to the sportsman; and the breath of salt and sulphur borne inland upon the breeze to the sea lover deprived of its sight. Of all the odors of the globe none perhaps are made upon so great a scale and affect so powerfully the human mind and heart as those coming forth from the bosom of old ocean.

When once only the rough canoe floated, or clumsy trireme was urged forward by slaves at the oars, or the wind was harnessed into assistance, so today in the fisher-boat or floating palace propelled by steam or other power, the presence of man in his activities is pleasant to us in the picture, just as it is on the land. Ships that pass are about the only forms that have a human interest, for the rest is of ocean alone. The sea-gulls that fly over and fishes that leap in front of the bow give us company, but for the most part old ocean is a jealous comrade; our thoughts are for him alone.

The spectacle of the sea is the most magnificent given to man to contemplate.

—Edouard André

Within the fostering bosom of the ocean life is rich and abundant—not in the shapes and kinds of familiar shore and land forms, but in a flora and fauna fitted to a pelagic existence. From the largest of fishes and enormous algae to minute animal and plant forms that only good microscopes can show to us, the sea nourishes its children. Walk on the beach when the tide is out or dip your net to the bottom to the sea floor and everywhere your mind will be struck with the wonder of life's manifestations. If interested as a Nature student read of the sea cruises of the ship "Beagle" as conducted by Darwin and others. Some forms are fixed in place, but far more of them rove freely, even more freely than their distant relatives on land. For we do find a relation between all forms of life, whether in the ocean or in the field—the same kind Presence made them all for one purpose —jelly-fish, sea anemone, sea urchin, starfish, sea worm or crab. As we study the lives of the children of old ocean a greater feeling of reverence steals over us.

Science has given us one great discovery in regard to ocean life—the sea is conservative in its plant and animal types; its waters protect them. It has preserved for us more of the older forms of life than has the land—forms much like those that flourished mightily when the world was young. In its warm bosom was life first created on a new planet. It has saved the evidence of our evolutionary existence. Great changes have been wrought in the surface of the earth since it was brought forth, changes that enable us now to live here, but the ocean floor beyond the sight of land is for a large part the same as it was before the flood, and will be the same even in details, through time beyond our count. Mighty manifestation of Nature! changeable in its upper outward aspects with every breeze and cloud, but underneath the same today as when it washed upon the still steaming shores of new continents. As the stars bring home to us the vastness of space, the ocean speaks of endless time, and the land shows to us the great might of causes that make and direct us.

The ocean then is old, older than the shores it washes upon. It was coexistent with the solid core of the earth and the air above us. Of physical things it represents their indestructibility and common abiding-place. And the waters that are taken up by the atmosphere thither return bearing the solid land which also moves slowly toward the ocean level. From these observations we have many comparisons which show that as all things physical return at last to the all-surrounding ocean, so too all spiritual existence returns at last to its boundless All-Father. And to feel this lies in every one of us, whether we watch the waters as a child, a savage, a dreamer, a sailor, or a savant.

The factors that make for life, motion and change upon the sea surface are the wind and the tide, and each has its fascinations; and in this work the wind makes the active, and the tide the silent, partner. Every hour of the day the wind moves over the water's surface and brings motion and changing lights to the picture, for even when a dead calm rests upon the harbor long lazy swells roll in from waves that started elsewhere. From little wavelets that make cross-hatched patches of darker blue upon the level stretches of blue or green, to mountainous masses of breaking billows that rush across the ocean face in endless procession there is no rest; from a pleasing panorama of moving lights and shades that excite cries of wonder and admiration from lovers of scenes picture-like and beautiful the procession of feelings is led on through a wide range of pleasurable thoughts, through a physical joy in the movement of the waves themselves to feelings of terror in their tremendous unleashed power, an awe of the great power behind them and the sense of their majesty and sublimity of movement. The quiet mirror of the ocean has become an awful relentless engine of violence, yet its motions have elements of beauty still.

It is different with the tide. There is no poetry, no picture, no beauty in its movements, and save as we are conscious of its current, it has little meaning to us as we float upon it; the wind is more obviously our master and servant until we near the shore. Then becomes the tide the magician. Twice a day, as surely and relentlessly as moves the sun do the waters roll up on the beach and silently fall back again—no sound, no violent motion—yet the power is there. What was deep water will soon be sand bar, and bare rock will in turn be submerged. Slowly we see it creep up to our feet, and as slowly fall away again, with just the precision in which the sun drops behind the hills. Another deep chord in our nature is struck by this phenomenon. We have the scientific explanation of these changes, but their mystery remains. From out the vast deep comes endlessly a great force, and returns to it again—no man can compass it or stay it. Fixed and unhurried are its comings and goings, endless its cycles. It stands alone among natural forces in its meaning to man. There is no change; time and tide wait never.

Whenever we think of the meeting-place of ocean and shore we feel the presence of the waves; sight and sound equally bring in their message upon us. The ocean margin is never at rest, the pulsations of its energy beat ever audibly. The storm winds pile tons of green water in incessant shocks upon the rocky headlands, foamy billows rush up the shingle, or lazy rollers lap the sand bars; no hour of the day or night but that the volume and tone has changed. Ever the same in essence, yet different with each change in wind, tide and shore formation. Long before science was dreamed of, or the simplicity of wave motion explained, did the mind of man bow down before a perpetual mystery of Nature, and never will it forswear its homage. Today we delight in the music of its lapping noises, and the flashes of its lights; tomorrow the loud roar and rounded forms of its green crests draw out our imagination; or the thunder of its shocks and might of its volume seem to roll all in one the combined anger of the three elements—earth, air, and water—in their full majesty.

Waves upon the beach—they are as nothing to the scientist, yet the fool and the philosopher listen to them daily and read from them more than a moving show of forms and colors. You can explain waves, but you cannot explain the changes in yourself as you sit silent at their feet. They roll in upon me from beyond my ken, and will roll on in their own way when I am long gone beyond them and know them no more; yet something in them has ever been with me, is felt today within me though wind blow high or low, and a kinship with them in me will go forward in my soul forever.

Their lights and colors delight me, the roll of their motions pleases sight and hearing, but the mystery behind them, their power and purpose, satisfy and uplift me, just as do trees, clouds, and summer rain. Without wave sounds and motions some of my feeling of the sublimity of our universe might never have been brought home to me.

The wash of the ocean wave on the beach, in storm or calm, is one of the oldest sounds on this earth. Ere man was, before animals or plants were created, the rhythmic pulsations broke the silence. And when all life shall have become extinct on this planet, still ceaselessly the sounds will continue. Only cold can subdue them and bring silence. That is what the wild sad sea waves—or whatever poetic adjectives you may use—are saying.

King Canute, wisest of the Danish kings of England, was an appreciative observer of the psychic effect of the sea. If his courtiers could not believe his denial that his royal command could still the waves on the beach, he was willing to give a practical demonstration; they really went down and tried it. And the story of how the waves rebuked the presumption of the nobles is of more value to us today than all that the Danish kings of old did for England and the world.

The resistlessness of the coming of the tide is even more impressive than the roll of the waves upon the beach. With the waves there is the wind as an immediate cause, and in a sense we understand them; but with the tide there is no apparent motive power—its motion comes out of the great unknown, and a knowledge of the laws of planetary attraction and the composite result in tide motion serve only to make greater our awe. Man is powerless to prevent its approach or stay its ebb.

The lift and swing of the waves as they rock the frail boat have long been a motion familiar to mankind. To many of us yet, no matter how civilized, the motion in a small boat always brings us joy, for this feeling comes down to us from generations of sea rovers. They who have never seen the sea have this feeling yet to come over them. A pity it is that not a few of us, instead of being exhilarated by wave motion, become sea-sick instead and too utterly wretched to get the message of the ocean from its movements. The ocean cannot be blamed for that. Sometimes it results from our way of living, our over-taxed civilized stomachs, and more often it is from the state of mind that makes us fearful of the motion rather than in tune with it.

To all early peoples the sea has been an awful personality to be dreaded, feared, and propitiated by sacrifice and prayers. It was the home of terrors unknown, of spiritual powers beyond the ken of man. It was limitless, fathomless, and surrounded the world. It was a monster that sought man to engulf him.

To the early Greeks and Romans it was no longer a personality, but the home of a divinity and his attendants without number. Still was it to be feared and not understood, in its spiritual powers, though it was the friend as well as the enemy of mankind. Its physical bonds were somewhat known, save that it stretched limitlessly toward the gates of the sunset. In the fifteenth century all sense of its divinity had vanished; though its physical extent and powers were somewhat gauged, it was more a source of terror. They who sailed the deep went down often never to return, and the intrepid explorers and traders left sorrowing hearts at home. But oh! the demons and horrible monsters that peopled its depths, slimy and repulsive creatures that science has laid away. We have seen and know its physical contents; except for our fancies nothing of a supernatural order now lives in the depths. Its brooding spirit we are perhaps farther than ever from knowing.

To the modern traveller the sea is little more than a spectacle, a panorama of forms and colors. There is little to fear within it, the inhabitants are as truly natural and fitted to their environment as any of Nature's creatures on shore. With our modern equipment and charts of its extent we traverse its range in comparative safety. Once the barrier of nations now it is the highway of progress, and since the days of intrepid Columbus our physical supremacy over it has rapidly increased. By it shall all peoples of the earth be united; the forces that once gave to it its terrors shall be harnessed to man's use.

Of all the natural features of the earth the sea has most profoundly affected the thoughts of man. To the savage it is a dread and unfathomable spirit; to the average person in the time of Columbus it was scarcely more friendly. We are learning today that its ministrations are ever pleasurable, that it too has its divine orders, a helper of old Earth and of all living things upon it.

Man's fear of the deep greatly retarded the circumnavigation of the globe and its final civilization. Modern invention since the advent of steam has changed our attitude toward the open sea; still when out of sight of land for the first time, when only sea and sky can be seen from the steamer, a truly primal feeling comes over us, a feeling of which we had no foreknowledge. Something of that ancient fear clutches us, we feel our physical self powerless, and Neptune and the sea-monsters have a new meaning. Our imagination has full sway.

The ages of civilization and mastery of the deep come to our aid, and the feeling of helplessness is but momentary, unless the elements are raging. But when the storm king raises the gentle waves to raging ranges of water alternated by equally terrifying depths between, when the wind howls in fury and the light of the sun is hidden, and as in the old days, the ships stagger to and fro like drunken men, a new set of sensations and experiences is ours;—experiences that most of us do not seek nor wish to repeat. Then do we know the utter frailty of earthly help, and look to the One who calmed the waters for our assistance. A storm at sea gives us experiences that are purely its own.

Rapid transit has made the ocean smaller. Modern civilization has greatly changed our point of view toward the aspects of Nature. We do not regard her with the naïve simplicity of the savage, nor weave romance or mysticism into her movements. We are altogether too familiar with her to give her proper reverence, and we know her too cursorily to understand and love her. You can't expect that a modern captain of industry in his well-equipped private yacht will look at the sea with the same eyes as did Ulysses on his storm-tossed raft. Yet the sea is the same; it is merely the factor of our civilization that makes the difference in us rather than in Nature. And the pity of it is that with our increased knowledge and powers of observation we should not have a greater appreciation and a profounder love.

The sea and sky are still much as they were in the days of Creation. Man's ever-increasing control of Nature has made little change there. Mountains, rivers, forests, plains, all show man's exploitation and adaptation to human needs, but out upon the expanse of the ocean Nature yet reigns supreme. On a raft in the Pacific the centuries of civilization would soon slip away from us.

In fair weather, by day or night, under cloud or sun, a great peace steals over us, a feeling of the sublimity and the eternal boundlessness of the soul; this feeling can rarely be felt on land, for we take it from the space before us. The marvellous simplicity of the seascape makes itself felt—one even horizon line, which scarcely separates sea and sky, cloud lines to vary the heavens and to reflect on the waves of the waters below. The eye is struck by no great variety of forms, details are lost, yet the charm of change is ever present. Colors, too, are soft and subdued, yet never lacking, soft tones of blue and green, variously modified by the position of cloud and sun. There is never the diversity seen on land, but an immense canvas has one grand harmonious color scheme which every hour may greatly modify. Only out at sea does one appreciate how much do the colors and lights of the day depend on the conditions of the sky overhead. The moon and the stars at night have an added beauty from their reflections on the water surface. And sunset! and sunrise! never is the full glory of the lord of day appreciated as when he has the horizon to himself and hills and trees do not interfere.

They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters;
These see the works of the Lord, and His wonders on the deep.
For He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof.
They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble.
They reel too and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.
Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses.
He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waters thereof are still.
Then they are glad because they be quiet, so He bringeth them into their desired haven.

—Psalm 107:23-30

To the eye of the lover of Nature and natural beauty the ocean has an exhaustless store. Beach and headland ever present new lines and colors, new groupings are revealed beyond each promontory. In a pictorial sense a combination of sea and land with the sky above has all the elements that the art of man has discovered, and always in a pleasing manner. The sea is never disagreeable nor disappointing to look upon, considered as a line composition. But add the factor of color! How delicate are the shadings! from a deepest blue or green to the high light of the reflected moon or sun, a pathway of silver or gold. Delicate mist colorings hang over the horizon reaches; a beauty, a radiance that belongs not to earth lies over the water's surface. In fog and storm still are the waves clothed in glory, a glory of color that art cannot copy. Only the majesty of the sky can equal it in plan, but even that is less full of meaning. More than anything of solid earth the heaving plain of ocean calls out to the common divinity in the spirit of man.

When I look across the boundless expanse of ocean and endless sweep of sky, especially near the close of a pleasant summer's day, a feeling comes over me that I cannot control nor explain. Something within me is calling, calling, to something far yonder. It must be that Heaven is very near to me; I seem to be in the presence of friendly spirits, all journeying toward the Throne.

All things pour into the ocean. As a subject for contemplation no portion of the earth's surface has universally so great an effect on the mind and feelings of man as the face of the waters. It is a near concrete example of the mightiness of the universe. All forms of Nature can become a part of our various moods, every one may take on a tinge of our own momentary feelings and enter into our spirit as a companion; they look back at us with our own eyes. But the sea is more than a companion; as do few other things of the universe it can dominate our moods and from outside ourselves it can bring in thoughts upon us for which a moment before we had no sympathy within us. The sea is still one of our masters, physically, spiritually; it reaches to us from the Unknown, and has spoken since eternity began.

The sea is sad to those who have had dear ones go down upon it to return to earth no more; it is a sepulchre consecrated to those who were taken while conquering it. It is a picture of endless lights, forms, and motions to the eye of the artist and poet; its every aspect is supremely beautiful and expressive of purpose. To the mind of man it ever speaks of our earth life and our creation, our relationship with all things that crawl and live,—the first parent of our existence. To each of us it brings daily our portion of inspiration as we look out upon it; it reflects to us our moods and expressions of feeling. But it can do far more than that and does it often unconsciously to us—it bears its great presence in upon us and answers our problems before we have formulated them. He who has not stood at the edge of the deep waters, but has lived only upon the solid places of the earth, has experiences untold yet before him. As nowhere else, save perhaps as one gazes at the infinite reach of stars, can I project my soul outward in long journeys and find a strange and mystic companionship ever with me. Out of the boundless deep, lighted by the colors of water and sky, guided by a firm Hand that rolls the waves, a Way stretches straight before me whose goal is visible, faintly, in the distance. And a Spirit moves on the face of the waters, now, as in olden time; and as old ocean does not change, neither does the Spirit change: “It is I, be not afraid.”

SONG OF THE SEA WIND

When the sun sets over the long blue wave,
  I spring from my couch of rest,
And I hurtle and boom o'er leagues of foam
  That toss in the weltering west;
I pipe a hymn to the headlands high,
  My comrades forevermore;
And I chase the tricky curls of foam
  O'er the glimmering sandy shore.

The moon is my friend on clear white nights
  When I ripple her silvery way,
And whistle blithely about the rocks,
  Like an elfin thing at play;
But anon I raven with cloud and mist
  And wail 'neath a curdled sky,
When the reef snarls yon like a questing beast,
  And the frightened ships go by.

I scatter the dawn across the sea
  Like wine of amber flung
From a crystal goblet all far and fine
  Where the morning star is hung;
I blow from east, and I blow from west,
  Wherever my longing be;
The wind of the land is a hindered thing,
  But the ocean wind is free.

—L. M. Montgomery

AUGUST

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.
My help cometh from the Lord, which made Heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; He shall preserve thy soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even forevermore.

—Psalm 121

THE DISTANT HOLYOKE RANGE. FROM AMHERST

CHAPTER VI

THE MOUNTAINS

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth, even forever.
—Psalm 125:2

"See America first" is not a bad watchword for Americans that have leisure and the means to travel, but usually this means that sightseers wish to see the big and spectacular in all lands as rapidly as steam can whirl them about. If this is the attitude of the tourist even the biggest lumps of solid earth will serve only to satisfy a vulgar curiosity, and give the beholder not a bit of the real message and meaning of mountains. Usually the larger hills are more satisfactory as sending points for Nature's messages than the monumental mountains whose very size obtrudes always into the inspiration. With very great size comes an overpowering feeling of sublimity that somehow throws the wave lengths of the message nearly out of our range. Hills don't have to be big to be loved.

No portion of the earth's surface more clearly shows the imprint of the Hand of the Almighty than do the mountain-tops. It almost seems as if the Creator was working upon them but yesterday and even yet would add still further touches to them. Their message is direct and personal.

It is not to be wondered that the ancient Greeks and Romans felt the charm of a vacation spent at the seashore and built splendid palaces at the waterside, the joys of which soon caused the sea breezes to be forgotten. Nor does it seem but natural that after the Dark Ages, when prosperity again gave leisure to cultured minds that fashionable watering-places sprung up along the coasts of Europe. But the appeal of the mountains was much later in making itself felt. Though these mighty bulwarks of Nature have ever been before the eyes of men it is really within a century that the Alps and Pyrenees, the Adirondacks and the White Mountains have been discovered as fitting spots for summer vacations. "On to the mountains" is the vacation cry of the American public in August. Of course the movement has certain undesirable phases in a social way, for there is often no peace or rest in the wake of the vacation tourist, and fashionable mountain hotels are not places consecrated to a study and appreciation of Nature; we often get enthusiastically on the wrong track. But the great favor that mountain scenery has of late found with the summer vacationist shows that we recognize the presence of something in this department of Nature that our earlier parents never seemed to note. Search the classics and see if you find sung the beauty of the Alpine flower-fields, the grandeur of the snow-clad mountain-peaks, or the sublimity of the rocky summits piled range on range on the horizon.

We have come somewhat to feel that the most valuable scenery from the point of view of the public is that which contains mountains as a main feature; most of our public reservations are mountainous in character. Of course such land has less value for agricultural or other purposes, but the public has decided that a rugged landscape has qualities that no other land can possess, qualities that are of definite value and to be preserved at all cost. Just what these characters are and how they affect humanity the people are not so ready to state in words. It is a hopeful sign of our mental advancement that land that has no cash value for everyday purposes should still be given a real valuation for its other less tangible services.

Granted then that mountain scenery is a public asset to any community, what are some of the results on the people of its presence? It is contended that a mountain home gives a people a strength politically, socially, morally, that is denied to dwellers on the plains. Switzerland is often cited as an example. But we must reckon too on mere geographic isolation as a factor, as with the poor whites of the mountains of Tennessee. By its very nature the physical life of hill men must differ from that of tribes on the plains, and differences would naturally be noted in their intellectual and moral life as well. The pages of history from Thermopylae to the latest Balkan difficulty seemed to support this idea. In fact the growth of the peoples of south-central Europe since the dawn of civilization has been tremendously influenced by the topography.

The Swiss and other mountaineer peoples are noted for their individuality and independence. Is this the result from the physical aspect of the mountains, or merely the effect from a hard life and isolation? Plainsmen are excitable; why? This fact may be due to their habits of wandering and to lack of fixed homes and laws, rather than to the scenery. But is not the plainsman less narrow and bigoted than the hill-dweller? Are not some of the hill-men as fixed in their beliefs as the eternal hills themselves?

For all we can foresee of the future, this dependence of man upon the conditions of his environment is of an insuperable nature. The good he wins he secures by obedience to the commands of his Mother Earth. Looking back over the history of life upon the earth's surface the physiographer is forced to the conclusion that its highest estates embodied in the moral and intellectual qualities of man have been, in the main secured by the geographic variations which have been slowly developed through the geologic ages. Thus our continents and seas cannot be considered as accidents, in which and on which organic beings have found an ever-perilous resting-place, but as great engines operating in a determined way to secure the advance of life.

—*Nature and Man in America,* by Nathaniel S. Shaler

But let us take the mountains from a more personal point of view. The first appeal that a mountain makes to us, either alone or in long ranges, is as an object of pure beauty and grandeur. Its form first of all is suggestive; strength and durability are symbolized before us. Its outline against the sky gives graceful curves that we call beautiful, or irregular lines that we deem picturesque; as a mass against the sky it pleases our esthetic mind; it satisfies us and fills an artistic want within us. By the very contrast of its skyline with the usual nearly level horizon it arrests and holds our attention. Its size alone, when compared with other objects, entitles it to special consideration. It is big and thus a magnet.

We find beauty in its colors. It may be green from an even covering of trees whether dark with firs and spruces or pines, or light in quavering aspens, oaks, or maples, all of which are a leafless brown in winter; green upland pastures, sown perhaps with flowers, present a contrast to the forest growth; angular masses of rock and jagged cliff, brown or gray with lichens, or shining white from limestone or red with sandstone, make also a part of the scene; and perennially at the summit, or in glistening large patches in the winter season a blanket of snow and ice lends grandeur to its formal beauty. And not infrequently little blue lakes reflect the peaks above, and cascades of water glitter in silver threads as they catch the sun. We must reckon, too, on the light and atmosphere above it. At every hour of the day there are shadows, and where peak leans against peak the hollow shades move slowly around with the sun. As the sun rises rosy mists envelop it; at its setting long purple and violet shadows stretch from range to range. Every condition of sky, from low cloud mist to deep azure above, lends its share to the glory of the halo about it. The softest tones of the sky and the faintest shadows of earth were taken long ago by the Master Painter and laid on over the mountainside. Just one mountain by itself will give a color lover a study for a lifetime.

There is beauty in the purpose of its being. We feel this always, but understand it better as we study its activities. When we know a little of land and water action we see that it too moves and changes, that Mother Nature is tearing down and building elsewhere ceaselessly. Where plains are today were once mountains, and smooth places again were raised to sharp peaks in their turn. The land surface of the globe is being remodelled daily, and we have nearly nothing to do with the process. It may hurt our pride to know that the mountains go their way without us, and wait not upon our criticism. Yet they too serve the Divine Purpose. A new respect for the hills comes over us when we learn that they too are doing their share in the work of the earth.

Science, in its department of geology, has opened out new fields of wonder and majesty for us. The rocks of which these vast mounds are made tell us their story, the history of earth.

Fossils and footprints have given us glimpses back into the pages of earth's history, pages she sealed long ago. From the fossil snail shells found in a series in succeeding strata in the bed of Lake Geneva science has built up for us whole chapters in the development of these mollusks. When we think of the ages ago that these rocks were formed, the ages that they will continue unchanged, man is but a mushroom sprung up in the night.

Whole sermons are preached to us by the rocks. They tell us more than the story of the physical birth and development of our earth. They speak eloquently of its solidity and endurance, and typify these qualities, "a house builded upon a rock." The foundation stones are as immovable as the framework of the hills; their place is fixed forever. Again, the rocks of the mountainside are hard, rough, and irregular; in them do we see the hard places of our spiritual life and the stumbling-blocks against which we bruise our feet. They are barren spots, too, little vegetation grows upon them; they are like the fruitless wastes in our pathway of existence. Beautiful to the eye they may be, as are the desert ledges, and they show plainly the work of the Hand of the Creator, but they bear no food for us. But stay, from out the fissures of the living rock pours life-giving water to refresh us and give power to the soil about it to produce food-bearing herbage for us. So in the hard, rough, barren steeps of our pathway we may come suddenly upon the springs that bring to us the waters of life. Furthermore, though the rock surface be parched and hot in the sun and swept by wind it opens out too in places in caves that give shelter from the heat of day and the wind and rain of storm. The early peoples who wandered out into the desert places found shelter under the shadow of these mighty ledges and comfort for their rest at night. So these became the visible picture of their spiritual rest, "a shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Wonderful paradox, that the stern realities of life should bear also the strength to endure them! More than the geologist can discover is held for us in the rough places of the mountains.

The view toward a distant mountain is far more important from the point of its effect upon our imagination than that seen from its top, though of course each is quite different. Standing on top we may lose much of the sense of altitude if the various foothills and forest-clad slopes come up to our feet; only when near the foot of the mountain and looking upward is the feeling of towering height engendered.

Some people when first becoming acquainted with mountainous country are oppressed with the feeling that the mountains will fall upon them. This effect soon wears away, except when the beholder is standing in places where the sides are very precipitous, and a feeling of the scale and grandeur of the earth's framework arises.

Can any work of the hand of man equal in grandeur, and in details as well, the face of a mountainside with its rocks and vegetable growth, whether in full activity under a genial sun or leafless in the time of winter?

They clap their hands, they also sing.

How many people of slight means seek the mountains in summer! How many of these really live in the scenery? Whittier did this in the White Mountains. Does the mountain challenge you? "With our faint heart the mountain strives." A friend writes from the White Mountains, "What is the message of the mountains? Is it not *climb*—always climb—never be satisfied until we are widening our spiritual horizon? And to me their message as I see them is one of infinite stability and peace. 'Before the mountains were brought forth or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God.' This is in my mind every day—the unchanging power of my mighty Friend and His nearness to me."

Men ever seek to climb, to see over the crest and beyond into fair lands there revealed. Of all exploration that of mountain climbing has had the greatest personal appeal. No corners of the earth today present such enticements for the human feet to tread, no regions are wrapped in such mystery as the unexplored peaks of mountains. The early explorers could not rest until they had scaled the peaks of the new continent; expeditions avowedly in the cause of science are ever being fitted out to surmount them; untold thousands of lives have been sacrificed through the centuries in the gratification of man's whim to climb. Modern invention has made mountain climbing a gentle pastime, comparatively safe to human life, but it has not taken away its charm. It even ranks well with other polite recreations, it is sometimes even a fashionable sport, but then it is stripped of most of its meaning. Let us rejoice that many of us still love the upward climb, not because it is dangerous, fashionable, or physically exhilarating, but because of the new outlooks we get on the way and sense of victory that steals over us as the wider horizon opens out before us at the summit.

Since the days of the early patriarchs the ascent of mountains has been given its close parallel to the difficult progress of human life toward its goal. The slow upward advance against difficulties to a final victory over all things material and a vast dominion over things beyond our present vision, save by faith,—these seem more closely to be typified by the scaling of a mountain slope than by any other of our relations to the physical aspects of Nature. This thought engrained within us by centuries of association has doubtless aided most of us to find great spiritual comfort in the contemplation of mountain peaks. The way may be steep and rough, but it is visible and permanent, and the broader vision from its summit is also of no doubtful existence. The writers of the Old Testament are particularly struck with this appeal.

Great strength is typified by them, the solidity of the earth; durability is theirs—"the everlasting hills"—yet they too have their birth and decay, though the process be slow. A spirit of peace broods over them, a calmness in repose that has been theirs since the Creation. Seemingly they change not, but abide forever. Their solitudes seem specially fitting as the temple of our prayers and meditations. Like the deserts, few animate things inhabit them; a silence is theirs alone.

We need to get away from our fellows at times and take stock of ourselves. And with our introspection we need a spirit of infinite peace to make our judgments calm and sane. And some indefinable quality of the enduring hills makes them particularly our sympathizer and adviser. From out those mighty solemn reaches of earth forms a strength returns to us, a divine vigor for great efforts, with which we gird ourselves anew for our life work. The prayer that is breathed in their presence surely will be answered by

Him who made those silent places. Of all the formations of earth they link us most closely to our Maker.

It is somewhat strange that, except for Hebrew literature, this appeal of the solid portions of the earth was but little noted in the writings of mankind until recent centuries. The Presence was felt in the mountain-tops we can be sure, but it had little manifestation in the writings as preserved. There was Mt. Olympus, to be sure, but it had little relation to the Alps, the Carpathians, the Pyrenees, or the Apennines. The force of these was not wholly felt until new ranges were discovered in the new world. Then legend and song and story clustered about them. Of mountains as a source of inspiration to literature the Alps have played by far the greatest part. Their contribution to the poetry and romance of Europe has been immeasurable. Writers in the modern tongues have either drawn their inspiration from them directly by brief residence among them, or have sung of their native hills after the fashion of Alpine literature. We have too little purely local mountain literature in any country, and by far too much that is imitation Alpine.

In America, as in England, Germany, and elsewhere, we have our local singers. Portions of the White Mountains are very clear in the writings of Whittier; the Catskills are nearer to us through their interpretation by John Burroughs; John Muir has opened out to us something of the peculiar expression of the Rockies; the individuality of the Alleghanies is hinted at in the works of some of our southern writers, but the work is far from complete. Would that another Wordsworth could awake for us the pictures of the rugged shores of Maine, the rolling reaches of the Great Plains, the painted cliffs of the Colorado; the arid stretches of Arizona peaks, the fruit-clad slopes of California, the evergreen ranges of the Columbia, the glistening glaciers of Alaska, and other peculiar local topography which this continent contains. What each means to us as a people is yet to be discovered and proclaimed. How vast is the field for our labors!

> If thou art worn and hard beset
> With sorrows thou wouldst fain forget,
> If thou wouldst learn a lesson that will keep
> Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
> Go to the hills.
> —Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The possible fate of Niagara Falls has aroused the public sentiment of two nations for its preservation; the devastation of forest and soil-clad hills has been in part arrested by civic endeavor. Nation and state have set aside permanently as public reservations vast areas of fertile valley and mountain range for the enjoyment of the public. The great features of our continent are getting press notices and protection; municipalities are aroused. But this is not all that can be done. Every smallest hamlet has some spot of peculiar and permanent beauty; such places should be carefully preserved and kept open to the public. Too often our near approach is denied by fences and signs. Rarely would it be necessary that the area be purchased outright by the town or city, local conditions will determine its legal ownership and management. Morally it belongs to the whole community and every citizen should have an active interest in it. It may still be privately owned and used for agricultural or other purposes, but two things must ever be insisted upon by the citizens: that it be kept open at all times, under proper regulations, to the inhabitants of the community and to all visitors, and that no changes be made upon it that will impair its beauty or accessibility. Further, there must be a definite constructive policy of management under control of some proper person or persons by which the characteristic features of that site shall be preserved, conserved, and augmented so far as possible. Just because some favorite spots are still not denied to the public and as yet unspoiled by the hand of their legal possessors there is no reason to suppose that such conditions will always hold. Witness what has happened to many of our historic sites not properly protected. And if the landmarks of history are not safe from the spoiler's hand, how much less are spots of pure scenic value. Every hamlet in our land has some scenery of public value, too great an asset to be privately controlled, and the duty and pride of the citizens should be to strive to make such property fully enjoyed by this generation and to hand it down intact to our successors. Its care should be one of the factors of a local civic pride.

Scenery that is the common property of us all may be more than preserved for enjoyment today and tomorrow; it may be judiciously advertised. Even the truly grand spots of our continent are not too widely known as yet, though railway, trolley and steamship lines are doing a great work in this advertising, and not always wholly from motives of gain, strange as that may seem. Boards of trade and other civic associations have waked to their opportunities, picture post cards and the press further the work; but we have not too wide a circulation yet. After the public is sure of its legal title to its scenery, then boom it as widely as possible. Since your home town has natural features that no other place can show, we want to be invited to visit you.

And thus, while we recognize the potent influence which the scenery of the country has exerted on the progress of our literature, we can look forward to a fresh extension of this influence as a result of geologic investigation. Already the result of the widening of the outlook has made itself felt alike in prose and verse. The terrestrial revolutions of which each hill and dale is a witness; the contrasts presented between the present aspect and the past history of every crag and peak; the slow silent sculpturing that has carved out all this marvellous array of mountain forms,—appeal vividly to the imagination, and furnish themes that well deserve poetic treatment. That they will be seized upon by some Wordsworth of the future, I cannot doubt. The bond between landscape and literature will then be drawn closer than ever. Men will be taught that beneath and behind all the outward beauty of our lowlands, our uplands, and our highlands there lies an inner history which, when revealed, will give to that beauty a fuller significance and an added charm.

—*Landscape and Literature,* by Sir Archibald Geikie

Hills do not have to be big to be loved; the best known and most inspiring may be puny when compared with the mountain peaks of our continent. A mountain may overawe us by its very size. It is usually rather some peculiar feature that makes a personal appeal. For it will be noted that every hill has its personality, its peculiar genius, and this speaks to each of us quite apart from its voice as a member of earth's great family of mountains. What each crest says to each of us personally is for each of us to find out. Many hearts have given testimony in legend, lore and lay through the ages. One of the most famous in American literature is Hawthorne's story of the Great Stone Face. A similar benediction and inspiration has actually been breathed over the lives of many of us by some little elevation near which we have lived. Would that some of us had the courage and ability to give to the world in words some suggestion of what that meaning may be!

ELUSIVE NATURE

At last, beloved Nature! I have met
Thee face to face upon thy breezy hills,
And boldly, where thy inmost bowers are set,
Gazed on thee naked in thy mountain rills.
When first I felt thy breath upon my brow,
Tears of strange ecstasy gushed out like rain,
And with a longing, passionate as vain,
I strove to clasp thee. But, I know not how,
Always before me dids't thou seem to glide;
And often from one sunny mountain-side,
Upon the next bright peak I saw thee kneel,
And heard thy voice upon the billowy blast;
But, climbing, only reached that shrine to feel
The shadow of a Presence which had passed.

—Henry Timrod

SEPTEMBER

Stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest,
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best.

—*Song* by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

CHAPTER VII

THE HOME VIEW

For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

—2 Corinthians 5:1

To me September is the pleasantest month of the year. The grill of the cricket is a homely sound, the most typical of the month. All summer and autumn are rolled into it. It is the month of fullness and soberness, but has none of the desolation of autumn. Just as April is the month of the physical and moral awakening for Nature and man, so September is a time for contemplation and moralizing. Nature is replete, ripe, loaded with fatness. The cool nights faintly suggests to us the yet distant cold. Days of tropic heat of August are mingled with nights taken from November. Change is in the air.

AUGUST WEATHER

Dead heat and windless air,
  And silence over all;
Never a leaf astir,
  But the ripe apples fall;
Plums are purple-red,
  Pears amber and brown;
Thud! in the garden-bed
  Ripe apples fall down.

Air like a cider-press
  With the bruised apple's scent;
Low whistles express
  Some sleepy bird's content;

Still world and endless sky,
A mist of heat o'er all;
Peace like a lullaby,
And ripe apples fall.
—Katherine Tynan Hinkson

In our northern states September is the month when vacations come to a quick and early close and the elders return to their labors at desk or machine and the children to the desk at school. The regular workaday round is taken up again. But more awaits us at the end of our holidays than the round of our labors; the fortunate ones return also to their "home."

Wonderfully full of meaning is the old Saxon word "home." Only Saxon tongues seem to contain it; only those peoples have the real thing itself. The Latin races have their "house," but the idea of a home has more than a house in it. So, too, the true songs of the home, songs that speak to the heart rather than to the mind, are the result of the genius of certain races. What are the most universal songs of the fireside today but the old folk songs of home as handed down to us by the peasantry of Scotland, Ireland, Germany, England, and other northern lands? Their descendants in America have burst again into new home songs, as in the poems of Whittier, the Cary sisters, Lucy Larcom, and many of the lesser poets whose home and heart songs are the favorite ones which survive today in our homes. They particularly strike a responsive chord in our hearts; they speak to us of something that is a part of our national life, even its foundation.

We are all of us at times dimly aware that the home is made up of more than the house and the people within; the trees and the fields are a part of it too, unless perchance it is in the heart of a city when the walls of the house must contain it. The truly happy family life reaches out beyond the house walls and the landscape is taken into the home.

The fact that the home landscape is his to live with and work with gives it a value particularly its own to the fortunate possessor. Other places may be grander in outlook or more varied in their composition, but they are not his personal property, either legally or by silent adoption, as are the views at home. Long years of association have given a value that no chance meeting of fairer scenes can outweigh. We prefer the hills that our fathers saw, and where the heart is most deeply attached to its native hills will the greatest peace come.

This conception of what is in our home view is illustrated by the interpretation given by the little girl in school. A notion was once fixed in the minds of our teachers, excellent in conception but horrible in execution, that short stories could be better visualized by the children if each drew with pencil on paper the outline of the main objects of the story. And as the tale goes, the song, "The Old Oaken Bucket" was being visualized. The cottage, orchard, meadow, dairy-house, and other features were represented by various wobbly lines and an enormous bucket dangled over an impossible well in the foreground. Very good. But one little girl had a positive inspiration; the center of interest of her picture was a collection of dots, large and heavy; these were the "loved spots that my infancy knew." Can you represent the loved spots of your infancy any more graphically than did she, either by pen or by words? Be very thankful if you can, for with far too many of us our infancy was a period from which we escaped, and the surroundings of which we have forgotten.

Perhaps we have from force of circumstances taken up our work far from the scenes of our childhood. It is then our duty to ourselves to make pilgrimages back again for inspiration, though the home that sheltered us may be mustered out.

Old Home Week originated in 1899 in New Hampshire at the suggestion of Hon. Frank W. Rollins, then governor, and since president of the New Hampshire Old Home Week

Association. It is a grand and truly American idea, as love of home, home friends, and home town are equally renewed for us who go back to help celebrate. And we may be sure that while taking part in the speech-making and hand-shaking we are soberly glad to look again at the familiar face of the landscape, spots once full of meaning to us. Even the frozen spirit of the president of the "soulless corporation" will thaw out at the sight of the pool where he once went in swimming. The faces and voices of the landscape, equally with those of our boyhood friends, wake again to tears or laughter in tender reminiscence the soul that truly still lives.

Think of what Old Home Week would have meant to our Pilgrim ancestors a year after they had settled on the new shore, or to their hardy descendants who crossed the Alleghanies and turned the virgin soil of the prairies. Knowing that they could never go back to see those dear fields and faces again they kept perpetual Old Home Week in their hearts.

Most of us do not live near scenes of great natural beauty; our home landscape may be quite ordinary or even unprepossessing in places because of the restraint in Nature or lack of restraint in man; but no matter, the view is ever fair and full of meaning to our eyes, it bounds our home and has a value and inspriation peculiarly its own, and is the home lover's alone to enjoy. Some realization of this steals over the hearts of every one of us as we come back to familiar scenes of our childhood after a long absence. The lake on which we fished may prove to be only a mud-pond that no game fish would ever inhabit, and the once lofty hills on the western horizon a few puny bumps on the earth's surface. But what of that? A Spirit still broods over them, a Presence dwells among them however they measure to our physical eyes. The associations of our early years will never be entirely supplanted by the experiences of later times; if our home scenery was truly real to us in childhood it will remain with us. The grandeur of Niagara is not the true grandeur of that of the little brook for the charms of which I once "played hookey." And those of us who do not have to live away from early home scenes for a long time, but may go back to them often, how great is our opportunity to increase our store of inspiration that the familiar fields of our childhood began to lay up for us! How many of us really do draw more from our familiar scenes as we grow older? They are a sort of annuity that pays compound interest, not only on the principal that was deposited for us when we first crept out at the door of our home, but also on all the money paid out. The faster we draw out the greater our interest piles up.

The environment of a child is of the utmost importance to his growth; be sure that there are flowers and trees and birds about him, and plenty of sky, and that he understands them a little.

Though our forefathers were too busy earning bread to eat to think of vistas from their homes, Nature supplied them. Today the rich are buying up sites of good country views and building upon them permanently. The old farmhouse still stands facing the barn, and hidden from sight the ocean, lake or mountain, which has silently and unconsciously molded the lives of three or more generations.

There was not much garden detail or actual outlay of effort around our early homes; Nature was near and eager. Little there was that detracted from the picturesque beauty of the home yard; attractions still have many of them today in a beauty peculiarly their own. The love of our forefathers for these homely scenes is witnessed by many of our home songs, as "The Old Oaken Bucket" or "Home, Sweet Home." These speak quite as much of the landscape features as of the members of the family and the home life. The expression of regard for the exterior of the home in those days we know was quite real. Are we forgetting, or merely changing our idea of a home? Is our boasted

American home becoming a thing of the past? Some of these jewels of the family's pride are today preserved as landmarks.

Is it any wonder that the average youth of today is willing to leave his country home for the glamour of the city? Would you care to live in his father's back or front yard? Unfair it is and disheartening to compare the ordinary rural home of today with the standard of the average of half a century ago. Great have been the changes, usually not for the better, for progress, except in favored communities, has been nearly at a standstill. In the place of usages and apparatus now out of date nothing orderly or serviceable adapted to our new manner of living has evolved, though the old soap kettle may contain nasturtiums!

Gone is the old simplicity and the beauty of adaptability to use; the front yard of our fathers is no more. Its passing is still painfully evident, for the wreck has not been wholly cleared away. The new home type that would seem to take its place may be illustrated by the suburban open lawn with its smooth shaven areas, bordered by a few trees or flowers. But it does not matter what the scheme may be, it will suit our condition if our best thought be given to it. We don't want the old yards back again, but oh! we do suffer for the spirit of that intense devotion of our forbears to the details of their surroundings, a loving care that will make any scheme of home ornamentation beautiful and full of meaning.

I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
    Like that above.

Thoreau says that the Concord farmers were owned by their farms. It is possible to take one's property too seriously, though there is less danger now than formerly, and Thoreau perhaps states the case rather too strongly. He himself was not worried by his legal possessions—his friends once even paid his poll-tax for him. On the other hand it is fully as bad in every way for a man to have too much land and be land poor, for he will regard the acres legally his as a menace to his happiness.

It was not for nothing that in the early democracies that only land owners could be voters. The home owner is conservative, and less ready to cry "Down with," when established customs are under discussion. A home lover is a better citizen than a man who owns no property. In a sense nobody owns anything, the landscape is free to all; but the legal aspect of property marks the difference between man and savage. Thoreau, of course, while not in any sense an anarchist, did not understand property and taxation in their accepted meanings.

The man with a home is slow to wander; it is the homeless man who answers quickest to the call of the wanderlust, and he it is that when under the shelter of a hospitable roof quickest feels the pang of his loneliness.

> The first sure symptom of a mind in health is rest of heart—and pleasure felt at home.
>
> —Young

Many people speak often of the scenes of their early days, it may be with a laugh or joke, but underneath there is all seriousness. If the business man in his later life can remember the birds, trees, and brooks of his childhood, and has forgotten the more stupendous scenes of Nature that he has met in his travels, the early scenes must have made an unusually deep impression upon him. And since most of the Nature scenes of his manhood soon pass from his memory, if ever they were really registered at all, it would seem that childhood impressions are the most enduring and valuable.

We who remember so vividly a happy childhood spent with Nature in the open air—blessed privilege denied to many of us—have a peculiar duty to perform. On us devolves the task of giving to the childhood of today some of the joy and understanding that we had. In many ways we can help—by teaching Nature-study in schools, writing Nature stories in magazines, entertaining children with stories of Nature, and by giving picnics and conducting excursions into the country. We can with all possible zeal help the movement for parks and playgrounds, and a greater use to be made of them.

But these ways are only temporary helps to children who have no chance to actually live with Nature. The greatest opportunity comes to home owners and people who reside in the country, where the actual material is ever present. Village Improvement Societies, Women's Clubs, etc., have the greatest chance that could be wished to help make childhood in their town happy and close to Nature. Every village organization that aims for the betterment of the community should have for one motto: "For our children."

Morning talks about what they have seen in the world of life should be frequent in the school, and the teacher may find school time or take some of her own time to lead some of the children on short walks. A little school garden and coöperative interest in the care of the school-yard will also help much. Results are astonishing. But after all the school and the teacher have only limited opportunity to start children into the secrets of Nature—the school time is limited and the ranks are too crowded.

Too often the young minds come to the teacher hampered with indifference to Nature, learned at home, or even from positive antagonism on the part of the parents against these "new-fangled notions." If parents cannot assist in broadening the hearts of their children, at least they should not hinder when the lessons are well given. Of course there is much aimless Nature-study given in the schools today, and arithmetic may be neglected, but that is not the fault of

Nature-study. There is no longer any question as to its value, the argument comes about methods. And as these things are apart from our present discussion we can leave the matter to consult with those who are working at it.

Instruction in the sciences is of course a matter for schools and higher institutions, but a love and appreciation of the scenery about us is not to be gotten from text books or the laboratory. Whatever the child or youth gets at school, however expert the Nature-study instruction may become, the great fact remains that most of our growing citizens will get their Nature lore for the most part quite outside the regular channels of learning—apart from their history and geography.

So it comes about that, until each child reaches the age where he can study and think for himself, nearly all his understanding of the physical world about him, and his mental interpretation of it, come from his home surroundings and the natural environment of the little village or the town in which he lives. The really fundamental lessons come to him from outside himself and are not directed by any paid instructor, and under little or no direction at all. Is it not true that nearly all that you enjoy of the landscape you discovered for yourself? How much more you could see today if you had had a little more helpful assistance at the start! Every little child has someone who has its vital interests at heart, and with that person should the first steps be taken, for it is the beginning of a long journey and must be made under direction at start and in the child's full confidence. It is not any excuse that the parent or aunt or guardian has not the time; it is not private tuition but sympathy that is needed. It takes only a second to call attention in the quickening mind of a child to the antics of a duckling, the color of a flower, or the glory of a sunset. The child will be sure to notice these anyway; what is lacking is a sympathetic and encouraging assistance on the part of the older person. The child will find for himself all the material; but Johnnie is not asking questions merely to exercise his voice; he wants to see and know, and assistance and not repression needs be given him. It won't be necessary to give even informal lessons as did old Nokomis to little Hiawatha—even three words of encouragement a day in a definitely constructive manner will give any youthful mind an impetus that will finally bring him many leagues nearer to the goal to which his Maker intended him. The difference that it will make in the mature man or woman in his social and home life can never be measured or even guessed.

After the age of three or four is passed and the plastic intelligence is brought into the wider and different sphere of the world beyond the home, then the results of the coöperative efforts of the whole community of mothers, fathers, and aunts and other relatives will be needed. The problem is greatest on the social side—the influence of man on man—but the condition of the natural world and the explanation of it is also of prime importance to the beginners. In this work everybody can help. The movement to make the town and village more beautiful should be accompanied by a movement to make the elements of its beauty understood by everybody, and the younger the pupils the better attention they will give.

> And finally the patriotic sentiment, which never is lacking in any noble heart, develops better in the calm of natural surroundings than in the middle of cities. It seems to me—it has often been said—that one's country becomes more dear as one becomes more intimate with her.
>
> —Edouard André

Some of us there are who regret the presence of human habitations in the landscape. They contend that really perfect views should contain portions of sea or sky with land surfaces on which the dominion of man has left no marks. Factories and the visible evidence of cities and their industries are held to be destructive factors in the beauty and peace of the landscape, and such they often are, but not merely because they suggest the near presence of man. We do still have with us something of the feeling bequeathed us by our early forest ancestors who felt that a neighbor was an enemy and that only in the solitudes, removed from man, was there peace. There is still peace in the solitudes, but it is also found near to the homes of men. The visible effects of our commercial activities do most assuredly lack esthetic qualities, but they give a charm of their own, nevertheless. Roads and bridges, steel rails and fences, as well as buildings of all kinds, may fit into our picture in a wholly satisfactory way; not into such a picture as the early explorers found, but one that is related to our life today, and that has a meaning and human interest particularly its own. When we see close cropped meadows and well-tilled fields we look for the buildings that should accompany these agricultural operations, and for the house where the happy owner resides.

When we see the evidences of constructive labor and thoughtful attention to the outward appearance, then we like to think that a happy home-life abides there. If the scenery represents the neglect of man our hearts will have no sympathy with him nor his operations. On the other hand, every building erected in the landscape fittingly to its purpose and in harmony with its surroundings is a distinct esthetic addition to the landscape, a tribute to the genius of its builder and owner, and a monument to our national life. The truly peaceful landscape of today is dotted with homes, homes that suggest of themselves the peace and progress that typify our present social advancement.

Beautify then the place that was your cradle or that of your children. Think at the same time both of your own happiness, of that of your family, and of those who live in your shadow. Know that in making your own home beautiful you are adding to the beauty and wealth of your country by making the landscape more beautiful and causing it to be admired by other peoples. Praised and honored by your fellow-citizens, justly renowned from afar, blessed by your children, you will have journeyed onward doing good, and deserving that to your memory be applied these beautiful words that I could scarcely believe finding one day written in a poor little village in Spanish America: "The just die in their turn; but falling as the flowers, they leave on the earth their fruit that outlives them."

—Edouard André

PAST AND PRESENT

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birthday,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could scarcely cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven,
Than when I was a boy.

—Thomas Hood

OCTOBER

A haze in the far horizon,
  The infinite, tender sky,
The ripe rich tints of the cornfields,
  And the wild geese sailing high,
And over highland and lowland
  The charm of the goldenrod,—
Some of us call it autumn,
  While others call it God.

—William Herbert Carruth

THE CORNFIELD AT HARVEST TIME. ON CAPE COD.

CHAPTER VIII

THE RIOT OF COLOR—THE HARVEST

Behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest.

—John 4:35

When in mid-August the first sprays of goldenrod begin to change their green to intense golden yellow something within me says, "The beginning of the end." Not that winter is near at hand, for the pageant of autumn is some six weeks away, and hill and dale are still clothed in bright green. But the goldenrod is one of the advance symptoms of the approaching change, and as you watch closely you will soon discover others.

Summer is past and autumn is really with us again; for some two months the crickets have been telling us to get ready for it, and for at least a month the roadsides have been yellow with goldenrod. Still the sun has been warm and bright by day and the air not too cool by night. But more convincing proof is not long in coming. The night air becomes decidedly cool before morning and drenching dews are formed on the meadows. There is a chilly tang in the air that never is found in the cool airs of summer. The sun sets warm and red, but through what a cool white mantle he rises! The white morning mists are the true vanguard of autumn. Long level lines of diaphanous vapor overhang the streams, ponds, and marshy valleys; the air above the uplands is still warm and dry. In the glory of the morning mists all the seasons meet together; our spirits feel the exhilaration of the meeting.

Yet a few more nights and the wind goes to rest; no dews nor mists form, and the morning sun suddenly rises clear in an azure sky, as if pushed up by secret springs. Over lowland and meadow a silvery whiteness lies, the first severe white frost of the season. There have been other frosty nights before but none that like this clothed all the low herbage in splendor. Heavy mists soon rise and fill the air, the silver vanishes in a blanket of dew. Now will you believe that it is October?

Come two more nights that silver the fields, but mists and light winds soon carry the frost away. Warm nights follow, soft breezes blow, and a summer rain falls; can it be that the genius of the seasons was playing tricks upon us? But wait. Then dawns a morning clear and cool with no wind, no cloud, nor dew, nor silver frost nor mist. The frost king has his turn now, we have the first black frost of the season—we believe this time. Every leaf and blade of grass on hill or in meadow is held stiff, lifelike but motionless; not a green shoot sways in the light breeze.

Rapidly the sun mounts the sky and gets busy at warming things up. At once, as if released by magic, every rigid leaf and green stem quivers and droops limply; from a normal green it turns a sickly watery hue, and this rapidly darkens to brown and black. The sharp wind rattles them briskly; they have sung their last song. Their glory has departed. Flowers and low herbage share a common fate. A pungent odor of frosted ferns fills the air—incense to the departed spirit of summer. The sun shines warm and the tougher vegetation survives this first attack, but the end is near, and the dear green of the fields and the roadsides will not be the same again for many long months.

But what have the trees been doing? They are above the frost zone as yet, and they are not to be caught napping. Silently through their wonderful chemistry through the past weeks they have been preparing stem and leaf for the coming of cold, ripening and hardening their tissues, and giving them new colors. Their sun laboratories have closed one by one. That is the meaning of the slow change coming over the hillsides, the transformation from working dress to holiday attire. And as the brisk winds sweep the frosted herbs below, the leaves rattle against one another defiantly. They have eluded the frost king again and they are not yet ready to blacken and fall.

Frost does not cause the autumn colors in foliage; in fact, a sharp early frost will quickly wither the leaves while they are yet still green. Then they quickly become black and fall. Just as the apples or pumpkins become yellow or red as they reach maturity, so the leaves of corn or grass or trees change their colors from green to yellows. A late season, somewhat dry, with warm days and cool nights, gives the sap an opportunity to flow in its own time to the roots, and the chemical changes in the chlorophyll—the green parts of the leaf—are allowed their own time in which to mature. Insects or mechanical injury often produce the same result in midsummer.

Though yellow is the prevailing color, with tones of red a close second, all the colors of the spectrum are represented with all possible intergradings. Variety is the rule—some trees color every inch of leaf surface seemingly in a night in one continuous tone, as the crimson of sumachs or the yellow of hickories. Many trees color the older leaves yellow, the later ones still green; while some plants have different branches clothed in as many different colors. Some of the red maples, sassafras, and others, have a harlequin coat, not only the branches being different, but individual leaves differ from their fellows, and even different areas of color appear on the same leaf.

Take a sassafras leaf in early October. How boldly yet cunningly are the five or six colors splashed on! Nothing crude about it, yet what painter could copy it?

The colors are never quite the same from year to year, though there is a certain regularity from season to season;

but some years the display is brighter and lasts longer than others. The show changes from day to day, from the first scarlet leaves of the red maple until all is bare in November. What a change even a week makes! The deep yellows of maples and birches are followed by the crimsons, maroons, and red-browns of the oaks, to be succeeded by bronzy-reds and grey-browns of both as the season further advances. From the gay maples of September to the sober winter hues of the forest oaks in November, each color is most appropriate for its season.

Just as in the orchard different sorts of apples ripen at different times, so the foliage of each tree has its season. Some red maples begin to color in early August, while the Norway maple rarely has time to ripen, for November frosts find it still green. The leaves of birch and hickory usually rattle down soon as they are fully yellowed, but the oaks hold fast their foliage while it changes from green through scarlet or yellow to bronze-red or brown, and defying the winds of winter, battered and browned, many of them are pushed off at length by the swelling buds of spring. The white oak, swamp white oak, black oak, and English oak are good examples of tenacious foliage.

AUTUMN SONG

Red leaf, gold leaf,
Flutter down the wind;
Life is brief, oh! life is brief,
But Mother Earth is kind;
From her dear bosom you shall spring
To new blossoming.

The red leaf, the gold leaf,
They have had their way;
Love is long if life be brief,—
Life is but a day;
And Love from Grief and Death shall spring
To new blossoming.

—Ellen Mackay Hutchinson

All these many changes depend on a complexity of causes which as yet we do not fully understand. While each species has a somewhat well-defined color and season range for its foliage, climate and weather conditions, varying soil and water conditions, the age and vigor of the trees, and finally the individual character of each tree itself makes for further variety. Why in a long row of ash trees should two be leafless before the tenth of October, three or four a summer green, some deep yellow, the others bronze, claret, plum-red, or even violet or mauve? They are as much alike as trees can well be to the human eye, yet Nature finds them all different. What secrets the wisest of men have yet to discover!

There in the valley is a scattered group of well-developed sugar maples; though they reflect the glory of the autumn sun scarcely one of them is the clear yellow of the same species found in the forest. Every shade and tint of yellow is represented, from deepest orange and orange-scarlet to dull yellow-green, olive, and soft browns. The sumach is quite consistent; crimson and scarlet are the rule. The smooth and field sumachs lean toward crimson, while more orange is mingled in the color of the staghorn, though all the species may be all alike or quite different on the same hillside. However, in one group the color of a species is wonderfully uniform.

The red maple and the scarlet oak are most widely acclaimed, for color is used with them without stint. For distant effects their glare is softened by the autumn haze, but nearer at hand the duller browns and bronzes are more suited to our eyes. Even the unchangeable evergreens share in this preparation for the winter, and the most exciting time of the year in a pine wood is in late October when silently from the deep green above the yellowed needles drop upon the golden forest floor.

How the dark foliage of pines and hemlocks contrasts with the colors of oaks and maples! At no other time of the year is the difference between deciduous and evergreen trees more sharply brought out! The hillsides resemble a vast painter's palette or a gigantic crazy quilt of intricate pattern, the foliage flaming upward and proclaiming in its most startling tones the wonders of the handiwork of Mother Nature.

The sugar maple is a far less lurid, but none the less an effective witness. She calls in yellow what her sister shouts in crimson. We respond in our hearts to her soft clear yellow of October—a repeated invitation to walk with her through her calm unchanging realms and with her to reach upward toward beauty and glory. But in early May she will send again a more fleeting elusive message in her soft yellow-green, a whispered call to walk away with her and share with her the new flow of life.

How a ravine filled with black birch, pignut hickory, and sugar maple glows clear yellow on a dull October day! Coming upon it from a thick wood we are sure that the sun is shining brightly, until we look above and see that dull thin veil of cloud which frequently obscures the sky of autumn, but even then the delusion persists that the sun is really flooding the foliage, so sun-like is the yellow radiance. With October skies this intense color is most pleasing and exciting, but in the growing month of June or the maturing month of August such a flare of gold would soon pall upon our vision. We would not want autumn's colors every month of the year. The crash of music of the orchestra marks the conclusion and not the beginning or the first movement of a symphony.

Why all this blaze of color before winter comes on? After a season of sober green does Nature give her children a swan-song of color ere they go to their winter sleep? Man cannot flatter himself that it was all for his benefit and enjoyment, for the pageant was inaugurated long before Adam saw the trees of Eden, though perhaps it was prepared for our coming. We are allowed to see it, and are supposed to get some lesson from it. Our seasonal changes are slow and varied; we get a long performance, and everybody has ample opportunity to watch it.

> Here Ceres' gift in waving prospect stands,
> And, nodding, tempts the joyful reapers' bands.
> —Alexander Pope

For some weeks we have watched the operations of harvesting the grain crops with little comprehension of their meaning; we were too much filled with the near presence of summer. But now as the fields of corn stand yellow and the dry leaves rustle in the breeze we feel the call of the harvest. Every movement of Nature tells us to get ready for the lean season of winter, and the bustle of the harvesters is a part of the frenzied preparation. And as we work busily in the fields comes to us again the old promise, "As ye sow, so shall ye also reap."

There comes the thought too of the fulness of the bounty of Nature as we contemplate the orchards laden with fruit. The olive and the vine in other regions typify the wealth of the harvests, but in New England the fragrant sight of apple trees loaded with fruit fills our hearts with a feeling of thankfulness to the Bountiful Giver.

AUTUMN—A DIRGE

The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,
        And the year,
On her deathbed, in a shroud of leaves dead
        Is lying.
    Come, months, come away,
    From November to May,
    In your saddest array;
        Follow the bier
    Of the dead cold year,
And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the nipt worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling,
For the year;
The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
To his dwelling;
Come, months, come away,
Put on white, black, and gray,
Let your light sisters play—
Ye follow the bier
Of the dead cold year
And make her grave green with tear on tear.
—Percy Bysshe Shelley

The woods are still and open fully to the glory of autumn's sun. Dry leaves rustle and flutter down in the great stillness. There is no sadness then in Nature—the shadow is within our own hearts, for we read the signs. Acorn, chestnut and hickory-nut fall down with sharp sounds that break the silence. Bluejays visit the cornfields and hide their store in secret places. Squirrels run through the treetops, their cheeks puffed with nuts. Little birds of many kinds gorge themselves with weed seeds, and ants at our feet run busily in all directions loaded with food. All the lesser animals of forest and field are too busy with their preparations to voice their joy of living or show fear at the presence of man. Their hours are filled with strenuous labors again, just as in the month of May. And as we watch them against the light of golden sun and ruddy leaf we find no sorrow, no complaint at their lot or approaching fate; they do their destined work gladly.

There is surely a great coöperation between plant and animal life. All fruits with fleshy pulp around the hard seeds—berry, plum, or apple—were intended to be eaten that the seed might be spread. How the apple and barberry have profited by this method of dissemination!

Fruits of many lowly herbs of field and swamp have acquired their burrs and hooks all to no purpose if furry animals did not brush them and carry them away to new plantings. Thus did they steal a ride to freedom long before man existed on the earth, though the clothing of civilized man offers a most excellent means of transportation. Rush heedlessly through swampy meadows in October wearing woollen clothing, and after two minutes see what you have collected. And while you are picking them off—pitchfork, beggar tick, sticktight, stickseed, tick trefoil, etc. —think a little on the wondrous provisions of Nature for her children rather than be exasperated at a temporary annoyance to you.

Though the nights grow colder and flakes of snow may fall, the vitality of summer is not exhausted. Gone are the brilliant leaves from the trees, save as some hang sere and brown; the birds that are yet with us sing again that they are ready; Nature has laid away her life forces in tiny seed and hidden worm; man has gathered his earth crops into his barns; and the world stands ready for the next great change. But not yet.

After chilly days that cause us to be sure that the snows of winter are upon us we have the splendor of Indian Summer given to us. Though the physical face of Nature shows her entire resignation to the laws that move her and her willing preparation for the rest in store for her, yet do the sky and the light from above shower upon us the eternal benediction of summer. Rare warm cloudless days are given us, skies under which the bare hilltops blazon forth in glory again, and the peace and promise of eternal life breathe forth upon us. We feel then more than at any other season of the year the infinite Spirit of the landscape smiling upon us and brooding over us. Nature has prepared for her living death, she needs no assurance of a near awakening. The glory of the October sky and hill are not for her. To the souls of men was this eternal renewal of promise given, and our hearts respond in thanksgiving. The probable needs of our physical well-being cared-for, we enter into this spiritual declaration on the part of the forces of Nature and our hearts sing praises. And the summer of the autumn sky shall go with us through the storms of winter, hidden but not lost, to wake in glory again in the morning mists of April.

Safely cared for in its minutest details, the face of the landscape goes forth gladly, willingly, without a trace of sadness or reluctance, and the memory of our utter thankfulness that we are as carefully preserved with it shall be with us through all seasons.

AUTUMN'S GOLDEN LEAF

Why should we sorrow
  That summer's golden ray
  So soon shall pass away,
Whilst we can borrow
  From autumn's yellow light
  A scene more truly bright?
I love the spring's meek pansy,
  The summer's blushing rose,
  And winter's pearly snows;
But to my fancy
  Of Nature's gems the chief
  Is autumn's golden leaf.

Life has its changes,
  Its springtime hopes and joy,
  Ere yet we learn annoy;
Then swift it ranges
  Through summer's heats and blights,
  Our passions and our slights;
And winter unrelentful
  In distance frowns severe,
  But let us banish fear;
Blest and contentful
  To wither without grief,
  Like autumn's golden leaf.

—Old English Song

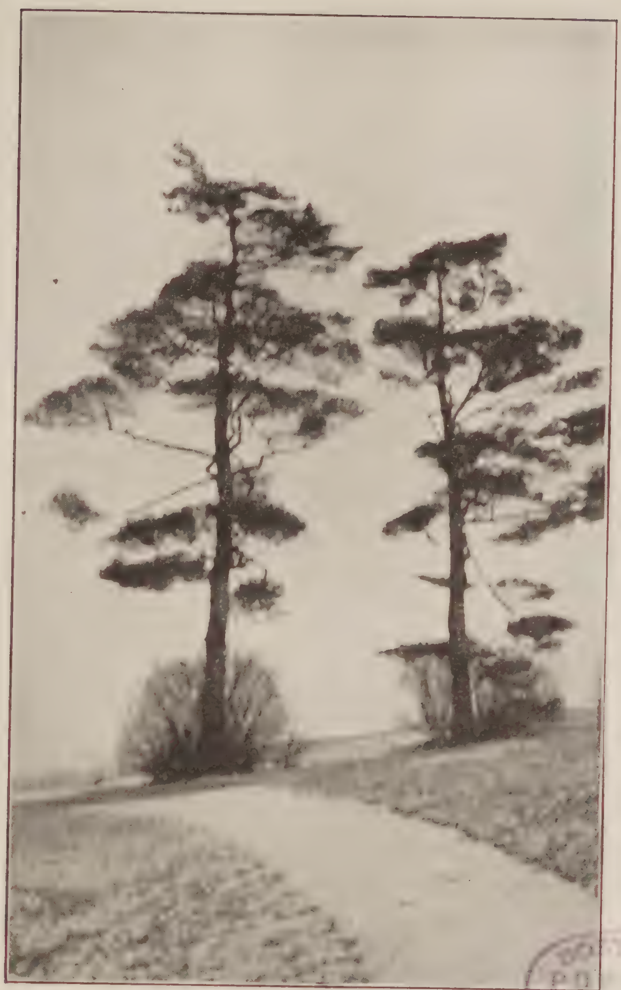
NOVEMBER

O pinetree, lonely standing,
Outlined against the blue,
I love thy soft, dark branches,
Thy garb of restful hue.

Hast thou ne'er felt impatience,
Ambition's vain desires,
The joy, the pain, the longing,
Which mortal love inspires?

Thou lookest ever upward,
E'en when the harsh wind blows;
I long for the strength that upholds thee,
I long for thy repose.

—*The Pine Tree* by Mary Turner Salter



A PICTURESQUE PAIR OF OLD FELLOWS. ARNOLD ARBORETUM.

CHAPTER IX

TREE PERSONALITIES

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth its fruit in its season.

—Psalm 1:3

Mankind developed in the forest; there is no doubt that our early ancestors were arboreal in their habits. So, too, the earliest tribal gatherings were held in the forests for security, and even as men begun to wander on the plains, the forests were still the sanctuary. "The groves were God's first temples." A stretch of woodland, especially one which contained large trees of great age, had a sanctity peculiar to itself. The groves of Mt. Ida were more than a mere group of trees. And so today, although we have lost much of our reverence for forms of Nature about us, when we enter a virgin forest it means something more to us than does any other of Nature's tree formations. Our spirits reach back away into the distant past; our ancestry is revealed to us. Here is a portion of Nature into which the changes of the hand of man have not intruded.

This is the forest primeval; the murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosom.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

We don't have the same feelings nor as intensely in the woods that are obviously of a recent growth and near to the "improving" works of man. The forest still speaks to us, but more often in its physical relation to our welfare as civilized beings today. We have learned that trees in mass are not merely ornamental additions to the landscape—though they are that by divine appointment—nor do they exist for themselves alone, though they flourished long before man was created and have not profited through his ministry; but from the evils of deforestation we get a measure of their service to us, in our physical needs. They hold the soil in place; preserve the soil moisture and retain the rainfall for the slow feeding of the streams; they make more even the temperature by checking winds, radiating heat in winter, or absorbing the heat rays of summer; to a great degree their presence influences the weather, making it favorable to our good health; and they give shade, shelter, and material comforts to man and beast in times of heat, storm, and need. It is but natural then—though sad to relate, not too common among men—to associate with the sight of trees feelings of greatest pleasure. Since they minister to our wants they are blessed and beautiful. They deserve our care and thoughtful appreciation.

Says Wordsworth:—

> One impulse from a vernal wood
> Can teach us more of man,
> Of moral evil and of good,
> Than all the sages can.

The trouble nowadays is that we do not get that impulse as did Wordsworth, nor do we understand nor obey it after feeling it.

Trees are the largest of all animate objects, surpassing all other forms of life in size, height, and longevity. Their very grandeur in the landscape excites our wonder and admiration. And an oak, elm, or pine in a vacant lot near us may be just as wonderful as any of the giant redwoods of California.

> In the woods is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God a decorum and a sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. In the woods we return to reason and faith. There I feel that nothing can befall me in life—no disgrace, no calamity (leaving me my eyes) which Nature cannot repair.
>
> —Ralph Waldo Emerson

Walk with me in the autumn woods, now while the trees are leafless, not that we like not as well to stroll beneath their leafy shade in summer months, but because now that the foliage has fallen we can better see the characters of their framework and get the majesty of their proportions. Trees are the most important natural objects in the landscape whose disposition may be greatly controlled by man. They enter into nearly every picture our eye finds out of doors, and always their presence adds interest and gives us pleasure. Of all fixed objects upon the earth they have the nearest to human attributes. Whether we regard them individually, as small groups, or in larger forest formations, our perceptions of them ever vary, but always are valuable to us. As we rustle the dry leaves beneath them with our feet we can call to mind what some of these values are.

Children, and some grown folks too, like to rattle the dry leaves, newly fallen in autumn, with their feet as they walk the wood paths in the fall of the year. It is not wholly that they like the sound—something primal within them is stirred, taking them back to the time when their progenitors walked the forest depths and made their homes under their waving branches.

A sudden and secret sense of satisfaction steals over us as soon as we enter under the canopy of waving branches. Who can say that a forest has not a personality? The old sense of security felt by our ancestors comes over us, we have reached a sanctuary. The dry leaves tell us that their first mission as laborers for the twigs above is finished, and now they form the covering to give shelter and food to the roots below. No longer living, they still serve. The naked branches stretch mute and motionless, a harp for the winds. Their silence is that of rest and not of death; though the flow of life has ceased, they still reign. A calmness and a repose is theirs, a self-revelation and a benediction that we too may share. Prepared and unhurried, they stand eternally ready for whatever the rigors of the winter may bring them.

> A wind sweeps the pines,
>   And below
> Not a breath of wild air.
> Still as the mosses that glow
> On the flooring and over the lines
> Of the roots here and there,
> The pine-tree drops its dead;
> They are quiet as under the sea.
> Overhead, overhead,
> Rushes life in a race,
> As the clouds the clouds chase;
>   And we go
> And we drop like the fruits of the tree,
>   Even we,
>   Even so.
>
> —George Meredith

But just at present I would leave this subject of our attitude towards our forests as our coworkers for our health and strength, and speak of them as ministers to our spiritual needs, in other words, of their beauty and mystic expression. What meanings do we read into the shapes of trees and their manner of living?

The forms of trees are varied in themselves, and as considered in relation to their neighbors. Their size, texture, color, density, and other special characters give each species its peculiar expression. The different earth regions have their forest characters; it would be folly to try to catalogue them all. From the grandeur of the giant redwoods of the Sierras, the wonder of the impenetrable jungles of the tropics, or the majesty of the palm-clad islands of the Pacific, to the beauty and interest of the grove of maples, oaks and pines in our own meadow, and the solitary oak on the hilltop, the range of expressions through form and adaptability of habit is too great for one mind to compass. Fortunately we are not asked to become familiar with strange trees in foreign lands; the forest growths of our own town are all the material we need to study. All the lessons that any trees can give are ready for us close at hand. Beginning near home we shall be ready later to understand the tree enthusiasm of other nations and of travellers returned from strange lands.

TREE FEELINGS

I wonder if they like it—being trees?
I suppose they do.
It must feel so good to have the ground so flat,
And feel yourself stand straight up like that.
So stiff in the middle, and then branch at ease,
Big boughs that arch, small ones that bend and blow,
And all those fringy leaves that flutter so.
You'd think they'd break off at the lower end
When the wind fills them and their great boughs bend,
But when you think of all the roots they drop,
As much at bottom as there is on top,
A double tree, widespread in earth and air,
Like a reflection in the water there.
—Charlotte Perkins Stetson

Though rigid in its framework, every tree has motions full of grace. Whether the faintest breath of wind rustles the whitening leaves of aspens, or sways the leafy branches of the forest, or the might of the storm wind bows the trunks before it, every motion has a meaning and a purpose of its own. The leaves that flutter in light and shade are taking turns at getting their share of the sunlight, boughs that swing are easing the tension on one side, keeping both their elasticity and their rigidity; while trunks and limbs that bow before the gale are but offering the least possible resistance to the might of the wind that their tissues be not torn asunder. The tree knows what it is about. Every motion, every change in position of leaf or twig and movement in their shadows, though they please expressly the human eye, are but activities for the common welfare of its parts. There is purpose as well as poetry.

Rigid and fixed against the sky a tree may be, but silent it is not for long. Its motions are accompanied by the most exquisite of sounds that Nature produces from inanimate objects. The gentle rustling of leaf against leaf, in all its varied sounds, gives music most pleasing to the human ear. Why this need be so we need not know; we need only be thankful for it. The sounds suggest shade, shelter, coolness; they are a part of our idea of a sanctuary. And this feeling holds though the winds roar through the leafy canopy, or sing in the pine-tops at the close of day. Beneath the shelter of those mighty arms the spirit of man finds peace. Though the leaves be fallen the bare twigs still sing, each day a song for the occasion, not to serve any purpose in the economy of the trees, but that the Spirit that is in created things may make Itself known. Blessed is the man who listens and ponders.

FAREWELL TO THE FOREST

Thou forest, broad and sweeping,
  Fair work of Nature's God,
Of all my joys and weeping
  The consecrate abode!
Yon world, deceiving ever,
  Murmurs in vain alarms;
Oh, might I wander never
  From thy protecting arms!

Ah, soon must I forsake thee,
  My own, my sheltering home;
In sorrow soon betake me,
  In yon vain world to roam;

And there the word recalling
Thy solemn lessons teach,
'Mid care and danger falling,
No harm my soul shall reach.

When the woods are white with the snows of winter still does a glory abide with each individual tree and with the group. Against the white background each trunk clamors for recognition, whether dun-gray in oak or somber darkness of pines and hemlock; every peculiarity of bark and trunk has an eloquence of its own. The wonder of the tree's make-up is revealed, and each stands forth unashamed. Every twig is sternly cleared for action, quietly waiting for the cold to cease and the life-giving sap to rise again. Bark and close-packed bud wait silently for the first pulse of a warmer temperature. Tremendous powers are leashed, soon to be loosened again to activity.

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP

"You think I am dead,"
The apple-tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show;
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull grey mosses over me grow.
But I'm all alive in trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away—
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

"You think I am dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade!
But under the ground
I am safe and sound,
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
I'm all alive and ready to shoot,
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here—
But I pity the flower without branch or root."

"You think I am dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or a root I own!
I never have died,
But close I hide
In a plumy seed that the wind has sown.
Patient I wait through the long winter hours,
You will see me again—
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."
—Edith M. Thomas

With the first breath of spring what a change is made! Almost in a night, like water loosed from a dam, the sap courses upward and buds visibly swell before us. Where all was silence and repose are now action and eagerness made manifest. A sheen of tender green veils all, and the browns of winter are forgotten. Birds above and flowers below lend their magic of sound and color. The sanctuary puts on its gala attire, and repose remains only under the tops of the changeless pines.

At length the season's rush for leaf and fruit formation is over, and the forest settles down under the summer sun to perfect its season's growth. Gradually has the change come about, but the scenery of the woods and its effect upon us are no longer as that of spring. A feeling of fulness, of work finished, abides there, a sense of a breathing space ere the hurry for the preparation for autumn is begun. The birds are quite silent, the flowers few, and the leaves flap idly in the summer breeze while crickets chirp below. We are invited to rest in the cool depths of the forest and enter into this time of relaxation. Work and trial will come soon enough to every leaf, but the sober joy of having completed its allotted task in due season is its message for the day. Time enough to drop to rest when the sharper winds of autumn call to action.

Now let us consider trees as individuals, as standing apart from their fellows, and each grown to a perfect normal form.

What a variety of personalities for us to know, and how great their influence upon us! Every kind has its own peculiar ways, and no two trees of the same kind are ever just alike. We shall leave the palm, the cypress, the olive, the banyan, and other habitants of strange countries to tell their story at some other time, and choose our friends just now from the host of fellows that stand in our own fields. What other lands have for us we can better appreciate when we have cultivated our neighbors at home. Each of us may be particularly intimate with a certain species of tree, or even with some particular individual. To me one certain sugar maple, whose pictured outline I carry ever with me mentally, has been of more value than dozens of excellent sermons that I have forgotten.

The American elm is a solitary tree as it stands in our meadows. Narrowly arching upwards, it expresses in vegetation the aspiration of all life. Though varying greatly in its outline—there are at least four distinct forms—it is always distinguished and tells a story of its own. According to Michaux, when he travelled this new world more than a century ago, it is "Nature's noblest vegetable." It combines grace and strength as no other tree. How delicate the tracery of its branches against the sky! In late March each little twig becomes weighted with tiny flowers, and a new sky effect is produced. To many a person, New England born and reared, elms in bloom take them back to the spring mornings in church in the days of childhood, when they heard a dull sermon and bluebirds, while the flowering elm sprays swung against the high windows. The personal charm of many of our villages is due to the presence of elms. Remove them and the village has lost its peculiar personality. This tree seems to personify the village life of earlier days, and breathe the home life of a century ago.

The white pine lives by the number five. Five needles in a bundle and five buds around the terminal bud on the leading branches. Though not all of these develop into branches, most of them do, and give the whorled appearance to the tree. Of evergreen trees its color is the lightest and its outline the most soft. When the first mantle of snow falls upon the earth at the close of the year the tree suggests warmth and comfort to us, a sort of soft green blanket in which our thoughts nestle, as do the birds when winter storms rage. As this tree passes maturity it takes on very picturesque shapes and no tree then adds a greater charm to the landscape.

The sugar maple is the tree of New England farm life. More barns and sheds are sheltered by this tree than by any other. Its sugar-bearing sap has brought it into the domestic circle. But consider for a moment its outline, the most perfect oval outline of any tree, kept in this form by the disposition of its many smooth slender erect branches, and the arrangement of its smooth leaves, and their proportions in relation to the whole tree. Summer or winter, there is a particular esthetic satisfaction in beholding its outline. We accord to it the same admiration as to a properly turned vase or sonnet.

Three times a year the red maple shouts in the forest. With a background of hemlock or white pine on an open hillside she is the Stentor of the forest. In April she glows in crimson and scarlet flowers; in June the crimson and scarlet fruits burn as strongly, though more hidden by the foliage; and again in October all the color gathered through the year is thrown forth lavishly in the foliage. She is the color-bearer of the forest.

Since time immemorial the oak has typified strength. Look at that aged white oak standing alone on that little knoll and you will see why. Massive is the only word that describes its framework; stability is signified in its position. Its trunk is sturdy, but marvel at the reach of those horizontal branches that stretch widely outward from the solid base. Better when the leafy canopy is fallen do we feel the force of its personality, as the snows of winter swirl about it, but look again when contented cows stand beneath it on an August afternoon and see if its call is not still clear within you.

Quite distinct from the oak in its attributes is the canoe birch at the edge of the woods. Its gleaming white trunk attracts our eye and admiration at once, but follow it upward to the infinitude of small branches each stretching upward. It is a veritable wand of enchantment and as it sways slowly in the wind its motions are the most graceful of all trees. Surely it too, or even more than the white birch of Europe, deserves to be called, "the lady of the woods." One tree alone in the woods is a veritable wood nymph, but a grove of them—a whole array of ghostly presences is about us.

The aspen poplar represents restlessness and excitability. 'Tis thought that "poplar" and "people" are related words, because of the common failing of perennial discontent and uprising easily induced in the populace in the days when kings ruled by divine right. The poplar can by its eternal rattle disturb my thoughts; but then I laugh, for it is only a harmless excitement and each leaf keeps merrily at it as if working on a wager. They are jolly and not at all angry.

What tree lover bewails the fact that we cannot grow the columnar cypress of Italy or the spreading cedar of Lebanon? We have both in our own red cedar. Our rocky barren pastures have a stately dignity all their own, a beauty of spirit, though no grass grows for the cows, because of these spire-like cedar columns planted as if by angels. An incense breathes from their foliage that belongs only to houses sacred to prayer. Where no food grows for the body is abundant food for the spirit. And upon wind-swept promontories where the elements flatten and twist the branches to horizontal lines, from every rugged tip pours out an emanation from the spirit of the universe, a sort of signal message to us to open our hearts to the glory of our world and its activities.

There is something exciting in a grove of beeches. I know not whether it is the regularity and polish of the smooth ash-gray trunks, the delicate spray of limb and twig, or the even rustling carpet of soft brown leaves below and the absence of all undergrowth. Whatever it is, when I enter a beechen wood I feel that something is about to happen. Cutting initials in tree-trunks is not wholly a mark of vandalism; it harks back to the ancient times when men inscribed characters in stone or wood, usually for religious purposes. The smooth trunk of the beech is a temptation; but it is hardly to be supposed that the heedless youth that disfigured these trees approached his tablet with serious and reverent purpose.

Many other trees are there which have special messages for us. The ash has the most beautiful bark of all trees, the buttonwood or plane-tree the most unusual. The shagbark hickory always wears its covering of bark in tatters, while the blue beech affects muscle-like ridges. There are all sorts of individual characters to our trees, even the common ones, of bark, trunk, twig, branch, leaf, flower, fruit, or habit of growth that always are interesting, curious, fascinating, a library of knowledge, and well worth our study even though they speak not to our hearts but only to our minds. Go out into the fields and see what grows there.

I would speak the praises of but one other tree, the apple, symbol of our civilization. Though unknown to Adam (some other fruit is intended as the tree of life) it has been the companion of the Caucasian race longer than history can chronicle. Its rugged irregular shape stands outlined against our picture of our home, and its promise in blossom and fulfillment in fruit are enshrined among our most cherished memories.

The Druids worshipped the oak; it was an essential part of their religion. The Greeks and Romans reverently kept up in regard to certain trees customs that we no longer know, save as they are preserved in literature. To the dweller of the coral islands of the Pacific the cocoa palm is the emblem of life, for all wants of life are supplied by it. In every age toward certain trees a reverence was not lacking. Pliny says that the first temples were groves of trees. These sacred trees were often planted, particularly near the temples. The laurel was the emblem of Apollo, the myrtle of Venus, the poplar of Hercules, the oak of Jupiter, the pine of Cybele, and the olive of Minerva. Wherever grown, these trees had a special significance, quite apart from their purpose as forest or shade trees, that other kinds of trees had not. We can't worship our trees today, but may we not find in them a symbolism, a meaning not obvious at first?

In the history of nations trees have played their part, and they form many a monument to the stirring events when the wheels of progress moved forward. Every civilized land has its equivalent to Charter Oak and Washington Elm, for many noble trees have been silent witnesses to scenes where men have stood forth to show their manhood.

In poetry and in all literature trees have occupied a very large place, both as subjects for literary effort and for sympathy of the readers. But this study can best be left for library research on winter evenings; just now let us acquaint ourselves with the living trees.

Trees have greatly influenced individuals. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was a particular friend of trees and measured all the large ones of New England; he used to get out of his carriage to touch them. John Muir has given us the biography of many of the giants of the Sierras.

> What a thought that was when God thought of a tree!
>
> —John Ruskin

> A fine tree, in the fulness of its development, most fully realizes our idea of beauty in an inanimate being.
>
> —Edouard André

Whether as individuals or as a forest growth, trees touch our lives in more ways than would at first appear. They form the living portion of most of our views out-of-doors. In the background of a landscape the skyline is by far the most important feature. Unless there are hills or broad stretches of water, then trees are the essential factor. See how often trees are shown in the most admired pictures from the hand of landscape painters. Count the homes you pass on the rural trolley and see how every pleasing one is supported by trees. They serve a need in our moral and esthetic natures, a need that they alone can satisfy. They were not formed for themselves alone, nor for idle show. A group of trees has a definite esthetic purpose to serve in the landscape, a part of its value depends on local conditions, and the rest upon a complexity of factors, as will be seen from a reading of this chapter.

Why trees affect me I do not know, how they affect me I am not always sure, but the fact that their presence does mean something to me makes me hunger to feel them more. When I meet an unusually large or perfect tree in my walks I have an uncontrollable desire to put my hands upon its trunk and touch its leaves with my fingers, just as I like to shake hands with my friends. The meeting gives me a distinct feeling of pleasure; something comes to me from outside my own personality, similar in kind to the inspiration I get when I encounter a kindred spirit on the street.

Trees should be preserved in the landscape, not only for their forest products and influence upon our physical being, but because they do serve these greater needs also. There is much false sentiment against cutting down trees, though it is far easier to cut one down than to grow one. A street may even be turned from a straight course, or even made less useful as a route of travel to save a fine old tree. How should we ponder long and carefully as we reach for the axe! Yet trees have their maturity as well as men, and at length must go the road of all things whose work is over and rest is earned.

Trees suggest comfort, physical and spiritual to the human mind. Their value, unconscious to most of us, is far greater than words can measure. As we watch their simple purposeful outlines our thoughts are among the most precious that men can have. And if our lives grow daily and yearly as grows the tree, then our work shall be deemed well done. The most personal of the revelations of Nature to man are told in the evening symphony of a pine-tree, or the hymn of the oak leaves as called forth by the wind that presages the dawn. Let us go forth into the edge of the forest or sit beneath the shelter of some noble tree by the roadside, whatever the hour or season, and as we look upward at the spreading canopy, if our heart be receptive, a great peace and control will be ours, one that Nature gives us through her trees.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

Woodman, spare that tree,
  Touch not a single bough,
In youth it sheltered me
  And I'll protect it now.
It was my father's hand
  That placed it by his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
  Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
  Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea—
  And would'st thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
  Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak
  Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
  I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
  Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
  My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
  But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
  Close as thy bark, old friend;
Here shall the wild-bird sing,
  And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
  And woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save
  Thy axe shall harm it not.

—George Pope Morris

DECEMBER

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
A spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their Great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes in every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark celestial ball;
What though no real voice or sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is Divine."

—*Nature* by Joseph Addison

CLOUDS. ARNOLD ARBORETUM

CHAPTER X

THE SKY AND STARS

The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork.

—Psalm 19:1

"Let there be light; and there was light."

Of all features of the universe light is by far the most wonderful; we can explain it, but do not understand it. Common it is, and yet ever a marvel whenever we stop to think of it. It is the source of all motion and of all life; it becomes the symbol of life itself. Without it the world about us and we ourselves are nothing.

Just as did our savage ancestors we turn our eyes to the sun as the source of all light; still do we feel the might of his presence. The products of civilization are but feeble efforts after all; deep within us we are still children of the sun, though masked by centuries of the outer veneer of our progress. It was but natural for man in the early dawn of his intelligence to worship the sun as his creator; that point of view was a great advance over the purely animal instinct that led him to seek light and bask in the warmth of the sun. So, too, the worship of the sun itself as a deity has passed away from civilized minds on this earth, save in history and national emblems. The sun worshippers are now the unenlightened remnants of older races of mankind, doomed finally to pass away when all peoples of the earth shall have become one in spirit.

We can't turn even to the sun as Phoebus Apollo crossing the heavens in a golden chariot, for we know the lord of day with our intelligence only and not with our hearts. Science has investigated him, and our minds in part can compass him.

The moon, too, as queen of night, has lost her ancient prestige as a divinity, though her paler reflected light still casts a glamor over the souls of men. There is still mystery about the moon, though not as Daughter of the Night or the goddess Diana. As a source of pure beauty in the landscape at night she still keeps her honored place.

> And forever, and forever,
> As long as the rivers flow,
> As long as the heart has passions,
> As long as life has woe;
>
> The moon and its broken reflections,
> And its shadows shall appear;
> As a symbol of love in heaven,
> And its wavering image here.
> —Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The Persian and the Jap still keep the emblem of the sun on their national coat of arms. The sun well may be honored still, more with our minds and less with our hearts. Though the ingenuity of man has accomplished much, the sun still is the first spring whence comes all our physical life. Man merely harnesses his powers. Not only do heat and light, but wind, rain, electricity, and all atmospheric phenomena take their source direct from him. The nebular hypothesis of the astronomer makes the sun the source not only of our physical life, but of all matter in our earth and the solar system. Small wonder that he is worthy of our respect and admiration.

Tides are due mostly to the moon, gravity to the earth itself, and we have not yet learned to harness these; but the practical source of all mechanical power is the sun, from wind or falling water, or steam or electric power, since these come from the combustion of carbon which was once living plant, fostered by the light and heat of the sun. Our food, our clothing, as well as all plant and animal life, are products of the works of the sun. Without sunlight and its gentle heat no fixation of chlorophyll (the making of green matter in leaves) could take place; when plant growth ceases, animal life must cease also. The sea is more nearly self-supporting than the land, but without the sun's rays there would be no motion in the waters, but stagnation, the microscopic plant and animal life would cease, and the waters solidify to the bottom.

One of the oldest prayers that has come down to us as a heritage of the Aryan race is that repeated by the Brahmin as he stands adoring the rising sun: "Let me meditate on the desirable light of the divine Sun; may he rouse our minds."

Light is one of our greatest necessities and blessings. Without it we would be nothing. The plague of darkness was the worst affliction that fell on the peoples of Egypt. So accustomed are we to its daily appearance that we think nothing of it. Let us be thankful each morning for clear bright sunlight, and allow it to pour into us physically and spiritually. Light is the universal emblem of hope, life, purity. How often the word appears in the Bible! Thus is shown how great an impression subjectively light made upon even the early peoples.

> Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
>   The bridal of the earth and sky,
> The dews shall weep thy fall at night;
>   For thou must die.
>
> —George Herbert

No discovery greater in its effect on the advance of thought in the human race can be found through the centuries than that which gave us our knowledge of the solar system and its relation to the universe. What before had been all mystery and blind Providence now became intelligence and Divine Law. Not only our mental attitude toward the universe was changed, but our religious and esthetic natures took on a new outlook. The world was made over before us.

All this is a matter of history, not only of science, but of nations. Today the schoolboy accepts facts that once shocked mankind. Since the days of Ptolemy the earth has no longer been the center of the universe, and created solely for the benefit of man; and philosophies that were once complete and fixed have been made over again. We know today that only in a sense was the earth created for man, that he does not own it by right, and that his philosophies have only dimly begun to get glimpses of the reasons for the earth's being.

The fact that this earth is round; that it moves round the sun in its appointed orbit, accompanied by its companion the moon; that several other planets, larger or smaller than ours, move in similar circles also; that this combination known as the solar system is but one of many uncounted systems, of which each star we see is the center—all this and more is the common knowledge today of astronomy. Anyone can soon understand the outline of these facts; it is on the moral and ultimate significance of it all that science can give us no help. We understand the machinery of the universe today, there is no ancient superstition about it, though we carry with us much of the old lumber of beliefs of our early civilization. We have lost the old point of view of blind belief that the universe was a casual spontaneous event, but know that it came slowly as the result of intelligence and law, forces that existed always and will be eternal. There is no more credence given to chance; all is Divine Cause.

So, science and philosophy, after a period of dissension and readjustment, have joined hands to make evident the way in which all these worlds have come into existence, and the great word "evolution" was given us. We have learned that change itself is law, and that this law applies to all of Nature's activities, whether on this world or others. Science and religion, each admitting that it exacted too much and was too ready to condemn the other, have become reconciled and together are leading mankind forward again. To our minds and to our hearts the universe can never be the same as to our parents of other centuries. Wonderful the interpretation we have now given to us! Gone much of the old glamor of the elements, yet greater the meanings and beauties for us today, and still more intimate the relationship of man in the future.

Though a knowledge of astronomy is not necessary for us to get messages from the universe, in order to understand them in a way helpful to us today we should know something of its movements. In school we learned that the sun does not move insofar as the earth is concerned, but remains fixed in space as a result of laws that govern heavenly bodies; that this round earth of ours turns every twenty-four hours upon itself using its north-south axis as a pivot. Day and night are very simple in reality; sometimes we see the sun upon us, and in turn we are on the side of the earth away from it. From this simple arrangement come light and darkness, heat and cold, time, tide, wind, weather, and other daily phenomena that are complex in their workings. We further know by faith and by proof that our earth moves in a vast circle, a journey of 365 days, with the sun as a center. Thus arise our seasons and the attendant modifications of our daily portions. This again is simple in plan, but with minor variations making altogether far too complex a result for the ordinary observer to care to follow. You may study this as much or as little as you please, you will enjoy the sky as much, but to be at all intelligent as to what the earth is doing you must know the main outline of her schedule of movements.

We have passed through comet's tails before and nothing serious happened. If our earth were to advertise as a public carrier she could well say: "Millions of years in public service, and not an accident yet. The rolling stock was never in a better condition." We can trust the Engineer; He knows the road better than we. Not infrequently the newspapers give us comet scares; but we don't take them as seriously as did our parents of a few centuries ago.

If you can learn to pick out the "fixed stars," the planets—Mars, Jupiter, Venus, and others—and see how they go across the sky in the same path as do the sun and moon, when the actual relations of the parts of our system are made known to you by study, then new wonder, awe, and beauty will the night sky bring to you. Then something more than mere points of light are revealed.

The stars that sparkle all over the sky at night come in for speculation. We can imagine that some are nearer than others, by how much actually we do not care. They serve a purpose of their own other than as things for us to look at. We know that the sun is millions of miles away (some 93 of them we are told) and when we can believe that in 500 seconds a beam of light can come from it to earth we get a grasp on the wonderful rapidity of light. And starlight has the same speed as sunlight—what can we say when we are told that it takes years, about four years, for the nearest, Alpha Centauri, and even as long as twenty-five thousand years or more in the case of very distant stars, for a beam of their light to reach us; that some stars whose light is still coming to us no longer are perhaps existing though their light still comes to us; that did we stand upon one of these remote suns as many more stars might be revealed in the space beyond in the heavens—what meaning have these things to mortal mind? Space and time are too vast for our mortal senses to compass. The more we study the heavens the greater our awe and astonishment. What was not too complex to early Christian peoples has opened out to an infinite horizon.

Astronomers tell us that worlds are being made and unmade in the heavens around us. By reason of logic they have maintained, and found considerable proof also, that our solar system was once merely finely broken dust filling a vast space even beyond the present path of our outermost planet, Neptune. By the workings of Law which still sways us, this matter became sun, earth, planets and moons, each plastic at first, then spherical, evolving through countless ages to their present state, and with countless ages of development yet in store for them. No two are exactly alike in any feature, yet all show allegiance to certain fixed laws, and slowly are fulfilling their destiny. To grasp this idea read what the scientists call the nebular hypothesis, getting only the main outline and disregarding the minor differences of scientific opinion. The planets then have a new meaning; some have had our planetary experience and have developed further, others of our neighbors are yet younger than earth, and we can see what once she was. All this once evoked a storm of dissension and abuse from Christian believers, but no longer; we see God in this creation more clearly than before. The Law that made our worlds is the Hand of God Itself. This faith is no more a contradiction of Genesis than are the discoveries of botany a refutation of the assertion that the lilies neither toil nor spin. Knowledge ever reaches onward, and wisdom follows as fast as human astonishment can allow.

One more astronomical discovery, and we shall leave science to look ahead for us further. Our system of sun, earth-planets and their moons, to which we have at last become adjusted in this new relation, is not fixed in space. The whole system as a unit is speeding at a great rate through the spaces between other star systems. Whence it came we know not, whither it is going is not revealed (the direction is the constellation Hercules), yet there is no shock or jar. For uncounted centuries we have travelled safely, for equally unknown ages shall we still go forward. There is no rest in the universe, yet no danger. All is motion, law and order, a gigantic machinery without jar or sound. The Power that directs it keeps it; and beyond the grasp of our finite little minds the awful Infinite of time, space, and causation works ever. Only our little faiths keep us in touch with It.

It was but natural for the ancient prophets and augurs to consult the heavens when seeking inspiration to guide their steps; much could they find there to help them; they made capital from fortunate eclipses and conjunctions. The wise farmer and sailor still get their warnings from the sky today. But when this study of the heavenly bodies became a false science, and soothsayers and false prophets gave fictitious meanings to mislead the populace, or later witchcraft and astrology were believed in their teachings as actual motives for action, then indeed did the heavens become a menace. The dark ages of our history are full of the misleading services of the starry heavens. Their messages were more a curse than a blessing to mankind. They made the pages of history blacker. Even the Church was not free from their false teachings; the activities of the ordinary individual were wholly under its guidance; what could be expected of the state and society? We are no longer ruled as individuals or society directly by conjunctions, appositions, or other astral coincidences. I even like the new moon over my left shoulder. Let us thank science for this great freedom.

Wonderfully interesting it is and helpful in understanding our attitude toward the universe today to read backward in the history of the race, to the time when modern astronomy had its beginnings and seekers of truth endured all persecutions; when the older cult of astrology bore so powerful an influence on mankind; when it in its turn came but as a slow development of a mythology that endowed each of the heavenly bodies or groups with a personality that watched over mankind; back at last to those dim beginnings where the human mind first took upon itself to explain what nightly showed itself in the heavens, silently and in changeless order. The wonderful progress of mankind is revealed in this telling; from terror to awe; through a divided understanding to a plausible theory; and again from a new point of view to a new lifting of the curtain and a more certain look at the worlds upon worlds before us. The wonder grows with the ages; the more that becomes explained in the heavens the wider the field of discovery reaches.

Can we ever hope to compass but a part of the field of truth before us? We smile as we read of the child-like fancies of peoples early in their development; they sought for truth and found answers that were intelligible to them. The man in the moon is no modern personage; it may have been the warrior's grandmother that old Nokomis knew. Those explanations were very real and vital once; so too were the sky divinities Diana and Apollo with their assistants; their work was none the less important whether the agents were personified or not. The sun always returned in the morning, however it was ferried back from the West. Whatever held up the sky did its work well. Heavenly omens, hoary with antiquity, had by their very nature a great value; and many of these are descended to us both from real and false prophets. We are still willing to believe much that we know is not true; we let the phases of the moon guide us through our activities, when we know that the real job for the moon is the tide, and possibly the weather indirectly through the same attraction; she has no personal interest in any of us.

Thunder in the morning,
  Sailors take a warning;
Thunder at night
  Sailors' delight.

Evening red and morning gray
  Send the traveller on his way;

Evening gray and morning red
  Shower down rain on the traveller's head.

Most of our superstitions today in regard to the actions of the heavenly bodies in relation to us are concerned with the weather. As the new science of meteorology is yet in its infancy we can believe them or laugh at them. The list of these beliefs is long, from the sensible to the nonsensical; but be assured that they are due to have a sifting. A circle around the moon at night may indicate a storm within as many days as there are stars inside the circle, but the moon is not responsible for the warning; the cause is a condition of the atmosphere as to water vapor contents perhaps only a mile above us. Sunspots no longer predict war among mankind, but show interior activities in the sun itself; "sundogs" in the west are due to electrical or other atmospheric conditions, there will be no occasion to consult your undertaker on their account. The aurora borealis is surely electrical in its origin, how we cannot yet say. As we free our minds and study more closely these partial explanations they will give way to a more complete understanding of the ways of our atmosphere. The weather student has plenty to do, and deserves all encouragement. Since we know that wind, cloud, rain, hail, vapor, and all the rest do not happen arbitrarily, but in consequence of fixed laws, their sure prediction is but a question of time. In the complexity of their movements lies their difficulty.

We have the rainbow pretty well discovered as to cause; any child with a dipper of water on a sunny day can make a miniature one. We have some ideas about the formation of color that seem for the present to be satisfactory. Even of late we have a theory as to why the rainbow has always been a symbol of promise, and mentioned in sacred history only after the flood. Putting together the Biblical narrative and the hypotheses of science as to the early stages of earth, we can see that very possibly long after the advent of man the sun did not shine from a cloudless sky as today, but always through a rather dense fog or low clouds somewhat as through our summer sea-fogs, or after the fashion in London. Plants and animals would thrive under such conditions, for there was light, heat, and moisture in plenty, a hothouse state of affairs that fostered the growth of giant animals and coal-forming plants. Further, whence came the great volume of flood water, except from the breaking of earth's watery envelope? Fallen the greater part of the water vapor of the air, behold the bright sun and the first rainbow through the last falling drops! And any day now under right conditions, the performance is repeated on a smaller scale when an unusual gathering of water vapor falls earthward across the sun's rays. We shall probably be able to add to this explanation some century hence; but today it explains the Divine Promise to us and makes itself more divine than ever. We do not explain the beauty of the rainbow, for beauty is to be enjoyed and is not a subject for explanation; neither is the pot of gold at its end.

So we can watch cloud forms rise and disappear without knowing a bit of meteorology. The most famed of cloud paintings were laid on by the artists' brush when the relation of moisture, temperature and dust in the air were unthought-of. The afternoon sun, streaming through rifts in the clouds, makes long radiating lines of light—the sun "is drawing water." Maybe, for it is always doing that invisibly, but I can make the same effect in a smaller way any day by stirring up the dust in my room while the sun shines through a hole in the drawn curtain. To know that the sun is merely shining on the dust in the air does not help me to feel the beauty of the sight, and does rob it of some of its poetry; still there is no need of my persistently seeing water ascend.

Again, I make a small cloud every time I take a breath when out of doors on a frosty morning, a bigger one when

I throw open the door of the laundry room when hot water has been splashing; the clouds from the steam engine are as real as any the sun ever made. But I want to forget all that, and ignore the why of it all when I lie on my back in the meadow some autumn noonday or watch the mountain peaks push through cloud rifts in misty April. Much of this knowledge is more of a hindrance than a help. I don't care to remember the names of the different kinds of clouds; it may be well to know them, but it is more necessary to know their distinctive forms. The low dark nimbus is coming rain; the cirrus and stratus clouds are formed in high air currents; the high piled masses of cumulus are due to local areas of sudden low temperatures; and then there are many intergradations of forms. I would advise you to know a little about them, for things must have names; and to know their ways is always interesting and to a certain extent helpful. Only don't search for causes so deeply that you forget to enjoy the clouds themselves.

> I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
> And the nursling of the sky;
> I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores,
> I change, but I cannot die.
> —*The Cloud,* by Percy Bysshe Shelley

What more can excite our admiration and pleasure than the piled up masses of cloud announcing the coming of a thunderstorm in summer? From "a cloud no bigger than a man's hand" what wonders can evolve almost as by magic! But then it is magic, and more real than any that man ever produced. And if a man says he understands its secrets fully, how wise beyond his generation he must be! Oh! the gradations of color—or rather of the negative values of black and white, relieved by gold touches of the sun and later by the orange of lightning flashes! No man-made panorama ever approached it in splendor, yet it is free for the observer on many a summer's day.

Clouds there are with us nearly always; various their positions, shapes, and motions. Each season of the year has its characteristic sky conditions, every day the sky spectacle changes, and hourly the scene shifts gradually from one combination to another. Wonderful the arts of the Great Scene Maker! Certain characters we have come to associate with the various seasons of the year, as the dull dun-colored sky of early winter, the soft near arch of misty April, the dusty blue distances of August, and the calm clear sky reaches of October. Every sky effect we may unconsciously compare with our notion of what is typical for that time of the year. However sure we may be of what the sky will show before the day is over, Nature has ever a surprise ready for us. In that fact is one great charm of the sky: we cannot foretell what the pictures the next hours will bring us. The light, as filtered through the ever-changing atmosphere, gives the softer, more delicate color values that the ordinary observer rarely heeds, and only the eye of the artist can appreciate. Most of us think of the sky panorama as made up of cloud arrangements, for here the genius of the heavens shows her handiwork on the most magnificent scale.

I can sit for hours watching the glorious arch above me, it may be while knee-deep in the snows of January, looking through leafy branches in June, or gazing out over the hills in autumn's golden haze. It makes no difference the day or the weather, the spectacle is ever interesting and wonderful; eagerly I watch it without knowing why. A Presence that is with me always, One that I am prone to forget, seems to be swelling within me, and nearer am I then to my goal which seems somehow to be in that great yonder. Among nearly all peoples the happy lands of the future seem to be associated with the sky. Heaven is above us.

It may be that the zenith is a clear blue—no cloud, no haze, no shadings of any kind, save where the great ball of fire is riding. How wonderful is the sky in that mood;

as Kingsley says, "The deep blue sky is the still great smile of God!" In an infinite reach of distance the blue vault stretches away from my vision, the greatest, the most magnificent monotone the world can show. Scientists can tell us what there is in that depth of blueness, the worlds that lie beyond in space; they can explain the blue of the sky itself, but that interests me only in passing. What do I care about the causes of the diffusion of light when I am enjoying its effects? In these vast blue reaches I can see as in a crystal sphere the revelations of sublime mysteries which my human spirit cannot compass, and feel in my heart a nearness of that Mystery brooding close over us all. Though awful in its sublimity, the blue sky is very human, or rather more than human, for though it reaches down to humanity it has no human weakness.

The clear blue of the heavens has no seasonal calendar, it may be expected in temperate zones at any day of the year; but certain regions are more consistently favored than others. We hear a great deal of the blue sky of Italy and its impression on the most heedless; the pitiless glare of the sun over the deserts; the sunny skies of California; the cold mists of the North Atlantic. These are but atmospheric phases, they do not affect the Great Presence beyond it all. People living in and near great cities are forbidden by circumstances to see the blue sky in all its purity; the smoke and dust of civilization are seemingly the price we have to pay for progress. We are told that the ancients could not distinguish blue. I wonder how the blue of the sky appealed to them.

Watching the deep intensities of the blue distances a new factor appears on the scene—a white mass of vapor. Immediately it becomes a center of interest. I know somewhat the causes of its appearance; contending air currents of different temperatures have caused a condensation of water vapor, but that is not the fact of importance. I watch it grow and move and my imagination goes on a journey with it. First it may be a lion, prowling alone on the desert; slowly the mane shifts to a hump; surely it is more like a camel, but the legs are too stout and the neck grows downward rather than upward; perhaps it is a kind of camelephant, and will be an elephant soon; for the next mysterious transformations I can but watch. Other smaller clouds appear, taking "all shapes from Máh to Máhi"; the big mass is split up into a whole menagerie by the wind—bears, two dogs, an overgrown rabbit and others of their kin; or it may be a ship under full sail with birds and fishes about it, all moving madly toward a range of mountains with hills, valleys, trees, and even houses and peoples. Whole landscapes may be laid out before our eyes and we may argue violently with our companions as to what some forms represent. Their shadows as they follow one another across the meadows beneath them make another delight to me.

I am afraid that I can't see the menagerie I once enjoyed; that is one of the penalties of being grown up. I can still lie on the grass and watch them, but too often they do not enter into my thinking, or else serve only as centers round which to fix my thoughts. I watch them far too idly to get any real enjoyment out of them; would that these fancies could come back to me again.

These pictures are made by piled masses of white cloud which often develop on a warm summer afternoon, though we may have them at nearly any time of the year. I know that they are only the indications of the meeting of air currents lazily crossing the sky, and have but little effect on the weather, unless they develop power enough to bring a brief wind and a cooler evening air, or become charged with potential electrical energy and give us a thunderstorm.

If such be the case our animals soon become obliterated and angry piled-up masses of shadowy mountain or fields of glistening ice mount upward and hide the sun. The light may strike their crests from behind, flooding them with rose and gold, while all below is slaty gray or even affects the blackness of night. Surely no spectacle can be more awful in its sublimity, no mere terms of beauty or art expression can compass it. Grander it is than any production of the mind of man; as a spectacle of color and motion it is rivalled only by the open sea in storm.

As yet there is no display of electricity, but at last come vivid pyrotechnic flashes, low down at first, and accompanied by low rumbles of thunder, which take on a louder tone and more varied range as the electric discharges become nearer to us overhead. A cool wind rustles through the fields; it increases its note, accompanied by the sharp rattle of raindrops. But a short hour and the storm has passed, the sun shines serenely again, and Nature breathes audibly about us as if emerging refreshed from a bath. Wonderful the spectacle, to be enjoyed or ignored scores of times every year, comparable in many of its effects to some of the activities of man, but far grander than them all as a scenic production.

Many of us, when the lightning flashes are near and frequent, and thunder rolls like the cannonade of heavy musketry, betake ourselves back a few thousand years and shiver in fear; perhaps trying to hide from sight and sound. Even animals shrink and run for cover. The dread of thunder is one of the oldest and last of Nature fears to yield to the research of man. Franklin labeled the lightning for us; it is our friend of the trolley car and electric light. We guess how it is made and what it will do; though we can't pretend to know what it is, at least we need not fear it. We don't have the same reason for fear as did our progenitors; we know that no angered deity is slaying in wrath, but that merely some of Nature's forces are seeking a balance, in a natural way, somewhat powerfully of course, and in a way to destroy life and property, but no more than do other forces, as wind, or fire, or flood.

It is just as safe to sit quietly and watch the thunderstorm rise, display its powers, and roll away in the distance, as it is to ride in a railway train or follow a procession. Certain things it is wise for us to avoid when the discharges to earth are near and frequent (many flashes are only from cloud to cloud). I'd keep away from the telephone, wire fences, and large metal objects in general, from large trees, rocky pastures, solitary buildings, and other possible conductors. Using common sense we are just as safe attending to our various duties or sitting contentedly on our piazza as if cowering under the bed in fear. Nature never intended to harm us, but rather to arouse our interest in her, and if we unthinkingly get in the way of her movements we may expect injury. Accidents due to carelessness happen every day.

Let us then ever look at the panorama of the thunderstorm as one of the evidences of the balancing of the forces about us, a phenomenon that existed before man was brought forth, and yet a spectacle that in all its aspects has outer beauties and hidden meanings for us all. Let us be thankful for every roll of thunder, both for the physical blessing that it brings to earth, but also for the insight we may get into the works of the Master Hand, whose servants these natural forces are. Be glad with a solemn awe when God is revealed in the lightning.

Now we can continue our cloud readings under other and more pleasant formations. We have all sorts of arrangements to look upon and marvel at, vast galleries of vapor sketches set before us every day, and often one superimposed above the other. Look upon them yourself and set your imagination free.

Every hour of the day has its light values due to changing conditions of the atmosphere. To even begin to catalogue them all it would be necessary to keep a diary of the sunlight and make hourly records with five-minute entries. Practically never will you find your pages duplicating one another, for though Nature repeats her endless cycle of effects she is too wise to be caught copying herself. We can't reduce her actions to schedule; we merely enjoy each moment as she brings it forth for us. So we won't try to enumerate all her possible ways of illuminating the landscape, but simply note some of her more obvious principles, and then we each can seek out her manifold variations for ourselves.

It is evident that as a rule light at mid-day is strongest, most penetrating, and casts the shortest shadow; it is then least pleasing in its effects. If you have used a camera out of doors you have certain data as to light intensity at the various hours of the day. You have observed that in our latitudes during the summer months that the mid-afternoon light is often much obscured by the dust that has arisen from the earth during the day; while the morning hours may be lighted but dimly through mists or banks of fog, though the sky overhead be clear. There are then no shadows, little difference in color intensities, as each natural feature takes on more nearly its own value evenly in all its parts—a monotony of light effect—but not so, for a silvery (morning) or golden (afternoon) radiance lies over hill and plain, an effulgence that is akin to the light of heaven. As I look over the familiar meadows I feel a benediction upon me, the near presence of a great happiness that is soon to be mine. The Divine Promise will be realized when I am ready to receive it.

If clouds veil the sun at mid-day the interest is more on the clouds than on the light that reaches earth, though every cloud is a varying light factor. From 8 a.m. to noon, and on to 4 p.m. on clear days we have then a general rise and decrease of sunlight, but though alike in kind and degree the effects upon the landscape of forenoon and afternoon light are not the same. The shadow arrangement makes all the difference; what was high light in the picture in the morning becomes background of shadow in the afternoon; and where the sun illumines brightest as it drops in the west will be coolest shade when it rises on the morrow. This familiar shifting of the pictures on the canvas never makes much impression on us as a rule, but if we watch closely we can soon learn to get great enjoyment from the changes, even if we are not artists in the perception of color values. We soon see that the shadow is as much a part of a natural object as its form, size, or color, and as its shadow shifts so does its interest become renewed. The relation of object and shadow has long had a moral and spiritual significance.

For my part I like the long disproportionate shadows of early morning or late afternoon, for these please my fancy. They don't tell me any true stories, but rather help to satisfy a seemingly natural desire within me to see things that are a little out of the natural.

Of the countless times that the sun has risen and set never twice is the spectacle the same. "What of that?" say the worldly-wise. A sunset will not fill my stomach nor satisfy the landlord. Why give it serious attention? Fortunately it has no direct cash value and is free to all. " 'Tis Heaven alone that is given away." It has far more worth than many things to which we give a fictitious value and strive to wrest from our fellows.

Countless millions of times the sun has made his daily course, untold millions of times will the spectacle be repeated, yet never in its risings or settings are two performances alike. Form and color of cloud, mist, temperature, wind, and other attendant features never give the same combinations as the main feature, and the scene changes every minute. Only Nature can sustain such a stupendous panorama and not exhaust her materials. These pictures I give you are but a dozen chosen out of unnumbered millions. Though year by year each season's sunsets have certain family resemblances, as spring skies differ from those of autumn, we are always sure of something new.

Most people are familiar with sunsets in a general way, for we are moving about and often glance at them involuntarily, then to be arrested by their splendor or solemnity. Civilized mortals rarely are up and about before the sun; those of us who are awake will usually be too occupied with the labors of the day to look in the eastern horizon. Our primal ancestors woke with the sun and birds and closed their labors with them; the ingenuity of their descendants has enabled them to disregard the sun's day and divide the days to suit their convenience or fancy. Sunrises are then omitted from the day's calendar for most of us; but he who arises on purpose to see the sun come up, if he be in a responsive mood, will see a scenic effect, whatever the month or weather, more magnificent and more inspiring than the most elaborate ever devised by man.

Sunrises are usually softer than sunsets; not often are there such brilliant colors, yet the soft pearl grays, pale pinks, and streamers of yellow, with valley mists below, are even more truly beautiful and pregnant with meaning—the birth of a new day.

Sunrise—November 26th

Clear the sky above, but irregular dense masses of pearl gray cloud about the horizon, lightly tinted with rose in the west, while the eastern bank is edged with silver. A soft silvery effulgence fills the eastern horizon, whitening the few stray wisps of cloud above. Brighter glows the east, like the glow from an immense furnace. It is now broad day, but the sun is not yet risen. In the center of a spot of glowing gold, like the path of the full moon upon the tide, the golden yellow orb creeps upward; all colors save gold vanish and clouds melt away. Another perfect day is ushered in.

Sunrise—November 28th

The eastern horizon is filled with a soft yellow glow that soon extends nearly to the zenith and as quickly fades to pale silvery gray. The whole phenomenon lasts but a short five minutes; not a cloud breaks the clear expanse of color. Silver gray becomes pearl gray, and a flush of pink then steals upward, but only for a few moments, and the fiery disc of the sun peeps over the hill. Very quietly the day has begun.

Sunrise—November 24th

A chill in the air that seems to indicate snow; no wind, and silence. Masses of cool gray cloud shut the horizon about, and are broken only overhead to show small ragged patches of blue. As yet nothing there is to show the approach of the lord of day, save cloud margins faintly flushed pink, and these equally numerous in all parts of the sky. The glory of the beginning of day is veiled from us, but we are sure that the clouds will vanish as the sun gets higher, and a rare autumn day be given to us.

Sunrise—October 28th

Cool, no wind or cloud. The whole heavens a deep clear blue. The eastern horizon shows a soft rose, lighter above, fading through palest yellow to soft gray. Higher up a few wisps of pearl-gray cloud serve to frame the east from the deep blue of the zenith—the retinue of attendants waiting for the rising of the master. He comes quickly. The soft rose becomes softer, the pearly tints vanish. Preceded by a few short rays of fiery orange the rim of the sum himself slips up above the horizon. Immediately all the soft colors vanish; rosy flush and pearly cloud are no more. Rapidly the flaming disc climbs upward, the yellow light pales even the blue of the heavens; day is fully on its way. Quickly, quietly, powerfully this day has been ushered in. As we stand in the chill frosty morning air, so quiet that not a crimson leaf stirs, subdued in our hearts by these calm movements of the elements, we breathe a silent prayer that this day of our lives may begin as serenely.

Sunrise—May 31st

Fully an hour before the scheduled appearance of the sun the whole east is lighted with long streamers of flaming red, low-lying clouds are dyed with it, and low on the horizon line the color becomes more and more intense. Slowly overhead the red fades to yellow, gradually the crimson below merges into rose, and the clouds above vanish as if by magic. Into a cloudless blue sky, overlaid with a wash of palest yellow, the enormous gibbous flaming globe of fire shoots upward. The early splendor of morning has quickly given way to the glowing realities of day.

Sunset—June 12th

The air still and slightly cool after a warm day. The sky a soft blue, the horizon misty, pale slaty-gray; not a cloud.

The west glows slightly, flushed with rose, deepest red only near the slow descending round disc of the sun. Save for the heat and lack of bird song one could imagine that the hour marked the beginning and not the close of a spring day.

Sunset—August 15th

Thin ragged pale gray wisps of fog-cloud irregularly over the heavens, lying in long horizontal streamers in the west. A glowing pink orb slips slowly down through a lane of fiery rose which soon becomes soft flesh pink as the sun disappears. This soon fades away altogether, leaving only a soft flush behind the thin gray veil. No wind at all, but a soft cool air which presages the nights of autumn. The twitter of a few sleepy birds and the incessant note of the crickets alone break the silence. The soft gray canopy, now lightly touched with pink, seems to be drawing nearer to us with its blessing of peace—and behold! in the east the pale full moon.

Sunset—November 2nd

A light breeze from the west with a chill to it that suggests snow, deep blue sky overhead veiled with loose masses of thin mother-of-pearl cloud. A long narrow bank of loose slaty cloud, firmer on its lower rim, lies low in the west, hiding the setting sun. A soft flesh-pink flush overspreads the western horizon, becoming nearly a white light above. The violet tones over hill and wood melt into this glow. The picture breathes peace and calm. Just before the rim of the woods cuts off the direct rays of the sun it slips from behind the cloud bank and sends forth a dazzling array of deep orange beams, while the disc itself remains a dazzling incandescent white, marked by a narrow bar of slate-gray cloud. Soon as it sinks the colors dissolve, the clouds melt away, and save for a few faint slaty bars there is no mark to show where it vanished. Deep blue sky, a few pearly wisps of vapor overhead, and the deep violet tones over hill and wood in all directions stretch equally. Soft and cool is the air, as one by one the stars appear.

Sunset—November 9th

Chill westerly wind, the sky a mass of pearl-gray cloud, soft pearl-gray in the east, hard blue-gray in the west. Low in the western sky a few lighter areas of soft yellow, with two or three denser spots of burnished gold. For a few moments the veiled sun shows an irregular patch of intense orange; then slipping down, the color changes from gold to pale yellow and to soft pink. A ruddy glow lingers in the breaks between the now steel-blue clouds until darkness veils all.

Sunset—November 16th

Still and cool—not a cloud visible; the sky a soft blue, in the west widely radiant with diffused yellow, while the enlarged sun disc, low on the horizon, glows deep golden yellow through the haze over the hills. It seems twice ordinary size. As you watch closely, getting it in range of a nearby group of trees, you can actually see it slip below the rim of the hills. When it is quite gone the golden light lingers, becoming replaced by soft pink, which in turn becomes deep rose and overspreads the whole western heavens long after the sun is gone. We might think it was rising again, had not our eyes seen the full globe silently, steadily dropping behind the world. Another day has passed, never to return; and as we watch the planets appear in the heavens we utter the thought that our day may end as peacefully.

Sunset—April 18th

A cool gentle breeze, broken gray clouds overhead. The west is veiled with a rising slaty-gray cloud in which the large sun-disc hangs—a ball of fire. No other color is shown. Slowly it sinks, becoming more and more obscured until near the horizon it is lost altogether and only the gray curtain remains.

Sunset—June 5th

Softest tints of lemon-yellow overlay the ultramarine-blue of the sky, while thin wisps of clouds show white or brighter yellow. A fiery oblate spheroid, too brilliant to be looked at for long by the human eye, hangs in front of a curtain of pale rose cloud. Near it seems, and more than twice its usual size. As earth rises to hide it, the deep orange of its radiance becomes glowing yellow with heavens of burnished copper. Soon it is hidden behind the hills and its fleeting rays are thrown back for a moment on the rosy screen; then the whole heavens, even to the eastern horizon, are lighted with streamers of pale pink and yellow, like brush strokes laid on by angels. These are of course only refracted rays falling on particles of dust and water vapor, but a hidden glory is revealed in these earthly materials for our reverent thought.

Sunset—June 7th

Layer upon layer of cool gray cloud covers the heavens, the broken ragged edges lying dark against a slaty-black curtain.

Low in the west irregular patches of silvery yellow, like burnished moonlight, filter in long pale streamers through thin portions of the curtain. Mountaintops of cloud are bathed in gold, while their reflection in the east glows dull rose. The golden light becomes focussed and intensified for a moment before it is hidden by ranks of cloud at the rim of the trees. The sun is gone before setting; no light marks the end of its day's journey.

Sunset—May 29th

A thin veil of ragged cloud mist, a diaphanous screen over the blue heavens, rises fan-like in the west. All is flooded by a silvery white light thrown out by a white incandescent sun-globe which is too brilliant to disclose its shape to the eye. It hangs suspended, like an enormous arc-light, brilliant, dazzling. As it dips from sight the horizon is faintly flushed with pale pink, but the sky above remains silvery gray until lost in the dusk of twilight.

Sunset—May 26th

A soft pearl-gray blanket of mist hangs the horizon around, with broken reaches of light in the east and high up in the west, each silvered from the light of day above. Through the thickening mists an irregular patch of reddish gold slips slowly downward—that marks the course of the sun. As it draws near the brim of the earth long level bars of cloud catch this diffused effulgence and make a ladder for the descent. More and more dense becomes the vapor curtain, until only a faint glow of gold remains behind the cloud bars. This is a sunset at sea.

> The night has a thousand eyes, and the day but one;
> Yet the light of the whole world dies with the setting sun.

And when the sun has dipped below the horizon how great a change comes over the face of Nature! Slowly and yet inevitably the simplest and yet most complete transformation in the landscape is given to us. Dusk is followed by twilight, and then darkness until dawn again. As the light of day fails us our sense of sight becomes useless and an entirely new world is ours to admire and study.

The natural attitude of mankind toward darkness seems to be that of fear. Dangers unknown that the sun has kept hidden become near our steps at night; while spirits of evil that could not endure the sun begin their harmful work when night steals down. This fear of physical and spiritual harm seems to be fostered by ignorance and lessened when minds are enlightened. It is one of the oldest of human fears, and strongest with primitive peoples. Its very antiquity and its hold upon the human race are shown by the many expressions which through the ages have shown the evil effects of darkness. In the Bible the words evil and darkness are practically of the same meaning.

We are led to suppose that in the Garden of Eden there was no danger to man from wild beasts at night. We readily see that while nocturnal carnivorous animals roamed the forests it was wise for man to stay within his home after the passing of the light of day. For the most of us civilized peoples today this danger is very remote; the only present dangers are from our fellowmen, and in some ways we live in the perils of the Dark Ages, however much man has invented. But Nature is harmless; the landscape has no traps for us after dark.

Of course lacking sight at night our other more alert senses cannot keep us from physical injury if we walk strange paths after dark, but Nature and her darkness cannot be blamed; night was made for rest and sleep for mortals, not as a time for their prowling around.

Robbed then of its physical terrors it would seem that its evil spirits—demons, sprites, witches, or whatever frightens you—would soon lose their personalities. In fact it is as easy to imagine the presence of friendly as of unfriendly spirits, and we do have beliefs in their friendly ministrations. But as you reason on the matter, why associate the darkness with the particular presence of any spirits? Since they have no physical perception of light and darkness how can they be more powerful at night?

The night then does not of itself bring danger; since it should not fill us with fear it sings with joy. We find first in it a great beauty, and from this beauty lessons for our spiritual guidance. Fortunately for us the night is not utter darkness, for total darkness implies stagnation of matter and spirit; there were other lights set to guide us as the sun sinks from sight. We never tire watching their first appearance each night in the heavens, from the brightest to the scarcely visible.

The sky at night is particularly beautiful in the cooler evenings of autumn when the atmosphere has dropped the dusts of summer. The midnight arch seems a deeper ebony than ever, and the pin points of light were never more brilliant.

Thomas Carlyle exclaims, "Why did not somebody teach me the constellations and make me at home in the starry heavens, which are always overhead, and which I don't half know to this day?"

We surely know more about the heavens today than did our forebears two hundred years ago; but do we feel their message as they did?

> Hitch your wagon to a star.
> —Ralph Waldo Emerson

The planets, especially Mars, Venus, and Jupiter, may be identified first; then Sirius, Arcturus, and other bright star fellows, the groups as Orion, the Great Bear, the Little Dipper, Cassiopaea, and many more, all with risings and settings with the pole star as the center of their orbits. As the smaller stars show forth they light up the heavens wonderfully, especially the band known as the Milky Way. You really should know many of them by name and location, for with the human eye we can discover a great deal unaided by a telescope. Think what the ancients found without the aid of a lens. Their fancy peopled the sky with animals and men, they marked out the signs of the zodiac, which mean nothing to us today. The telescope helps us to study the starry worlds, but it is little aid to our feeling for them. They fill the mind of the astronomer and philosopher, but may not touch upon his heart.

Let us sit and watch them as they spring forth in the vast dark arch above us. We would choose the clear cool nights of late autumn when their lights burn near and clear and sparkle in the dark background with a brightness and glory no pen nor brush in the hand of man can ever portray. As they are far removed from this earth, so too they seem far removed from things of this earth and to have a significance wholly spiritual. The light they cast upon us seems to have been filtered by the Divine Presence Itself. Since man emerged from beast he learned to turn his eyes upward at night and find comfort and inspiration there. These divine lights particularly symbolize hope and aspiration; they lead us powerfully onward to the highest that there is within us. As the Star led the shepherds long ago at the Nativity, so still do the stars guide our footsteps.

> The night is spiritual; how it hides all things secular, how it blots out the common and the wearisome, how it nourishes our sense of mystery, and the profound. It adds the transcendental, the immeasurable, to our world. It uncovers the Heavens, they have a new meaning when we have walked under them at night. I would not forget the debt we owe to the day; life itself, and all that sustains it, light and warmth, cloud and sun, brought us here and keep us here. The gifts of the night are less tangible; the night does not come with fruit and flowers, and bread and meat; it comes with stars and star-dust, with mystery and nirvana.
>
> —John Burroughs

The night then is wholly spiritual; in the softened light of stars and moon all earthly objects take on a new appearance, and are clothed in an atmosphere wholly foreign to their material aspects. Peace and rest come after the turmoil of the day, and a benediction is breathed over man and beasts and natural objects. The great glory in the heavens and on the earth bring a halt to human passions, and meditation and prayer follow. We live in a world of change—the stars abide forever; we turn our thoughts to the changeless. Pain and anger steal away, and comfort and forgiveness steal over us. As the sky above us is softened and glorified from the harsher light of day, so is the human heart made softer and more kindly toward its fellows. Why this should be so it is hard to say clearly, but the wonder of the moral influence of the night has always been known to us. May we ever seek to put our souls in its keeping. Let us be thankful for the coming of night; if we are ready its gifts are ever acceptable. Watch for the night and shadow. "For the night cometh."

Not all nights are alike; a full yellow moon, as the harvest moon and the hunter's moon of October and November, may give back to us almost the splendors of the day; a silvery crescent may ride swiftly past shining clouds; a scintillating host may spangle the vault above us or be nearly lost behind a curtain of clouds; a silence broken only by bird or insect may keep watch with the silence above; or dark storm clouds may be hurried across the heavens by a wind that sighs or moans in the treetops. There are no idle repetitions; every night is a new wonder for us, always with us, always ready with sympathy. As the hours glide on, with the first streaks of light of the morning comes the blessed assurance that our hopes were not in vain, that a new day and strength have been given to us.

The wonder of alternate day and night is always visible to us, however much we may be engrossed in our affairs. And from this sure procession of light and darkness have expressions of truth of deepest significance to the human heart been drawn. "The darkest hour is before the dawn"—a new sunrise is sure. Though each day is fleeting, light still remains.

Light is the positive blessing; we can be deprived of it only for a season, and during its absence are we to grow ready and able to receive it again. All spiritual help that comes to us is spoken of as light—there is no figure of speech more widely used in the Bible. Ere man's physical advent upon this earth it shone to greet him; with his passing beyond this material light will he be bathed in a brighter spiritual radiance. "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Light."

THE STARS

Without haste and without rest.

They glide upon their endless way,
Forever calm, forever bright;
No blind hurry, no delay,
Marks the daughters of the Night;
They follow in the track of Day,
In divine delight.

And, O, how still beneath the stars
The once wild, noisy earth doth lie!
As though she now forsook her jars,
And caught the quiet of the sky.
Pride sleeps, and Love (with all his scars)
In smiling dreams doth lie.

Shine on, sweet orbed Souls, for aye,
Forever calm, forever bright;
We ask not whither lies your way,
Nor whence ye came, nor what your light.
Be, still,—a dream throughout the day,
A blessing through the night!

—Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall)

JANUARY

Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag, wavering to and fro,
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow;
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow.
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

—John Greenleaf Whittier

WINTER IN ONE OF THE BOSTON PARKS. WARD POND.

CHAPTER XI

SNOW SCENES

He giveth snow like wool; He scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes.
—Psalm 147:16

With a light fall of snow the landscape most nearly resembles a scene in fairy-land. The transformation is almost as if by magic; and by magic is the change wrought. It may depart quickly, "like snow on the desert's dusty face," but the enchantment of it remains.

A landscape done all in white, with the blue of the sky lightened by its reflections, and only trees and bare rocks to give relief of shadow or soft colors! From the point of view of color effect no many-toned harmony of Nature's summer pictures can rival it. The easiest, quickest, and most effective way that Nature can change her canvas is by an hour of snow-fall; our most familiar scene will become practically unrecognizable, and another hour the warm sun may restore it again. When men can do such tricks as that the wonders of modern engineering will be but play.

Everything white—smoothly and evenly applied, yet with curious freaks and fancies that we recognize as genius strokes of the brush in Nature's own hand. The little ridges and hollows in the meadows are carefully preserved, even the grass-tufts given their proper elevation; or again in drifts all the lesser irregularities of the topography are obliterated and a level or undulating sea of white lies where before were roads and fences.

Plastered upon the tree-trunks as the flakes were driven on by the wind, weighting down the branches of all vegetation of field and forest, in a varying attempt to reduce all life and color to uniformity, nothing is spared from its load. Here a tree is bent low with its burden of flakes; a young tree broken and permanently deformed; another rears itself unharmed and scarcely touched by the white mantle;—even with this uniformity there is endless variety, as much variety as in the fairest landscape of summer, and yet how different!

SNOWFLAKES

Out of the bosom of the Air
Out of the folds of her garment shaken,
Over the woodlands brown and bare,
Over the harvest-fields forsaken,
Silent, and soft, and slow
Descends the snow.

Even as our cloudy fancies take
Sudden shapes in some divine expression,
Even as the troubled heart doth make
In the white countenance confession,
The troubled sky reveals
The grief it feels.

This is the poem of the air,
Slowly in silent syllables recorded;
This is the secret of despair,
Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,
Now whispered and revealed
To wood and field.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The Japanese look upon snow scenery as one of the great floral displays of the year; they make special effort to get in their miniature landscapes the effect of snow upon them, and a snow-clad garden is always regarded with the greatest pleasure.

What simplicity of perfection is revealed by a snow crystal! Large or small, always it is built on a plan of six, either of angles or points, but wonderfully varied as to details. It is sometimes almost impossible to find two flakes alike, for they range from the simple needle points or plain hexagons to the most fern-like branchings. Often in a storm it is hard to find perfect crystals as they fall partially melted or much frozen together. No more instructive lesson in the mechanical ingenuity of Nature can we take than to use a magnifying-glass upon some of the flakes as they fall. Your mind will be powerfully struck with the beauty of perfection, the classic symmetry, and the endless variety of forms. And how quickly they melt!

Snow clouds, too, are different usually from other clouds; as Emerson says, the storm is "announced." The peculiar grayish pallor of the zenith is due to the countless flakes slowly descending in mass toward earth, and as they envelop us and all the fields and woods in their mantle of white we are actually shrouded in a fallen cloud. The peculiar light comes from the cross reflections from the surface of every flake. The temperature too is changed, either warmer or cooler than that of a few hours before and having a decided tang to it that only the near presence of snow can give. Even birds and beasts feel it and hurry for shelter.

Who does not like to tramp the whitening fields whether the snow falls gently or whirled by a gale? A peculiar exhilaration that is mostly physical steals over us as we wade the drifts and peer through the maze of flakes. The exercise starts more than our physical blood circulating and the mighty wonder of the phenomenon finds a response in our hearts.

All the highways of travel are blocked; our feet make slow and painful progress in the yielding mass, but our souls rush on ahead over the vast white distances. No depth of snow can arrest the flight of our thoughts; rather, the more our feet are retarded the faster ahead will the visions lead us. And as the sun shines forth in splendor again too bright for our eyes, so our spirits become dazzled with the solemn brilliance of the spectacle and close upon themselves. The blue shadows cast by trees and houses show the unreality of our familiar world.

The delights of country sports in winter owe a great deal to things that are not physical. The exhilaration of the snowy landscape makes a mental impression as well, and a satisfaction in being a part of it is voiced in the happy shouts of sleigh parties and skaters.

It is not dignified for grown folks to make snow forts and throw snowballs at one another; but every time we go out in the snow we can do these things mentally, without exciting comment from our neighbors, and get much of the excitement of the real thing. Children like to play in the snow; their elders sit by the register and complain of the cold weather; which are the wiser?

Modern young folks, though they have better equipment, do not get as much joy from winter sports as did our forebears when they were young. A simple natural way of playing, a naïve freedom of movement, seems best to fit into the simplicity of the landscape. The mood of the summer landscape may call for elaborate preparations and ceremonies, but the genius of the snow fields laughs at petty restraints. We play with a spontaneous vigor that the snowdrifts encourage.

Oh! beneficent Mother Nature! under the cover of thy protecting snow do all thy children sleep soundly until the time of awakening. Peace and rest are the attributes of thy soft white covering as it lies about us on the fields and hills, though with a cold severity it is often laid down. Some of thy lives—man, beast, bird—must needs perish with the coming of the snow, for to Nature it is a crime to be unprepared for her seasonal changes, and the whirling flakes come down impartially on those ready for them and on those not. Like the coming of the tide or of darkness, the fall of the winter's snow is sure to come, but like also to the advent of our greatest joys we know not the hour thereof, and must be ready. Fair warning is always given us; ours it is to take heed and be able to receive it gladly.

Cold and white is the snow to be sure, and to many mortals its coldness is the more noticeable element. Their physical wants are not adjusted to the change; such people never get accustomed to the heat of summer, but complain about that in its season. As well fret because the leaves on the trees are green, or that water flows down hill instead of up. Would you have your snow served to you warmed? Why should we dictate to the Universe? Do you suppose that the Eskimo complains to his neighbor that the winter is severe and the snow cold? Not a bit of it; he knows that his life is full of physical hardships, now borne more easily, now pressing harsh upon him, but he frets not at the elements. In a warmer clime he would soon pine away, as much through a longing for the cold of his winters as for their severe beauty.

Emerson declares that winter scenery has as much to please the eye as has any season of the year.

> God makes sech nights, all white an' still,
> Fur'z you can look or listen;
> Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
> All silence an' all glisten.
>
> —James Russell Lowell

Again the frost king works wonders for us in his transformations of river and lake. What was dancing blue water becomes smooth blue-white ice, cold, motionless and expressionless, save as it reflects the lights from the sky above. It reaches before us, a rigid dead-level plain; the spirit of the waters is sealed. When a blanket of snow covers it, then land and water are all one. Save for trees, houses, and bare rocks the whole landscape becomes a glorified sky, blue-white below and deep blue above, relieved by clouds whiter than the snow itself.

The little brook that has been our companion all the season now withdraws within itself. It also has become motionless and silent, though we may hear the murmur of its waters below. Of a more than earthly beauty is the ice covering that holds it. Simple it is to the scientist, and common its appearance in our experience, but even the smallest particles of ice have a spiritual revelation of their own. Fixed form they have none, save as they are builded from needle-like crystals, each of itself having many of the qualities of the most precious jewels. Builded into masses, moulded by sun and wind and cold in turn, slowly becoming dull and wasted by day, restored again in their purity by night, from its very mechanical perfection it outranks any of the art creations of man in its wonder. Its spiritual beauty is beyond description in words. The light poured down upon it from above lends to it all the glories caught from Heaven. Whether a feathery tracing on the window pane or a sheet of solid ice upon the rivers, its beauty and glory are its own. And in this beauty it half reveals its purpose in the inscrutable wisdom of Mother Nature.

But snow and ice do more than bring quiet and immovability to the landscape. They conserve the very elements that make for its later life, not only as a warm blanket to protect life during the season of cold, but in this very covering are stored all the waters brought up from the ocean in the winter season to be released again for their return journey when the time comes for life to break again from its sleep. Wonderful the economy of all-wise Nature, the snow covering that halts her activities conserves also the element that gives them movement again. While rivers are locked in ice and snow, are the pent-up forces, physical and vital, gathering their balance and a momentum to carry life forward for another season. The sleep that is induced in all things is not a sleep of death, but one of intense activity of growth. Can any lesson of the universe be of deeper significance or greater moral value to us than that?

Science declares that some billions upon billions of years hence, when earth shall have wasted all her internal heat, and the energies of the sun have greatly abated, that earth will be shorn of her glory of life activity, and, cold and unyielding, be locked fast in a heavy mantle of snow and ice, until all her water vapor shall have become lost in space. Not in a fiery explosion will come the end of all things mundane, but by a slow process will Nature gather all her children under one vast snow covering, there to keep her vitality until new worlds shall be created. Her physical life cut off, her existence shall be wholly spiritual until the Great Plan shall choose to manifest Himself in things physical again. As the rainbow is the eternal promise of His physical care for us, so is the snow covering an assurance that the life of the universe shall all be conserved. Small wonder it is that the glow from the cold snow fields seems to radiate direct from Heaven. The glow within our hearts is our response to its message.

One noticeable character of snow in the landscape is its absoluteness; it covers everything, impartially, no other visible form of Nature has that quality. It is a fitting and efficient servant of the frost king. It gives a complete and absolute change from the sights of summer, by this very change it is restful and agreeable. Summer has been dressed in new bloom. As the exponent of pure beauty in the landscape, beauty from grandeur and proportion, as well as from simplicity, the snow covering is by far more striking to the human eye than the verdure of summer. It is only the physical cold which accompanies it that causes us warm-blooded mortals to eye it askance.

This very cold has a great physical and moral value; northern races are ever more hardy and vigorous than those of warmer climes. The comforts of civilization are causing us to forget the changes of the seasons. Snow and cold are still with us to keep us in proper check, and in a natural relation to the world and its activities. The very stimulus of the cold excites us physically and morally to higher endeavor. The snowy landscape then typifies vigor, not a growth that is forced and weak, but one that builds surely on sturdy stock. Who shall say that the snowy fields are a mere hindrance to our round of business?

If all these varied moods come to the mind of man at the sight of a light fall of snow in the temperate lands, how much more must be the effect upon his spirit were he transported to arctic regions where the rule of the frost king is more nearly supreme and the effects of his reign greatly intensified! We comfortable mortals cannot imagine it, and scarce a poet has put these feelings in words. We can see, however, that the sum total of these sense impressions must be tremendous in their efforts on minds open to receive them. Where the snow is the whole landscape permanently even the dullest mind must show the effects from it. We read that the faculties of many men become dulled or crazed by its powerful influence, and it can well seem so; but for pure brutish retrogression no peoples can be found more repulsive than those of the torrid climes where Nature has done everything for them. When Nature is absolutely adverse, then man must exert himself or perish. It is in her softest moods of temperature that she is dangerous; in her stern moods she is severe but still kind. Death comes mercifully to the body but not to the spirit of those who cannot endure her arctic winters.

The whiteness of snow has always typified purity; "white as snow" and as spotless. The absolute purity of things that is not too closely related to this world is thus symbolized. There is implied a certain separateness, aloofness, in this moral quality, just as the winter landscape is entirely distinct from that of the other three seasons. Coldly pure and untainted, a kind of spiritual beauty that is intellectual and divine, and not of the earthly human heart, is the ideal purity, just as the snow covering is not of active Nature, but of Nature revealed in the spirit.

Slowly the snow covering melts away, and the familiar dingy things of the landscape appear, later to put on their covering of green. Gone is the absoluteness of the white covering, its wizard spell is broken; but it still has an incomparable beauty, a value gained by contrast. No longer supreme, it is seen in glittering fields of ice, or glaciers dazzling with the light from the sky, in some countries, but with us the contrast is most seen in the snow-clad peaks of mountains, or patches of slowly melting drifts on northern slopes. In early spring when green is already showing in the valleys, and the presence of spring is assured, some cool night may leave a snowy whiteness over the hillsides to greet the morning sun. Then the greatest glory of our earth is revealed, the green of familiar meadows against a white background; and the light from sky and cloud throws a witching brightness over all. In tropic lands many peaks stand eternally shining white, while their bases wave in eternal green. Most potent witness of the divinity of this earth! above the common near at hand shines the great white Height of the Pure and the Absolute! It is not strange that the snow light elevates us; it is reflected from on high.

The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winterproof;
All night by the white stars' frosty gleams
He groined his arches and matched his beams;
Slender and clear were his crystal spars
As the lashes of light that trim the stars:
He sculptured every summer delight
In his halls and chambers out of sight;
Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt
Down through a frost-leaved forest-crypt,
Long, sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees
Bending to counterfeit a breeze;
Sometimes the roof no fretwork knew
But silvery mosses that downward grew;
Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief
With quaint arabesques of ice-fern leaf;
Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear
For the gladness of heaven to shine through; and here
He had caught the nodding bulrush-tops
And hung them thickly with diamond drops,
That crystalled the beams of moon and sun,
And made a star of every one:
No mortal builder's most rare device
Could match this winter palace of ice;
'Twas as if every image that mirrored lay
In his depths serene through the summer day,
Each fleeting shadow of earth and sky,
  Lest the happy model should be lost,
Had been mimicked in fairy masonry
  By the elfin builders of the frost.

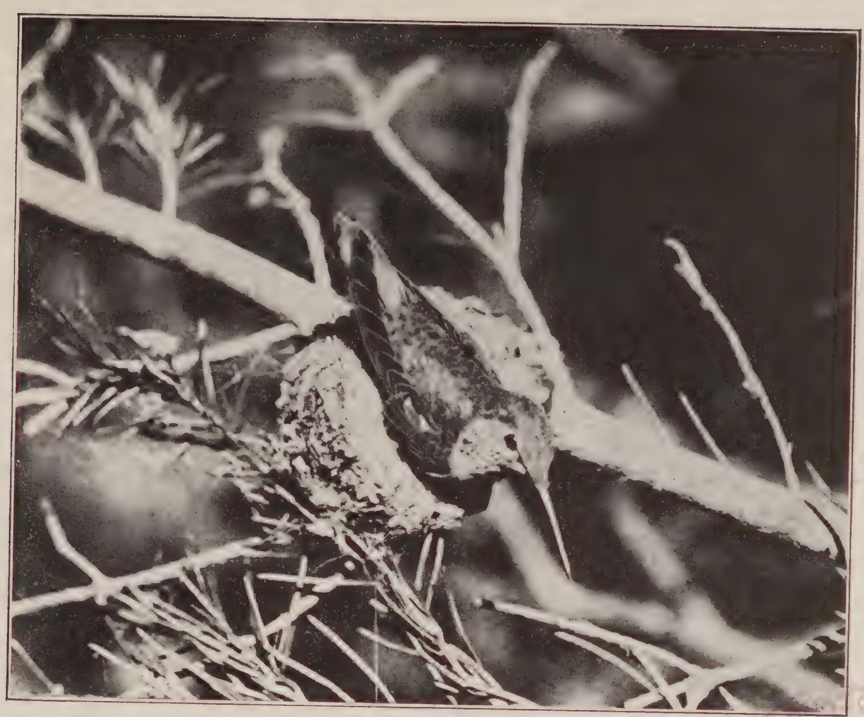
—James Russell Lowell

FEBRUARY

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding Guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

—*The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*
by Samuel Taylor Coleridge



PUBLIC

HUMMINGBIRDS ARE ALWAYS IN THE GARDEN, BUT THE NEST IS NOT EASILY FOUND.

CHAPTER XII

BIRDS AND SMALL CREATURES

But ask now the beasts and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee.

—Job 12:7

Other life than leaf and bird wakes in the fields and woods with the first warm days of spring. Before the snow has even let the brown grass appear on sunny fields, gnats and flies come forth from their winter retreat and swarm in the sun. They are eloquent heralds of the coming of fairer weather; their senses are keener than ours to feel its near presence.

The midges dance aboon the burn.

Perhaps the midges are too tiny to catch your eye. Before the first bluebird or robin thinks of cheering us with his presence the mourning cloak butterfly comes out from its winter hiding-place, bedraggled and battered, it is true, from the stormy times of winter, but full of vitality and courage to begin the round of life anew; and in the open oak woods the little spring azure butterfly, like a flake from the blue dome above, flutters from trunk to trunk warming its body in the rays of the sun. Every muddy pool has tiny wings fluttering about it, and the soft earth at our feet is peopled with crawling things. How do they know that their time for action has come again?

As soon as insect life is fully awake, then do the birds flock northward to us. The presence of food is the great controlling factor in their movements, and when the land newly prepares herself for them, how quickly they take their old places again! Yesterday there were only crows, jays, and such other feathered friends as we had known all winter, but the winds of last evening left a load of arrivals. Silently they appear, for their journey was exhausting, but we know that their glad songs will soon be heard again.

What is it in their arrival that brings us such pleasure? Our emotions are very mixed, from purely intellectual pleasure at the sight of their forms, colors and motions as animate objects for observation and study to an almost human sympathy in their movements. We shall let the bird lovers tell us of the beauty of their forms, colors, movements, song, the almost human powers of reasoning that are shown by all their actions, and their beneficial relation to the physical well-being of man. Let us look more deeply.

As much as the swelling bud their coming indicates the approach of spring; they are heralds that proclaim her coming. After the silence and lifelessness of winter their animation in the landscape is particularly agreeable. At once they begin love making, mating, building of nests, and family rearing. Lessons economic, social and moral are ours to read from their activities. They live, love, and labor with no question as to their value to the world or their final destiny. Bravely they face their share of difficulties and heroically strive to do their part of the work of the world as Nature has outlined it for them.

Did I say that the landscape lacks living forms during the winter? Why, many birds stay with us through all seasons, and while February's snows are still deep, and the leafy screen is absent from the trees, the scarcity of food brings them close to our doors. Then is the proper time to study their habits, and if we put out a little food suitable to the various kinds, our home landscape will not lack animation and interest. Why, the doings of the common crow or blue jay during the months of famine will give us a wonderful insight into the failings of our fellowmen, and we soon come to see that people and birds are not so different after all. Whatever their sufferings, their natures are little changed. The little chickadee is far more interesting and companionable when snows lie deep than when he is hidden by the foliage of the thickets in summer. If you can't laugh at his antics as he performs his feats on some leafless oak bough the spirit of the winter landscape is not yours.

The flight of birds has more than a poetry of motion. Since Noah let loose a dove their comings and goings have been as signs and omens to mankind. We have not the elaborate system of beliefs that was once the stock in trade of the Roman augurs, but we still have many signs, wise and foolish, that in no way concern the birds themselves. Of course these have grown through ages of telling and are a vital part of our country beliefs and folk lore. The burden brought by the stork is a familiar fiction, as is the raven that dies for her young. To see a lone crow flying overhead is a sure sign of ill-luck; while the hoot owl at night warns us to prepare for the presence of death. All such notions may once have had a foundation on fact; but we can afford to laugh at them today, though they still have a greater influence over us than we will at once admit. There are plenty of signs that are perfectly trustworthy. The flocking of swallows and blackbirds shows their foreknowledge of the coming of winter, while geese and wild ducks flying high overhead tell us that the great season change is coming for heat or for cold, as they go northward or southward. As the flight of birds become a part of our landscape picture the thought of their journey and its purpose comes to us.

Only pigeons and English sparrows exist as near neighbors to man in urban conditions. The native birds have long since gone. No more may we note their gentle retiring ways, their plaintive woodnotes, or other poetic habits, but rather the crowding, quarrelling dispositions of these imported fellows, which sing not, but rather seem to imitate the habits of man as he becomes more crowded among his fellows in the process of civilization.

Not alone by the sounds of the elements, as the sigh of the wind and the murmur of flowing waters, do the voices of Nature make the Great Presence known, but the animate sounds of the earth have also their message to us, from the roar of the jungle lion to the chirp of the cricket on the hearth.

The calls of domesticated animals have particularly a human interest for us, and those of wild animals, especially the four-footed, are either compared with familiar sounds of the farm, or else inspire fear or terror. It is particularly with the feathered tribes that we find beauty, music, self-expression, and other metaphysical qualities, which are man-made characters that the birds know not.

The songs and calls of birds have often been partially reproduced in our musical scale, and their varied effects on the human heart and mind recorded by many Nature lovers, from Solomon down to John Burroughs. It is not necessary here to more than note the wealth of this material. For human interest studies listen to the love song of the whip-poor-will, hermit thrush, dove, ruffed grouse, oriole, song sparrow, and many others common among us. Many of these have a very great place in literature—witness the skylark and nightingale as revealed to us by the English writers. Some birds suggest particular seasons or places; the robin, the cool of the mornings and evenings of May; the blackbird the northern swamps in June, the bobolink the rice fields in autumn, the quail the meadows in August, the screech owl the eerie solitudes of summer woods at night, honking geese usher in our cool nights of autumn, and the crow and the jay enliven the snows of winter. There are hundreds of these associations, dear to the heart of every lover of our world out of doors. As we listen to the cheery call of the chickadee some snowy day in winter, or get the first clear trill of a bluebird in early April, something of the meaning of the sounds of living Nature is brought home to us.

The songs of birds, then, have an interest of their own as a part of the revelation of the beauty and purpose in all things made in this world, but they are not art, as conceived from our point of view; they lack the human element of human interpretation. Though I am an indifferent music lover, still as a source of human inspiration, I prefer to hear Rubinstein's Melody in F or Schumann's Traumerei to the trill of the early bluebird or the lilting song of the mocking bird in autumn, and the latest ragtime novelty has an appeal to our ear that is lacking in the farmyard chorus in the morning. By their very source these sounds of Nature are not art, which is human expression, but are Nature's expression of her personality, a quite different, but wholly precious thing, a gift to the spirit of man for which as yet we have no name and too little understanding. The evening love song of the whip-poor-will is a better slumber song than the roar of the streets of cities; the triumphant whistle of bobwhite in August's fields is the prelude to Nature's harvest song.

But I would take up more in detail some of the field and forest notes that are never studied in handbooks on birds and have no great place in literature, save in the shorter poems, often of the less known poets. Though all these sounds are easily remembered when once heard, and are decidedly seasonal in their occurence, yet they are too pastoral, bucolic, or whatever word you care to use to describe things of the country understood only by the rural population, to become popular subjects for poetry or conversation. But ask a group of country children who has heard the first frog peeper or katydid of the season, and see whether or not you have enthusiasm. Take a day off from your business and lie in the fields in June where the bees are humming over the clover, or stand under the apple-trees when they are white in May and musical with the buzz of wings, and your cares will drop from you; you will grow young again.

The source of these country voices is usually a member of the great tribe of insects, or one of the smaller reptiles, frogs, or toads, but the volume of sound emitted is out of all proportion to the size of its producer, and usually associated in our minds with events and causes quite outside the trend of their lives. Some of these notes may be mating calls, but more often they seem to be pure outbursts from a joy of living, greatly influenced by the season, temperature, and weather. Every land has its peculiar landscape notes, but I shall be restricted to a following of the seasons in northeastern United States and adjacent Canada.

The first clear note of spring that comes from no traceable source is localized in swamps and shallow pools. We know not the singer unless we are scientific seekers, but we do know the peeping song. It is only a tiny edition of a tree frog, and has no elements of beauty, but we cannot say the same of the chorus. When the first "peeper" (hyla) peeps cheerfully we are arrested by the near presence of spring; and only a few days until the evenings resound to the chorus. In May they have the courage to peep all day as well as all night, and then are heard no more. What would a still May evening be without them? As much as swelling buds do they personify the new lease of ever-living Life. Their chorus, too, is almost musical according to our standards, for without leader or plan they approximate some of the musical effects that man has evolved.

Very different in their effect upon us a few weeks later from the same pools, but from deeper waters, are the varied calls of the bull-frogs. Perhaps they are not musical, though they have a range, a gradation and a tempo that relates them to human music. We can listen to them just for their interest, for our own amusement, and figure out what they are trying to say—"Better go home," "Paddy go drunk," or "Jug o' rum." They surely say something, if only that they are glad they are alive and that the water is warmer than it was. We associate them first with the early warm nights of late spring and then with the hot still afternoons and nights of later summer. Somehow they are the most contentful sounds Nature gives us. "As happy as a frog in a puddle" seems to be vocalized for us as we hear their booming notes followed by a splash as some big fellow jumps to some more satisfying corner of the pool or closes his jaws on some incautious water insect.

But their relatives are not idle. In the witching misty nights of early May when an exhilarating dampness fills the air and our spirits seek vainly some vision we know not how, what sound continuously breaks the utter quiet of the evening but the broken throaty call of the tree frogs? They too sing songs of rejoicing that damp warm nights are come again; and we hear them at intervals through the month of August, usually when the air is damp. Somehow they are very poor rain prophets, so I like them best to recall to me the swelling nights of May when all things visible and invisible leap into a wider growth.

Our commonest insect sound is the hum of the busy bee, whatever her size or color. The monotonous droning sound has no beauty in itself, to hear that note struck continuously on a stringed instrument would soon exasperate us, yet we like it among the apple-trees and the clover, for it suggests the frugal habits of these insects, their industry and efficiency in carrying out the economy of Nature. We associate their work with sunny fields or gardens, filled with fair flowers; we recall their surroundings rather than the insects themselves.

The call of the katydids on quiet August evenings cannot be called interesting or charming from any point of view; it is even after a time quite monotonous, whether "katy-did," "katy-didn't," "did, did, did," or whatever the combination. But when we stop to think we realize that it is not making these sounds to annoy us, but to carry out a purpose of its own; perhaps they are mating calls, but as likely each insect gets pleasure from feeling the vibrations within him.

We recall these strident notes as the accompaniment of cool evenings after the heat of the day, evenings in which to sit and muse where cool night breezes blow across the porch, which we leave regretfully to go to our chambers to rest in the quiet sleep of a tired child.

Rivalling the call of the katydid is the vibrant siren whistle of its cousin the green grasshopper. Fortunately for the peace of the sleepers it does not call very often, for its volume is like that of all the katys in the township rolled in one, and several octaves higher. On hot nights in July it has to let off steam and other insect sounds of Nature hush before it.

The seductive hum of the predatory mosquito I shall omit from the program. It is a familiar, but not popular strain, and calls forth painful recollections. It also conjures up visions of yellow fever and malaria; forward with the oil-can.

The exponent of hot sultry August afternoons, when it is too utterly uncomfortable for mortals to do more than seek shady spots and gasp for breath, is the harvest fly or cicada. Only hot days agree with its musical apparatus, and the hotter the day the louder and higher pitched the note. On the sunny side of some topmost twig or leaf of a forest tree he will keep up his call for several minutes untiringly and then fly to a near-by tree for his encore. He deserves applause and a sympathetic audience.

Meanwhile the brown grasshoppers (true locusts) may take a little time off from their endless eating to fly about in the meadows with rustling wings while the sun is high. Their notes are the hot August afternoons of our latitude.

A young lady whose life had been passed in cities was spending a week-end in the country in July. Of course many things interested her, but her great trials were the noises in the fields after the sun went down. She was accustomed to the song of the trolley cars with flat wheels, and the roar of the fire-engines that spouted sparks above and below; but the sound of a sleepy bird and owl calling to its mate were notes that presaged danger. No amount of argument could make her feel safe. On the second evening of her visit the first cricket of the season chirped at her feet; this could not be endured, it was the last straw. She fled to the lights of the house for safety; the country for her had lost its charms—the city was a more peaceful place in which to live.

We do not to any great extent have crickets in our homes as do the country folk of England, so to us the cheerful grill of the cricket suggests quiet home scenes of early autumn. With the coming of the cold they are stilled. Little do we hear them while the days and night are hot, the cool evenings start the chorus, slowly in scattered solos at first, which night by night become more and more concerted until in September they chirp night and day. To us it seems a sort of swan-song, or rather a desperate chorus to drown out the thought of the awful fate before them. Of course nothing of the sort is the case; they merely feel their physical completeness and express themselves in song. They literally sing themselves to sleep, not knowing that their sleep is endless, save as new life wakens next spring in the eggs that were safely laid. Fewer and feebler grow the notes as frosty nights thin their ranks, and at last only on the warmer days have they strength to show their vitality. When the last one is gone the snow blanket of winter is not far away. Pathetic their song and brave, yet supremely cheerful, and it typifies the great change to which Nature goes not reluctantly every autumn. May their sustaining trust be also ours.

Of insects that roam the fields and woods none come in for greater admiration than the butterflies that flit by day and the night moths that flutter at dusk. From their forms and varied colors, and from the fact that we find them usually among the flowers, we associate with them many of the beauties of the flowers themselves. Why Nature should give to the most ephemeral of her creatures the greatest beauty of color in detail is a part of her great mystery. As they flutter from flower to flower in the sunlight, or flit about the lights at evening, whether arrayed in gold or drab they seem to be true messengers sent to tell us of the glory of the world here prepared for us. Their brilliant colors seem to serve them no purpose, they are a fair mark for their enemies, yet surely they were not made in vain. So brief their existence, they seem to represent the pleasures of life; no aim seems to be theirs.

As we study their transformations, the four-fold existence that is theirs in common with nearly all insects—egg, worm, pupa, and perfect form—we receive a great light on the mystery of life; a clearer insight is vouchsafed us. From tiny egg and repulsive crawling worm by slow degrees do the fairest of earth's creatures develop. And in this final stage their life seems pure joy and care-free. Man has conceived this as a wonderful parallel to his own existence. Our sympathy with the butterflies in the clover fields is not scientific. And then the feeling of awe that steals over us as we watch a moth emerge from its case! From a shapeless brown cocoon by rapid movements a soft living mass emerges too weak to more than crawl. But a few breaths of air into its wings and drying warmth from the atmosphere and it sails away to play with its fellows. After once seeing this birth of life, who will say that a butterfly is useless?

Why was the spirit of evil in the Garden of Eden typified by a serpent? Was it not that the snake is the least pleasing and well-understood of animals, and the commonest of early amphibious reptiles? The fear inspired in early days by its peculiar form and habits of living as compared with other land animals has remained through the ages, augmented by the traditional aversion gained from the Biblical narrative. It seems to be a universal trait in the human race to wish to kill every snake on sight. It is the most feared of reptiles, often justly, though many of them are harmless enough. Yet the desire to kill is ever present. "Kill the first snake you see in the spring, and you will have killed all your enemies," says an old country belief, for which result no reason is given.

The toad ranks next in disfavor, presumably because he does not attain to our standard of animal beauty, and through the ages has been given a wholly undeserved ill reputation as the companion of witches and cause of disease in man. Today we have learned that no better friend to the farmer can be found than the despised toad, that his work is wholly beneficial in destroying injurious insects as his food, and furthermore he is harmless to the touch and easily may be made a garden pet. Being cold blooded, as are all reptiles and the lower vertebrates, he is cold to human touch, but his warty skin is no more a sign of ugliness than is the rough bark of a tree. Thus is another old series of terrors fully discredited by modern investigation.

In the Bible, living creatures, great and small, seemed particularly to serve the prophets as examples to men. As Christian descendants of a Christian people our minds cannot help being influenced by the long study of these comparisons, weighty from their very antiquity. I cannot think of sparrows without a thought of the significance of a "sparrow's fall" (Matt. 10:29), but when I am told to go to the ant and copy her ways I have my doubts. I would prefer to emulate the bee. From the observations of Mark Twain and others it would seem that of all useless, senseless, meaningless movements in the grass no animals could be more guilty than are the ants. You see them climb up hillocks of sand and then climb down again; choose the roughest road, and then retrace their steps; carry heavy burdens of food in the opposite direction from the nest, and pick up useless grains of sand to drop them for other equally useless rubbish. But they may be fully as wise as are we mortals in our daily comings and goings; their proportionate wisdom may be even greater than ours; they are the most highly organized of all invertebrates, the most adaptable to changing conditions, of a wonderful vitality, and by far the most numerous animals on the globe. Sir John Lubbock and others have proven their great intelligence and the harmony in which they live in a complex social system. Though individuals are erratic, their government seems nearly perfect, so perhaps we may well go to them after all.

In early days animals were studied only in their immediate and obvious relations to man. The hidden kinship of all life it has remained for the last century to discover. With the coming of this new scientific attitude toward the universe much that was beautiful in our literature has unavoidably been left behind us. Gods and goddesses are only literary traditions, nymphs and dryads no longer people the streams and forests, nor do monsters inhabit the deep. Sea serpents no more make headlines in the newspapers, yet undiscovered wonders still remain in the ocean. Some of us would say that all the "poetry" of Nature is being lost through our new way of thinking, but not so. The Genius of Literature can adjust herself to all our changed knowledge. Science has fostered poetry as well as destroyed it. Only a physician could have written Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Living Temple," and only a naturalist his "Chambered Nautilus"; an ornithologist of highest rank was John Burroughs when he wrote his "Downy Woodpecker" and "Hermit Thrush."

I grieve not that ripe wisdom takes away
The charm that Nature to my childhood wore,
For, with that insight, cometh, day by day,
A greater bliss than wonder was before;
The real doth not clip the poet's wings,—
To win the secret of a weed's plain heart
Reveals some clue to spiritual things,
And stumbling guess becomes firm-rooted art;
Flowers are not flowers to the poet's eyes,
Their beauty thrills him by an inward sense;
He knows that outward seemings are but lies,

Or, at the most, but earthly shadows, whence
The soul that looks within for truth may guess
The presence of some wondrous heavenliness.
—James Russell Lowell

Just as the telescope opened out the universe in its sublimity of extent, so did the miscroscope show us its sublimity in most minute detail. And nowhere has the revelation been more astounding than in the smaller forms of plant and animal life. The probable history of the development of life upon earth has been read; from lowly independent cell to highly specialized cell-aggregate man the chain is very complete. The fact that there are seeming contradictions and places of little evidence it is the province of science and not of philosophy to explain. We know surely now that all living matter is endowed with many properties in common, that our sympathy with all living things is born in our blood and is not a sudden emotional hysteria on our part. From lowest worm to beast that roams the woods all life is wonderful, in its history, its causes, its manifestations, and its purpose.

All life begets life; each after its own kind; and so shall it be always. Flies are not born from earth as scientists once believed; only life can create life. And the first demand made by life is that it shall live; to live is its primary right. Yet life dies daily that other life may live; life is a sacrifice and its victims are willing for they serve Nature's purpose, and still life is sacred.

From observation that some forms lived while others seemingly fruitlessly perished, men propounded that much fought theory of the "survival of the fittest," that only those forms most adapted to conditions in which they exist are entitled to live; Nature sternly rejects the rest. Weak or strong, large or small, if they fit not into the Divine Purpose they go the way of the unfit. And so we are told it shall be of the things of the spirit. Except as they serve to forward the progress of life they are an incumbrance to the wheels of progress. Unkind it seems to take life from them, but their passing serves to a greater common good.

> Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
> Will be the final goal of ill,
> To pangs of nature, sins of will,
> Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;
>
> That nothing walks with aimless feet;
> That not one life shall be destroyed,
> Or cast as rubbish to the void,
> When God hath made the pile complete;
>
> That not a worm is cloven in vain;
> That not a moth with vain desire
> Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
> Or but subserves another's gain.
>
> —*In Memoriam*

We say that we do see the purpose of all these moving creatures that the world contains. They seem many of them to have no definite relation to man; indeed they evolved long before him, and science says that the common ants and beetles of the fields and forests will exist and thrive on this earth long after it has become uninhabitable for man. Many of the commonest insects show a greater higher proportionate specialization and evolution of function, a greater social development than does man with all his powers of brain and the centuries of example of his efforts. Such a thought must keep men's hearts humble; the little girl said that mosquitoes were made to keep us from getting too proud. Perhaps she is right, and the trust of the poet is not in vain. Yet still we speculate about it, and complain because we do not know. Why can we not know, at least more than we do now? We can know; nothing is withheld from us; we need but consciously to study and inquire, seeking and it shall be found. A firm trust is only the first step to knowledge.

There are plenty of people today who insist that all "bugs" and "worms" have a right to live and to multiply; a sort of divine unalienable right, like that of kings to rule and of individuals to pursue each his own happiness. While a theory that sounds well, it has to be greatly modified in practice to meet human needs. Since the increase of man has upset Nature's balances, we need often to slay in great numbers to help her protect herself.

When Henry W. Longfellow first lived in Craigie House the magnificent elms in front were badly infested with canker worms. Mrs. Craigie was not troubled by their presence on the trees or on her cap. She would not have them killed or molested. "Why, sir," she would say, "they are our fellow-worms; they have as good a right to live as we have." This policy pursued has resulted in the loss of about all the elms in the vicinity of Harvard Square.

So we see that another great beauty of life is purpose. Worms that crawl, flies that hum, and birds that sing, each entirely apart from its physical attributes has elements of beauty because of the significance of its existence. Though we know not how nor see why, still we see that their share in Nature's labors is great. When midges dance in the rays of the setting sun or birds carol in the tree-tops as dawn steals over the landscape, whether we note them or not, they are showing forth their knowledge of their great occupation.

Whatever crawls, runs, or flies over the face of the earth should be of supreme interest and attention to us, not primarily because of beauty of physical form and wonder of mechanism of parts, nor because of services to man in his physical, esthetic, or moral needs, nor even because they have a great part of the purpose of the universe to carry out, but because they share with us in the great mystery of life in which we are all equally engulfed.

THE LARK

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwellingplace:
O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy—love gave it birth!
Where, on thy dewy wing—
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven,—thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;
Over the cloudlet dim
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwellingplace—
O to abide in the desert with thee!

—James Hogg

MARCH

Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here he shall see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

As You Like It—by William Shakespeare

THE WORK OF THE ELEMENTS.

CHAPTER XIII

LIVING WITH THE ELEMENTS

The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so it is of every one that is born of the spirit.

—John 3:8

Many of the phases of Nature are limited to our experience by their very nature; flowers, snow and autumn foliage are seasonal in their appearance, we must await their yearly appearance; the sea, running water, the hills, trees, birds and green fields are fixed in their places, they do not seek us; the heavens are above us in all their glory day and night, but we must lift our eyes above our work to see them. But in one phase of her activity Nature gets at us daily, whether we wish or not, as soon as we get outside of our man-built roof coverings. The wind is always blowing, light and temperature change hourly, and our mental feelings wait on the moisture and electrical condition of the atmosphere. The weather, in its broadest meaning, is Nature's revenge for our ignoring her. With all our modern contrivances we cannot outwit her in that.

And perhaps at no season of the year do we feel the wilfulness of the wind as in the month of March. How it whirls about us, and envelops us with dust, tugs at our clothing and makes progress difficult! Our first thought is of the hindrance and discomfort of its presence; we wish it would quiet down and let us alone. It is an avowed nuisance and destructive to property too. But then we think of the purpose it serves in the economy of Nature, how it carries off moisture from the sodden earth, blows dust and foul gases from the workshops of men, and brings in pure clean air from over forest and ocean, pours in changes in temperature and transports water vapor to thirsty soils. In its physical ministrations it is our true friend, without it we would soon stagnate and die. We soon learn that it is a friendly spirit also, a playful companion at times, or a mere breath in its motion, and again a hurricane whose power forces us into obedience, physical and spiritual. Even as it buffets us it still is friendly, it is obeying its orders and asking us to trudge forward in sympathy with it, and not in opposition.

> For He maketh the sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.
>
> —Matt. 5:45

> Who giveth rain upon the earth, and sendeth waters upon the fields.
>
> —Job 5:10

The electrical effects of the atmosphere on man as modifying his mental and moral powers are very great. Children are much more prone when in the country to be noisy, uneasy and naughty just before a storm, and more quiet, though not less active in their movements, and more rational in their thinking when a great storm area has passed and the elements are calm and clear again. When every cell within us feels a pulsing activity to be at work, then a superb poise and energy are ours for high endeavor. When the elemental forces of the universe get a chance at us we are no longer machines but minds endowed even with the powers of creation itself; not that man does not often get his greatest inspiration from his fellowmen, but the inspiration from Nature is different in kind and duration.

The state of our physical health bears a very close relation to the state of the weather; it is not unreasonable to suppose that our mental and spiritual well-being is also vitally affected by the condition of the atmosphere. And experience finds the truth of this. In damp or rainy weather our spirits are usually depressed; we are spiritually intoxicated often by the exhilaration of a clear dry air, especially when coming soon after a storm. We are not all of us perfect barometers, however, else some of us would be difficult to live with in the variable weather of early spring when some days between sunrise and sunset we experience six different kinds of meteorological conditions, from cloudless calm to hurricane, thunderstorm and rainbow. For many of our subnormal states of body or mind is the condition of the weather the immediate cause, but never the primary cause. We are influenced by the weather as our own feelings have prepared us; we are responsible to ourselves for our acts. Blame not the weather. We find ourselves able to control the mental dominion of the weather over us and can laugh most gaily when the sky is heavy with rain, and take pleasure in saddest thoughts when the sun shines fair upon us. We rule after all, and can take pleasure or sorrow from any sky. We choose, then, to take only helpful messages, to feel an interest, a joy, and a personal benediction in the weather, from whatever point of the compass the wind may blow.

The temperate zones have a great advantage over the torrid regions in their seasonal variety. We may think that the weather of the Northern United States is too varied, but our daily lives are adjusted to the changes. Where the temperature is much the same the year round we find no summer heat nor winter snow, no alternation of seasons to enjoy. Man becomes indolent and relies on the bounty of Nature to provide for his physical wants. No change occurs to the face of Nature like the fall of the leaf and the blanket of snow that makes a new clean start for another year, in warm climates; no biting blast blows the dust away. Wherever the frost holds sway for a few months in the year Nature has ever a new scene for us, and we, unconsciously often, array ourselves according to it, and go forth to work gladly.

In polite society today it is considered bromidic in the extreme to talk about the weather. This fact does not condemn the weather as a topic of conversation, but merely the way we handle it. The weather is without doubt the oldest and most general subject for human intercourse. Primitive peoples in savage lands exchange ideas on the beauty of the day. The most common words of greeting in all languages in all ages are developed from ancient observations on the day and night. Even "Good-night" and "Good-morning" are essentially the same in idea the world over—proof of the great antiquity of the impression that atmospheric conditions have made on mankind. Adam and Eve must have found much to talk about in that earthly Paradise, and not the least favorite topic was the condition of the air and sky. They surely exchanged ideas each morning about the feel of the air, and made wild guesses as to what would be the next change. They could not have avoided seeing the beauty of light and cloud and found in the smile or frown of the heavens the reflections of their own moods. The Bible in the Old Testament is full of weather observations.

So it is, then, an instinctive habit, the result of a long ancestry of weather wisdom, that leads us naturally to use it for conversation today. But this has rightly fallen into disfavor, partly because many of us seem to hold on to it as the last and only straw clutched to save us from sinking from notice in the social pool, but more because few of us, very few of us, ever bring the germ of a new idea on the subject, or an original way of stating an old one to our hearers. Not knowing anything about the matter, and having no ability to see the sky with our own eyes, we repeat parrot-like what we read in the papers or heard another say. Our ideas are doomed to be banal and commonplace, and deservedly are given but impatient attention by our hearers—they have heard those old remarks since childhood.

A parrot or a graphophone can say, "It is a fine day," with far more expression than do many of us. But let even the commonest observation on the condition of the elements be made by one whose voice and face show that he has really looked at the sky and brings something from the original sources, and at once everybody is all attention, as if he had made a new discovery. One of the interesting chapters in the story of a day's walk or a mountain climb is the weather of that occasion; and naturally, for it is one of the vital and inseparable factors in life in the open air.

Let us always talk about the weather, rescue it from the disfavor into which it has fallen from no fault of its own, and bring our own intelligence to bear upon it. Looking at it from the point of view of Nature and not from our mental mood or physical convenience, our views on the matter will never be commonplace, but kindle with interest. Try this way on your neighbor and see how quickly you have his attention.

Climate exerts a powerful influence on mankind, and though as a wit has said, "We have no climate in New England, only a succession of weather," still we who are much out of doors and adapted to it think no evil of it, remembering that as Prof. Bailey says, "It is not a human institution," and consequently it is beyond our poor powers of control.

"I wish it would clear off; I hate a day like this."

Not a few of us complain to ourselves and to our friends of the "bad" and otherwise objectionable state of the weather when it is damp or rainy, often from general habit and not because it interferes with any of our plans. Many of us would be just as well satisfied if rain never fell, but skies were pleasant every day, though they would not feel particular gratitude for this special favor of continued fair weather. We sometimes even wish fair skies in order that we may have no interference in our plans of work or pleasure for every hour of the day. We are like the farmer's wife that expressed her gratitude that "It rains nights and Sundays so poor tired hired man can rest." Any of us would cheerfully take upon ourselves the management of the weather for some particular day or even for weeks at a time. We would be sure to forget the needs of thirsty earth herbage in our selfish planning, as did Ceres forget the fruition of it when mourning her daughter. And we would forget too the wishes of our fellowmen in regard to the proportion of rain and shine.

The weather bureau gets blame enough as it is, and it only foretells the weather. If we had the control of it, we couldn't come to an agreement. We would enact the old story of the pastor and his church during a very dry July. On being pressed to pray for rain he finally consented on condition that a day be set for the downpour. A meeting was called and everybody spoke. The conflicting program of business, hay-making, picnics, and the weekly wash left no room for a rainy day—so the crops went without.

Upon a little thought we can see that we have the best possible rain arrangement right now; the greatest possible amount of good is done with no one directly responsible. We know it is needful and unavoidable, a blessing without any disguise; we can see its material benefits as soon as it falls. We take its coming philosophically. I cheerfully give up my little plans for the great good that is brought to vegetation and through it to my neighbors and the world of men. So long as we eat must rain fall.

More than the doubtful joy of accepting events philosophically does the coming of the rain offer us. We can have an intellectual delight in watching its descent and a physical delight in feeling its fall upon us. We can drink it in as do the flowers—not while attired in our best clothes, but properly equipped for such an excursion. We can watch the rainfall through the windows of our comfortable home and see the lights and lines of a changed sky and the uplifting of thirsty leaves upon the face of the earth. Whole sermons on service and compensation are clear to us as we sit comfortably upon the dry verandah, but a deeper feeling is ours as we step out into the muddy highway and tramp the sodden fields. There is a physical exhilaration from standing in the rain, and from it a mental and spiritual uplift. Some of us like to go back to the primitive days of our tree parents who walked as freely under rain as sun, and felt a pleasure in its patter upon their bodies as do cows standing in the summer rain or ducks under a rain spout. Many of us have not the physique to enjoy a drenching in the summer rain, but can get all the mental experience when properly clothed in rubber. Then walk forth freely in the dripping woods, gripped by a desire to see and explore and to enjoy in a way that never comes to us when the sun shines, and Nature again receives us in communion. Earth and air seem audibly to breathe, life about us reaches forward again. The real meaning of the Biblical expression "showers of blessing" is then more clear to us. Nature is shown to us as kind, loving, and bountiful, there is no unpleasantness or waywardness about her. Her ministrations are never but beneficial in the last analysis. As serves the greatest permanent needs of all physical earth does she pour down upon it abundant rain, and earth breathes back its gratitude. So this phase of the activity of Nature has ever typified the spiritual activity of the Great Comptroller, Who rains down blessings without stint, with a joy in giving and an expectation of a joy in return on the part of them who receive, as is shown by the sinking of the rain in the dry and dusty soil!

As well say that a sunset is immoral or a thought cubical as remark that the weather is "bad." Each is a totally inadequate and meaningless expression. To-day we mean that it is unsuited to our present purposes and do not intend to give it any moral qualities, but only through a feeling of transferred morality could the expression have arisen. The same is seen in the old saw: "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," implying moral purpose to the elements. The wind is but the wind, so far as morality is concerned, and "it bloweth where it listeth."

> I have loved the feel of the grass under my feet, and the sound of running streams by my side. The hum of the wind in the treetops has always been good music to me, and the face of the field has often comforted me more than the faces of men.
>
> —John Burroughs

The sounds of the wind are always musical and ever have been poetically interpreted by the mind of man. Gentle zephyr and howling gale speak pleasingly to our ear. The moods of the wind and of the human heart find a curious sympathy with each other. Into every sound we read an accompaniment appropriate to that activity of Nature. The rustle of leaves of a tree in the summer wind is the pulse of the living organism; barren branches whistle in winter's blasts, but not in the mood of summer. In the forest, the harp and organ play in a vast cathedral. The roaring tempest needs no instrument, it has a force sufficient to itself. Each voice of the wind is so peculiarly fitting that it seemed not to have been made by chance but by purpose. The wind gave man his first conception of tones in music; it showed the range to the human ear. Every lightest sound of the air is beautiful to the ear and has a human interest, and not always in proportion to its volume, for to me the raging hurricane has no more eloquence than the wind before the dawn.

Inseparably connected with the voices of the wind is the feeling of it upon our faces and the pull of it upon our person. Unless we are deadened in our sensibilities by too much civilization we feel in the caress of the wind the personal touch of our Mother Nature, a token of love too subtle to be expressed in words. The touch of the wind is always refreshing and helpful; it never induces a sorrowful mood; it ever is positive. The south wind touches us warmly, the east wind cools us with rain, from the west it blows clear like a promise, the north wind tingles our blood with cold; these are all modified by the season of the year and the local topography. By putting ourselves in tune with the feeling of the wind we enter into a heritage that always has been ours.

Has the human race made great advancements in the last two thousand years, physical, social, intellectual, and moral, that show the forward movement of our race? Indeed yes; then, does the average man of today feel more that life is worth living than did a man under similar conditions a few centuries ago? Has the race made the progress that its knowledge of natural laws might permit it to make? Has it really striven to apply all its knowledge? Have we by our thought and life come nearer to God? and by our example made the way plainer for others? Will there not come a day when we shall approach Him faster as a race? Much have we learned—from man, brotherhood and charity—but we still most of us get merely glimpses of the lessons of Nature.

Primitive life held much for man that today is lost to him. As he has gone out from the close touch with air, water, and earth many opportunities for lessons of deepest meaning have been less easy of access. We can scarce imagine today how once the earth appeared to the mind of man; it was not the same earth as today, but more real, animate, and personal. From a physical subjection to the powers of the landscape man has come to have dominion over it, but as to his spiritual attitude, who can say? We see differently, but is it as clearly and intimately as in the days before fire was tamed to use?

The early philosophers made fire a fourth element, as distinct from earth, air, and water. Fire is the most controlled of Nature's forces; its immediate effect is destructive, and yet it has fascinations of its own. The thoughts engendered by gazing at the fire arouse in us primal reminiscences that carry us back to the time when the dawning intelligence of the human race sought dominion over fire to control it, and the experiences that followed. Watch the flames reach upward in the fireplace or from a campfire and see how strong its memories are.

Whatever the benefits we enjoy from our state of civilization, we like all of us at times the change of a picnic in the woods or enjoy the discomforts of camping out for a week or so. Some inner craving of our spirits is thus satisfied in part. Many of us at times long to handle the implements of primitive life, to wait upon our own physical wants ourselves. A boy's ideal to be a pirate, a hunter, a sailor, or a soldier—and far from home—is not entirely an indication of moral depravity. The much-ridiculed "spring fever" is a perennial reminder to many of us.

A natural desire for travel and exploration is as strong within us as is the home instinct. Each one of us indulges in it so far as is possible, not so much to see new sights, but to experience life with earth's forces. The lives of great naturalists show us that other impulses than scientific research spurred them on. To wander over vast plains or camp for months in pathless forests gave them an outlook that science never compassed. This larger freedom that breathes in their writings gives the animating breath to their scientific contributions.

While the trees grow,
While the streams flow,
While the winds blow,
    We shall be free!

Free as trees growing,
Free as streams flowing,
Free as winds blowing,
    Evermore free.

—Anonymous

The lion and the leopard are no longer universal objects of fear; we watch them in captivity to compare their actions to our own physical movements. The beasts of the field and wood interest us as we envy them their apparent physical freedom, their lack of social dependence. The animals of the woods have a greater appeal to our human sympathies than ever before; naturalists interpret their life histories in terms of our own. The presence of animals in the landscape, even of a ruminant cow or a flock of grazing sheep gives an added human interest, from thoughts of our early pastoral existence to the untamed wilderness of our beginnings as a race. We ever have had life in common.

Living close to Nature gives a seriousness and soberness rarely found elsewhere. "Keep your feet on the earth," but "hitch your wagon to a star." The childhood that counts for most was to a large extent passed in the country. It is the duty of teachers and parents to see to it that this opportunity for true life inspiration is fully and intelligently made use of. The universe is to be understood, not gazed upon.

The modern tendency in America is for more life out-of-doors, not merely for its physical and economic benefits, but because something necessary for our mental balance is there found.

We have our five senses today through which to become aware of our surroundings and their meaning. We surely did not once have these faculties developed as they are today. The Countess Potocka says that the intense enjoyment of Nature is a sixth sense. We are not born with this good gift, nor do we often acquire it in later life; it comes to us through our rearing. It is granted that we learn much from the activities of earth, and of man also, through what seem to be other than the catalogued five senses. Is it possible that in due time as we progress we shall acquire other powers for observation, faculties which may not be as definitely localized as sight and hearing, but which will be even more supremely useful to us for our development here on earth? It is not only possible but probable, for see what a long road we have already come since our parting with brutes. And can anyone say that we have reached the end of our journey and shall progress no farther?

> Thus man, in the lowest stage of almost animal rudeness, as well as amidst the apparent brilliance of our higher civilization, prepares for himself and his fellowmen increased toil and danger. The traveller, wandering over the wide globe by land and sea, as well as the historic inquirer searching the records of past ages, finds everywhere the uniform and saddening spectacle of man at variance with man.
>
> He, therefore, who, amidst the unreconciled discord of nations, seeks for intellectual calm, gladly turns to contemplate the silent life of vegetation and the hidden activities of forces and powers operating in the sanctuaries of Nature; or, obedient to the inborn impulse which for thousands of years has glowed in the human breast, gazes upward in meditative contemplation on those celestial orbs, which are ever pursuing in undisturbed harmony their ancient and unchanging course.
>
> Alexander von Humboldt

Oh, blessed privilege that man has to grow young again in the springtime! His youth is renewed in both body and spirit. To lie on the grass and watch the clouds and swaying young leaves of the trees is one of the most deep seated joys of the human heart.

This pleasure has of course its beginning in our physical nature, but it is more far-reaching than that. Even the "bum" in the city gets back to his seat in the park, and dozes again in the warmth of the sun. It is a natural and spontaneous craving of all mankind, but like all our desires may bear no fruit unless our energies are directed. The most transcendent esthete may accomplish no more with all his dreaming than the hobo sunning himself and not thinking at all, or the woodchuck sleeping in front of his burrow. It is very easy to be lulled into a half-sleep by the ease, quiet and peace of our surroundings, and to pass an hour or more in a kind of rapture induced in us. If we gain also nothing to help us in our work and life in the days to come we have gotten no more valuable a message than the hobo who did not want to receive any. More than a few moments of rest and relaxation are vouchsafed us; under that half-hypnotic influence we should seek and receive some inspiration from that Great Life then close in harmony with us and take on new spiritual strength for our labors. Then an hour's rest on a hillside or communion with the wind will be a veritable Mount Sinai of inspiration.

'Tis Eden everywhere to hearts that listen
And watch the woods and meadows grow.

—Theron Brown

There is such a thing as too much civilization, just as an athlete can train too strenuously for the good of his muscles. Though man can counterfeit many natural forces he cannot yet compound the healing of the elements.

For to admire an' for to see
    For to be'old this world so wide—
It never done no good to me,
    But I can't drop it if I tried!

—Rudyard Kipling

OUT IN THE FIELDS WITH GOD

The little cares that fretted me,
    I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields, above the sea,
    Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
    The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
    The humming of the bees.

> The foolish fears of what might happen,
> I cast them all away
> Among the clover-scented grass,
> Among the new-mown hay;
> Among the rustling of the corn,
> Where the drowsy poppies nod,
> Where ill thoughts die and good are born—
> Out in the fields with God.
>
> —Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

The world then is more than beautiful, for beauty is only one of its man-made manifestations. We are sure now that more than positive beauty is revealed for us by the landscape; what it is we have yet to call by name, but we have seen that the Something exists. And when we have come this far in our thinking we are ready to look more closely to the terms we use. Like the terms used in naming the watery envelope of the earth—sea, ocean, deep, etc.—we have a series that apply to the land manifestations, a group of words that are often used interchangeably, but which have not quite the same meanings, and rather overlap in their significance so that it takes the series to compass the idea. We shall consider the terms "world," "Nature," and "landscape." I have used still others, and some of them are but subdivisions of these primary three, so you can fit them into the following series.

The word "world" may be used in an astronomical sense, meaning our planet Earth, in a geographical sense as the home of man and the scene of his activities, or in the metaphysical sense, as "the sins of the world." I have taken enough illustrations merely to show the range of the idea "world."

"Nature" as a conception is equally varied. We may refer merely to the life principle that animates animals and plants, as "Nature ever perpetuates herself"; or we may mean the life forms themselves, as when we talk of "Nature-study" or the wonders of Nature; but we also may include all inanimate forms, as hill and rock and ocean, as the "face of Nature"; or we include both the cause when we say, "Nature is law," and the result upon us is our "communion with Nature."

And so the idea "landscape" is varied in its scope. Originally it was subjective, "landskip," the state of being land, just as friendship and kingship refer to the peculiar characteristics of friends and of kings. To most of us the landscape is the physical thing at which we look, the earth forms, for we include the sky and waters of the earth with our land, though we may as properly speak of "skyscape" and "seascape." In that sense the "earth," the "face of Nature," and the "landscape" are similar expressions. But only Adam saw the face of Nature unchanged by the hand of man, so today most of us add cities and houses to our landscape, purely man-made forms. We further may restrict our landscape to that portion of the visible earth that shows man's adaptation of it; we divide the world into wild Nature and man's landscape. Again, the landscape may be the particular portion of the earth surface, however modified by man or Nature, upon which we are looking, and we speak of its "composition." In that sense the landscape is a sort of out-door picture that has a changing frame and a movable center of interest. We can find still other meanings, but the greatest and most inclusive yet remains. The "landscape" is in part the physical aspect of the earth as made known to me by my senses, but it is as much also the result in me that the perception of these forms and activities gives. It is far more than physical matter, it has its final value in my mental and moral nature and exists only for me as it is a part of myself. What its actual existence may be is of no importance to me; it has worth to me only as "I am become a part of what I have met."

THE PRESENCE IN NATURE

The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite, a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
For I have learned
To look on nature not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh or grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore, am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In Nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

—William Wordsworth

CONCLUSION

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps on the deep,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

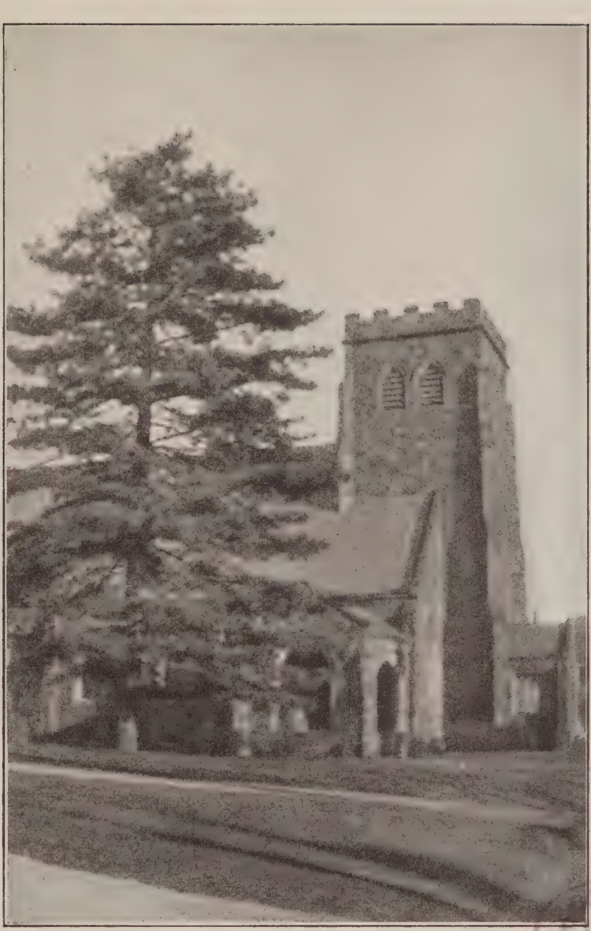
Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan His works in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

—William Cowper



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"AND GOD REVEALS HIMSELF IN MANY WAYS." HERE ARE TWO—TREE AND CHURCH.

CHAPTER XIV

AND NATURE *is* GOD

Oh, Lord, our God, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth! Who hast set Thy glory above the heavens.

—Psalm 8:1

In His hand are the deep places of the earth; the strength of the hills is His also.

—Psalm 95:4

Great, wide, wonderful, beautiful world,
With the wonderful water around you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,—
World, you are beautifully dressed.

The earth is beautiful without the "improving" hand of men striving to make it more so. Before man was brought forth upon the earth the essential elements of her beauty were evolved. There was a final finish to the works of Creation that was an end in itself. As man has come to study all created forms the endless perfection of line and purpose newly strikes his mind with wonder. There is nothing crude or unfinished even in the most minute details. Nature herself is not conscious of beauty in her forms and movements; she is concerned only with results. Her activities would be as purposeful were her forms less finished—the trampled herbage gives forth an even greater fragrance—and her minute perfection must then be a satisfaction to her Creator and a lesson to mankind as her beholder.

See that your children be taught not only the labors of the earth, but the loveliness of it.

—John Ruskin

So we read beauty into all the forms of Nature, and find that it varies greatly in kind and degree, from the rugged picturesque of mountain crags or wind-swept forests, or graceful lines of waves or flowing waters, to beauty of color in the lights of the sky, or of purpose in a flower or blade of grass, of perfection of workmanship in the structure and growth of a butterfly, of the power of the breath of the wind, of the solemn grandeur of the panorama of the horizon, of the stupendous magnitude of the vast reaches of space, to the awful sublimity of the elements unleashed in action. From cell to world all degrees of beauty are made manifest. This highest aspect of the development of Nature leads us beyond the beautiful to the heights of the sublime. The mind of man then stands naked and trembling before its Maker.

> When the mind is more than pleased, when it is elevated and transported by the grandeur of the perceived ideas, the esthetic emotion induced is commonly described as sublime. Sublimity lies in the concord between majestic means and the highest conceivable end, the noblest and most sacred purpose. It is therefore the element of art content which yields the most intense delight, the highest degree of which is united with awe and solemnity. It is the element which makes the strongest emotional appeal. Sublimity and beauty are but two extremes; the higher and the lower manifestation of the same quality.
>
> —*The Handbook of Literary Criticism,* by
> William Henry Sheran

It is only as the creative faculties of the mind of man work in harmony with Nature that the beauties of art are brought forth. For Art and Nature are two separate hand-maidens of the Divine Inspiration. And as they work together are the creations of earth the nearest to perfection as viewed by the human spirit. The domain of Art has enlarged with the development of man through the centuries, and her canons have changed, and must change; Nature is still fresh and unchanged in all her movements and purposes, she speaks today as in the dawn of Creation.

Nature is sage, she is loving, she is free, because there is a spirit breathing in her. God reveals Himself in all her forms; and speaks in all her utterances. Therefore is the face of Nature beautiful; her voices, music; and her various movements decked with grace. It is characteristically when Nature appears but matter, inert as inertia itself, that she is stiff, ungraceful in her motion. When the creating or revealing spirit shapes her features, or sends out an animating glow into her countenance, or freely bends her inert limbs, then is she beautiful.

—*The Science of Esthetics,* by Henry M. Day

What is the mission of all this finish which God has given to His work? Beauty is for immortals; you cannot interest your horse or dog or cow in a flower garden or a sunset. It is food for the soul and is as necessary for our higher natures as is food for our bodies. Nothing was made in vain. The creation of beauty on such an extensive scale on the earth and in the universe implies its need.

—C. S. Harrison

Is the sense of beauty a result of sex feeling as Darwin, Santayana, Lucien Bray, and others attempt to prove? Is not our ideal of Heaven wholly separate from the earthly thought, expressed for a time in earthly terms? Is not beauty something more than mortal appreciation of things immortal?

We may if we wish believe that our understanding of the appreciation of beauty is a result of a development of sex feeling, just as speech came to man as a developed by-product of the sounds he made as he swallowed his food with manifest delight. The findings of science seem in part to support this theory, for though a hen does not probably note the splendor of the rising sun, some perception of the stimulus of color and sound is aroused within her as she watches the cock greet the lord of day. And we could argue that since children put into their stomachs or mouths everything that pleases their eyes that the sense of beauty in man once was localized in his stomach. It is not all-important to know how this perception was first given to us, but today we know its presence as one of the great distinctions between the mental activity of mankind and that of other animals. To man alone was given this great boon of a conscious valuation of the spirit of things; its presence bears a direct relation to our soul development as an individual and a race. It is made manifest through physical means, but its dependence upon the world of matter and sensation is but brief. By it we are linked to the great world beyond the margin of things material to the infinite realm of the yet unknown. It is not bound by things temporal. It is as far removed from the domain of purely earthly passions as are the streets of Heaven from the paths our feet tread today. Yet from our gleanings of the beauties of this world of sense and matter have we constructed the beauties of that other world before us.

It may indeed be phantasy, when I
    Essay to draw from all created things
    Deep, heartfelt, inward joy that closely clings;
And trace in leaves and flowers that round me lie
Lessons of love and earnest piety.
    So let it be; and if the wide world rings
    In mock of this belief, it brings
Nor fear, nor grief, nor vain perplexity.
So will I build my altar in the fields,
    And the blue sky my fretted dome shall be,
And the sweet fragrance that the wild flower yields
    Shall be the incense I will yield to Thee,
Thee only God! and Thou shalt not despise
Even me, the priest of this poor sacrifice.
—Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

But as we have seen, as we have walked the fields and listened to the winds and waters, the world is more than beautiful; it is pregnant with meaning, direct and plain in all things, with messages to all of us since we are endowed with powers that other animals know not. And the messages are not in Nature herself, for her Divinity is latent, but within us whose potential divinity links us directly with the Creator and all His works. It is the essence of the Creator within us that recognizes the marks of the Hand of the same Creator. These messages are ever changed and varied, but Nature that evokes them in us is the same ever, yet she too has moved onward in the march of the centuries toward her goal of ultimate perfection. And as the meaning of all these examples about us is brought home to us our souls develop onward too toward the goal of final perfection in harmony with the All-Father.

What each of us gets from Nature depends upon what we are ourselves. What we have finds its complement in her works; we recognize phases of our common heritage—the Divinity that resides in all things. When this realization shall have become complete, then shall earth become Heaven indeed. The perception of Heaven within us shall by our coöperation with Nature and man become actualized in the world about us. When Heaven truly lies within us it will be also manifest about us. Nature for endless centuries has done her part. We have spent our efforts in building up a wholly idealized Heaven and have done little at constructing a Heaven about us. And yet all the attributes of a most favored idealized realm of happiness have always been before us waiting for our appreciation and constructive efforts!

John Burroughs says, "A better world I never wanted."

But let us see what mankind has builded in the skies as apart from this earth and recorded it in Holy Writ. Heaven is supposed by many to contain the beauties that earth does not hold. Its physical aspects are told off in the Bible in a way far exceeding their relative value. To many prophets and saints the true ideal beauty was not to be found save in Heaven; on earth there was no place for it.

Thus it was through the ages that weary souls looked to their imagined Heaven for rest and joy, and clothed it with the glories that unconsciously were taken from the world about, but whose presence here about them they never realized. It seemed to them more fitting to find color and light and poetic motion in a distant realm than in the supposedly wicked and vile world about them. The Revelation of St. John the Divine definitely gave to Heaven all the beauties that could be found on this earth, and added glories of his own fancy.

Christianity strove hard to keep itself distinct from all pagan forms of worship, and it was necessary not only to avoid taking the mythology and Nature lore of the heathen Greeks and Romans, however civilized they were, but further to deny their value and morality.

The church ever reiterated that the world was sinful, not a fit home for man, but a temporary abiding-place while he underwent the trials that would fit him to enter into the greater joys of a life hereafter. Naturally that land was glorified with the beauties denied to the earthly existence. We are living to a large measure yet with this thought in mind, our hymns still proclaim it, though not in the full measure and application given it by our Puritan forebears. Scientific research has helped to dispel this obscuring fog; the great contributions to our religious faith in the last century have come rather from the investigations of science than those of our spiritual leaders. Why the lamp of our guidance should burn from a different oil we shall know when the faith of our fathers girds itself again to action.

The early prophets and psalmists of the Hebrew race, from whom our feelings towards the material world have been largely taken, were sure since sin was in the world that Nature was as much responsible for it as was man. They did not realize the significance of the fact that only with the coming of man could sin have come, that man alone of all Creation disobeys universal laws and takes upon himself to decide his own course. Only in man are good and evil found; the universe is positive only.

Before Adam or anthropoid apes existed (whichever you prefer) the world was otherwise complete, moral, beautiful, and except for geologic changes, nearly as it is today. Beauty and order and harmony have been its attributes always, whether man saw them or not. The centuries have finally begun to show that though the universe can and does exist independent of the presence of man and not for his pleasure or exploitation only, the mere fact that he was given so elaborate an "abiding-place" proves that he was to find other purpose for it than to read his sins into it.

There is nothing morally harmful in the world that man has not been the agent of its making. Our physical sufferings come, too, not from the results of the wrath of a vengeful Nature, but because we do not understand and obey her just and changeless laws. As well blame the tide because it washes away the sand castles you made on the beach. The universe never exacts aught of us save our understanding of her.

The attitude of our early ancestors toward the implied immorality of the earth was but a natural phase of human development. We still blame the instrument through which we did wrong. We proclaim that Circumstance was waiting to trap us, and unload from our shoulders the blame. We are never ready to admit that the circumstance was called into being only when we willed it, and had no positive or negative qualities until we had created them by following our own impulses, in good faith often, but not always wisely. It takes ages of experience to indelibly impress the human heart, and the wisdom of today is but a glimmer of that which mankind will yet acquire. We are still only fairly on the road toward the full light, and a study of the harmony in the universe but confirms our trust that we will yet find the same in man.

Again, the early years of the race are typified in the early impulses of a child. The floor that arose up and entrapped the childish foot was entirely in the wrong, and like as not deserved to be roundly beaten by the other uninjured member. And because this simple objective point of view seemed the most easily grasped by the unfolding intelligence, the mother and the prophets encouraged it. Savage peoples still regard inanimate objects as the direct cause of their misfortunes. Only after experience do we learn to chastise ourselves and not our materials and implements for our waywardness or stupidity.

A SUN-DAY HYMN

Lord of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our hearts the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine!

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.

Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes

In "Outlines of Indian Philosophy" by Paul Deussen we read, "For whatever means of unveiling the secrets of Nature a future time may discover, this idea will be true forever, from this mankind will never depart—if the mystery of Nature is to be solved, the key of it can be found only there where alone Nature allows us an interior view of the world, that is in ourselves."

Creation is but the embodiment of a Divine Idea.
—The Duke of Argyll

Nature is but a name for an effect whose cause is God.
—William Cowper

Oh, Nature! All thy seasons please the eye
Of him who sees a Deity in all.
—James Graham

But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.
—William Wordsworth

Primitive man called the earth "Mother," and with reason. The heavenly home was not far away to many early peoples, but in the earth below, in fair distant fields, on sunny far away islands, or in the near sky above. Even with the growth of the Hebrew idea that Heaven was not a material thing it still had all physical attributes and was definitely placed in the sky. As science has investigated the sky, Heaven has been moved to the outermost realms of space. The modern scientific attitude has wrought great changes in our faith in all its details, but it has not changed God as we know him, but has added to His attributes. We have learned to see this universe as a manifestation of universal laws of matter and of life, that the universe itself is but law, a materialization of the powers of the Deity. These laws are unchangeable by their very nature; they existed before time and endure forever; their workings apply to the greatest and most minute of all activities, Divine, human, and material. From them there is no escape, for they are all One in reality, all One in their Source. They encompass stars, trees, birds, and men, and are the Divine Inspiration Itself. In Nature, Man, and God there is no distinction made, the many diverse realities are by their kinship gathered into One, both material and spiritual.

THE CREATION

All things bright and beautiful,
    All creatures, great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,
    The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
    Each little birds that sings,
He made their glowing colors,
    He made their tiny wings.

The rich man in his castle,
    The poor man at his gate,
God made them, high or lowly,
    And ordered their estate.

The purple-headed mountain,
    The river running by,
The sunset, and the morning
    That brightens up the sky;

The cold wind in the winter,
    The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
    He made them every one.

The tall trees in the greenwood,
    The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water
  We gather every day;—

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who hath made all things well!
—Cecil F. Alexander

Some of us there are who deny the existence of Nature and of all matter. These say that this world is only a dream, a figment of the imagination, maya, according to the Hindoos. These philosophers may be quite right; their argument sounds quite logical, but as they reason with the very things they attempt to deny, their argument often goes round in a circle. This theory of the non-existence of matter is a most interesting one for argument as it can never be proven either way. Its practical value is not great as would appear at first sight, for what difference does it make actually whether the earth is real or not? So long as we live and move as if it were, the result is the same. A fictitious world can be as real as an actual—witness the delusions of the insane. We may be all demented together, but it is a harmless dementia, and the great confirming weight of our testimony makes it valuable.

The psychologist shows that all matter becomes known to us in our minds through our physical senses. Our senses are often imperfect and subject to error of perception and delusion, it is true, as when a pointed finger serves the hypnotist as a pistol, but fairly trustworthy on the whole, the sole staff on which we lean. All that we know comes from within us as a result of our varied sense experience, and conversely only what we have sensed can we know about. It is thus plain that the content of our mind is a most important thing, and the only thing really vital to us. The world of sense is important to us only in that it served to start our mental machinery in infancy and continues to guide our education through life. And by means of our five senses are most of our communications made known to one another. Telepathy, or communication between souls without the use of the senses, is recognized today but not understood.

Now the philosopher may go much further than this and say that since mind is so important it is the only important thing, the only thing that remains after that mysterious physical process called death, and is therefore the only existent thing. What we delight to call the world of matter exists *to us* no more now than it will in the hereafter, and consequently does not exist, cannot have existed, and will never exist at all. Mind only there is and it reigns supreme. A great many philosophies and "beliefs" are founded on this theory and they have some practical results. They enable us to deny and forget pain, unpleasantness, grief, and even death itself. To a certain extent these ideas are most helpful to the human race, but they do not begin to have the full significance of the philosophy of the Hindoo. Moreover, they present the curious illogical situation of proof by denial. To deny the existence of a thing is to admit its possible actuality. And this imperfect philosophy, when asked to explain why a man without food can feel hunger when there is no such thing as pain, has to fall back on the childish method of becoming impatient or angry, with the accusation of lack of faith or the presence of tempting or evil spirits. Such beliefs do not affect the universe in its ordained course.

The man that *knows* that this world is delusion *in toto*, but allows us all our little delusions to pacify us, presents another stage. He says, "You may say that things exist if you want to, it won't hurt you any, and it makes life simpler to believe the world real," but adds with a smile, "It is not real after all." He doubts absolutely the evidence of the senses, and can look at matter and the universe from no other angle. He makes mind the creator of matter, and each of us builds his world for himself, the world of no two persons being alike; and in a very real sense this is true. But that fact does not invalidate the reality of things physical.

The absolute denial of things visible and audible has its curious phases. Why when looking out of a window should I imagine a tree every time and not a house once in a while for a change, and why on saying "Oh!" to my friend should he turn and look and get the same sense impression, which fact we seem to verify on comparing ideas? Why this wonderful unanimity of impression? Why do not more of us imagine vain things? And how is it that we can communicate our definite impressions one to another? Comes it all as a result of years of self-training, or is it delusion within delusion? What starts the unformed mind of a child, the brain of mammals that cannot reason, the sense nerves of organisms, and affects even the cells of plants? Did not the world exist before man, will not matter continue long after we are gone? Is there not more to know than we yet imagine? The wise ones tell us that these are only other misleading phases of our untrustworthy sense impressions, and do not try to explain or combat our questions. They add that it is foolish to argue with those who persist in not understanding.

The far-seeing philosopher, as exemplified by the most profound of Hindoos, sees all this and yet does not lose his head. Serene and calm he goes his way, knowing that it makes no difference. He understands that all this confusion of ideas is a necessary part of our educational process of mind and soul, and that by striving to understand we shall be ready to know when at last we reach the Source of it all. To our living pulsing soul the imagined world of matter has no relation except as it is necessary to our frail and brief human state, which is a part only of our continued existence, unexplained by its very nature, because we hear it only in terms of itself, but which will be as clear as crystal as we each return to our undivided existence with the Indivisible, from which we were never really separated. Thus, though separated by a temporary wall of flesh one from another, we are even yet one soul with the One Great

Soul, always were and always shall be. For some reason explainable only by Him Whom we all are, we seem separate and distinct for a time, just as the hills appear purple at sunset. It is an acquired character, and not a reality. When loosed from these restraining senses, which seem to hinder while they help, the oneness and endlessness of all living souls will be apparent, as also the oblivion of what now seems real. As St. Paul said: "The things that are seen are temporal; the things that are unseen are eternal." 2 Cor. 4:18.

Why He should choose to manifest Himself for a time as apparently distinct will also then be revealed. How can we now with our finite minds hope to understand infinity? Does a child understand algebra? Yet with teaching all of us can grasp its principles after a time. "For now we see through a glass darkly." The reality of the world is then absolute to human beings, *so long as each is upon it;* what it is when each of us departs this life is not now to be explained or understood. Thus the two statements of the common person and the philosopher, the one that the world is real, the other that it is non-existent, are the same in meaning. They are looking at the same thing from the same angle and see the same, the only difference is the duration of the object seen and the background beyond it. The common person sees his world as filling his whole horizon forever; the philosopher is aware of it only for a short time, just as gnats are troublesome only in the spring. Given but one round of seasons to the universe and gnats are not very important. But while we are here the most profound sage admits the reality of matter, or a semblance of actuality that is undistinguishable, and acts accordingly. Though he repeats that the world is but a dream, there is nothing to argue about with his neighbor; and when both pass on from it there will still be no grounds for controversy, for both will be satisfied. Really I have not tried to prove anything, for the subject cannot be dismissed in a few words; but this I know: we are given this world to study; the wise man is a diligent student.

It follows that naturally from this idea of all souls being one in essence, though divided by our finite senses, we arrive at the theory that all life is one, an indistinguishable Whole coming from one Indivisible Source. And further, that all matter is one, with us; that all is a part of one infinite Whole which abides forever. Trees and sky, birds and men, all are one reality, a part of the Eternal Whole, all one in Him, and He one in them. Various philosophies with this as the central thought are said to be pantheistic, which means God in all things; or as we would put it in the light of what we have already said: all matter is a part of ourselves, revealed to ourselves, for the good of us all. It is entirely unnecessary that you believe this, it is not to be believed by many of us, and cannot be proven to finite minds by sense evidence. It is enough that you admit its possibility. I can't undertake to prove the truth of pantheism, there are and have been far abler advocates than I, whether or not they have achieved their end. It is enough for my present purpose that you get the idea in outline, for not only does it give you a new angle at which to look at animate and inanimate Nature, but poets and Nature-lovers since time immemorial have had this underlying thought while writing, and to get their meaning you must get their point of view. Look over some of the briefer quotations in the previous chapters, and see how often this idea of God-in-all is brought up. And knowing of the possible oneness of all things, beauty in Nature is made more beautiful and personal, for by it are self and God revealed to us.

Nature with open volume stands
  To spread her Maker's praise abroad,
And every labor of His hands
  Shows something worthy of a God.

—Isaac Watts

Looking back at the past ages of man's spiritual development we see that the various features of the earth have been regarded as animated, intelligent beings, of a divine personality. And our early ancestors were not far wrong. They gave to each a rank and relationship, and special forms of worship. Their elaborate system of deities fell into disfavor from its own unwieldiness. How much simpler it is today to look at all these manifestations of deities as manifestations and actualities of the One Who guides them all! This idea was most beautifully expressed by the American Indians in their conception of the Great Spirit, the Personality of all earthly personalities, Which sat enthroned high above, directing all.

> Not in another world, as poets prate,
> Dwell we apart, above the tide of things,
> High floating o'er earth's clouds on fairy wings;
> But our pure love doth elevate
> Into a holy bond of brotherhood,
> All earthly things, making them pure and good.
> —James Russell Lowell

Genesis 1 and 2 are familiar examples to us all as showing the relation of the Creator to the universe. But read also some of the chapters of Job, especially Chapter 38, and many of the Psalms, notably Psalms 19, 24, 121, and 148, which have been familiar to mankind for ages. Read them again with this new thought in mind that God is in His works, and a new significance will come to these ancient utterances, a meaning that always was there, but has been lost sight of by many.

All early religions are polytheistic in essence, the One Divinity is divided into many gods; to each of the powers of the earth, to every manifestation of Nature is given a great soul. It takes ages of development to put these varied divinities into One; we have not yet fully grasped the idea of the Oneness of all created things with their Creator. Our soul development is largely measured by the extent of our grasp of this idea.

The past of the universe has been in part read and interpreted; its future seems in part clear to us, but philosophy and science have not as yet fully agreed as to the outcome. The predictions of science are not wholly cheerful, for by the same processes by which our physical earth lives will it become inert and lifeless some eons hence. The teachings of metaphysics are more hopeful; as the physical activities of our planet have fulfilled their purpose will the forces governed by spiritual laws become more active, and earth will cease to be earth, and man will no longer be man as we know him today.

It is claimed by some that earth herself some day, when her development shall have become complete, will be Heaven. While we have not yet adduced scientific proof for this, and science speaks loudly in this age, still the idea is not so utopian as would at first seem. From the physical point of view it may be that other great changes are yet in store for the earth, changes undreamed of as yet, and stupendous as those in the stages following the early creation. It may be that the last great epoch in the development of earth is yet to be opened upon us.

> That all these agencies should have continued to preserve such a uniformity of temperature that almost the whole land surface is, and has been for countless ages, suitable for the continuous development of life, is hardly to be explained without some Guiding Power over the cosmic forces which have brought about the result.
>
> —*The World of Life* by Alfred Russell Wallace

> The longer I live the more my mind dwells upon the beauty and wonder of the world. I hardly know which feeling leads, wonderment or admiration. After a man has passed the psalmist's dead line of seventy years, as Dr. Holmes called it, if he is of a certain temperament, he becomes more and more detached from the noise and turmoil of the times in which he lives. The passing hubbub in the streets attracts him less and less; more and

more he turns to the permanent, the fundamental, the everlasting. More and more he is impressed with life and Nature in themselves, and the beauty and grandeur of the voyage we are making on this planet.

* * *

I began by saying how much the beauty and wonder of the world occupies me these later years. I suppose if my mind had dwelt much upon the other world toward which we are headed, and which is the main concern of so many passengers, I should have found less to absorb and instruct me in this. In fact, the hypothetical other world has scarcely occupied me at all, and when it has, I have thought of it as a projection from this, a kind of Brocken shadow cast by our love of life upon futurity. My whole being is so well, so exquisitely attuned to this world, that I have instinctively felt that it was for this world that I was made.

—*The Summit of the Years* by John Burroughs

The very substantial quality of the things of this earth seems to mock the frailty of our earthly existence. The seeming duration of matter is the one great vexation of our spirit. Yet for this seeming affliction there must be a purpose. Samuel Johnson complained that the dull insensate bricks would remain long after he was gone.

The flowers will blow, the rivers flow,
When I no more return.

—John Greenleaf Whittier

We can't hope to solve the riddle of the universe in one day and age. The continued progress of the race is essentially hopeful; each new century gives us added knowledge and understanding. We would not wish to know all wisdom in one day, for what could we then seek tomorrow? All that we need for today is a sublime faith that the things hidden will be in due season revealed to those of us who are ready to understand, that we are all moving forward under Divine Guidance, Whose only command is that we trust Him. We should know what is near us, and faith will enlarge our vision. As Whittier said:

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

"Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Except as he becomes a child again he cannot see the kingdom of Heaven in the earth about us. So only as we approach Nature with the heart of a child and the understanding of a seer can we enter fully into a fellowship of Nature and of God, and through them to a better understanding of man. For the three are one in essence and purpose. Faith as understood by the prophets and apostles has taken on wider meanings in the light of our understanding of the universe.

We have as yet but lightly read the introductory chapters and glanced at the preface in our study of the wisdom of the universe. It is a serious study and not a romance, so we are not allowed to read the last chapter first to see how it is coming out.

I do not understand differential calculus and the theory of the fourth dimension, and textbooks in the higher mathematics have pages and words with but little meaning to me, but then I never studied as deeply as I might have done into the mysteries of algebra and geometry, choosing rather to specialize in other branches of knowledge. Many there are who have looked deeply into the exact sciences, and had I followed them as faithfully and under a master's guidance, I, too, could have peered behind the veil and perhaps taken others away with me. So, too, many of us have never given Nature serious attention, but have busied ourselves with studying to lay up for ourselves worldly treasures or the more fleeting joys of social pleasures. We may be specialists in these things as perhaps no age before us can equal; but our same intensity of purpose would also serve as well in other endeavors. As I continue to apply myself to the study of the universe will the words there written become intelligible to me, and pages as yet scarcely soiled by much handling may yet be worn and inkstained from much copying by my fellow-students. More advanced lessons will be given as fast as we are ready for them, and principles as yet unknown will be the common property of all. And the great fact is that our subject is also our teacher, so there are no dead or musty pages. The pages stretch before us in vast and endless reaches; no man can ever say that he has turned and read them all.

As our knowledge of our world increases so will the light shine from it brighter; as there was once light brought forth over the material world, so too will light break over our spirits. The world is Light itself, materialized and personified, even spiritualized.

Nature casts no shadow over our lives; we may read shadows into her movements, but these come from our fellow-men. She is pure joy and progress, she has no human failings. So as I look at the living face of the landscape it is no exertion for me to see all bright with light, and the background of shadow is human in its source. All-wise provision that one point of contact in our daily work, that one of our outlooks toward our Creator, should give no pain!

Nature and God are our safe and sane companions; with them can no harm come to us. Though mankind has far evolved from its early savage state, the sad fact remains that man yet is not wholly safe with man.

> He was in the world, and the world was made by Him; and the world knew Him not.
>
> —John 1:10

Though Nature is a rare companion for the heart of man in all his moods, though she feeds his mind in a thousand ways, pleases his eye with forms and colors too cunning for the hand of man to counterfeit, and speaks audibly to his ear by a thousand varied sounds, after all she speaks not wholly in a way to satisfy our hearts, for her utterances lack the charm of the human voice. Sublime and awful she may be, the direct messenger of the Higher Power, beautiful in all her aspects and sober or gay as is our mood, and we recognize the Great Presence that animates her; but as we look at all things through human eyes, so we miss the presence of humanity within her. Love she has, and a tender regard for her children, but they lack the spirit of that given by man to man. She is by her very nature outside us, and becomes a part of us only as we take her within us. She can continue without the presence of mankind, but man can scarcely exist without her spiritual ministrations. As a part of our soul life she has no existence, she has not consciousness in our sense of the word, and yet she arouses the soul forces within us.

Nature is a material aspect of the Deity, as we are both material and spiritual manifestations of the Great All-One Who is in essence all spirit. And we are given this material interpretation of Him that we may more easily understand our relations one to another. If the great glory and beauty of the universe were not revealed to us that we might daily receive from it lessons of faith, hope, and love, to be applied in our care for our fellow mortals here on earth, then have we been given eyes in vain.

TRANSLATION OF PSALM 23

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
  And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
  And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
  And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint
  Or on the thirsty mountain pant,

To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through that dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds, I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.
—Joseph Addison

Nature, then, as shown in the landscape, is far more than material in her varied manifestations, and since the dawn of reason in the mind of man have we dimly realized that fact. That we have not made full use of our knowledge is the indictment made against us. That we should be thus careless is not to be wondered at in many of us, who neglect our fellowmen and forget the near presence of our Maker. Voices on all sides, both actual and inaudible, potent manifestations, visible and invisible, every hour of our lives are piling up testimony before us, testimony that no thinking being can ignore or discredit, of the near and ever-active presence of the Divinity that is in us and about us,

That God which ever lives and loves
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves.
—Alfred, Lord Tennyson

THE GOODNESS OF GOD

Yes, God is good; in earth and sky
From ocean depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seemed to cry
"God made us all, and God is good."

The sun that keeps his trackless way
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say,
In accents clear, that God is good.

The merry birds prolong the strain,
Their song with every spring renewed;
And balmy air, and falling rain,
Each softly whispers, "God is good."

I hear it in the rushing breeze;
The hills that have for ages stood,
The echoing sky, and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, "God is good."

Yes, God is good, all Nature says,
By God's own hand with speech indued;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that "God is good."

For all Thy gifts we bless Thee, Lord,
But chiefly for our heavenly food,
Thy pardoning grace, Thy quickening word;—
These prompt our song that "God is good."

—J. H. Gourney.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

POEMS TO READ

CHAPTER I

Nature........................Henry W. Longfellow
"As a fond mother, when the day is o'er"
The Worship of Nature..............John Greenleaf Whittier
"The harp at Nature's advent strung"
Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood..William Cullen Bryant
"Stranger, if thou hast learned a truth which needs"
Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey
William Wordsworth
"Five years have passed; five summers, with the length"
Thanatopsis........................William Cullen Bryant
"To him who in love of Nature holds"
Lines Written in Early Spring...........William Wordsworth
"I heard a thousand blended notes"
After a Lecture on Wordsworth.........Oliver Wendell Holmes
"Come, spread your wings, as I spread mine"
A Strip of Blue..............................Lucy Larcom
"I do not own an inch of land"
The River...........................Ralph Waldo Emerson
"And I behold once more"
Nature....................................Jones Very
"I love to sit on the green hill's side"
Invocation to Nature...................Percy Bysshe Shelley
"Earth, ocean, air, beloved brotherhood!"
The World is too Much with Us..........William Wordsworth
"The world is too much with us; late and soon"

CHAPTER II

The Brook.........................Alfred, Lord Tennyson
"I come from haunts of coot and hern"
Song of the Chattahoochee....................Sidney Lanier
"Out of the hills of Habersham"

April.............................John Greenleaf Whittier
“ ’Tis the noon of the springtime; yet never a bird”
Song of the River........................Charles Kingsley
“Clear and cool, clear and cool”
The Merrimac....................John Greenleaf Whittier
“Stream of my fathers, sweetly still”
Beaver Brook........................James Russell Lowell
“Hushed with broad sunlight lies the hill”
Spring...........................Oliver Wendell Holmes
“Winter is past; the heart of Nature warms”
Spring Song..............................Bliss Carman
“Make me over, Mother April”
To the Nile...............................Bayard Taylor
“Mysterious flood,—that through the silent sands”
The Rivulet........................William Cullen Bryant
“This little rill that from the springs”
Little Streams...............................Mary Howitt
“Little streams, in light and shadow”
The Rivulet..................................Lucy Larcom
“Run, little rivulet, run!”
The Coming of the Spring.......................Nora Perry
“There’s something in the air”
In April’s Dim and Showery Nights.... Sarah Helen Whitman
“In April’s dim and showery nights”
Spring—April—May.........................Mary Howitt
“Spring! the beautiful spring is coming”

CHAPTER III

The Garden...............................Andrew Marvel
“How vainly men themselves amaze”
A Touch of Nature..................Thomas Bailey Aldrich
“When first the crocus thrusts its point of gold”
Spring Has Come..................Oliver Wendell Holmes
“The sunbeams, lost for half a year”
Garden.........................John Greenleaf Whittier
“O, Painter of the fruits and flowers”
An Old-Fashioned Garden........ ....Julia C. R. Dorr
“An old-fashioned garden? Yes, my dear”
My Garden...............................Celia Thaxter
“It blossomed by the summer sea”
Seed-time Hymn...............................John Keble
“Lord, in Thy name Thy servants plead”

The Garden....................................Mary Howitt
"Nay, go not to the town today"
A Song of May..........................Mary Mapes Dodge
"My heart is light with May, with May"

CHAPTER IV

Marigolds....................................Bliss Carman
"The marigolds are nodding"
Flowers......................................Mary Howitt
"On the third day of Creation"
Sweet Fern.......................John Greenleaf Whittier
"The subtle power in perfume found"
The Daffodils.........................William Wordsworth
"I wandered lonely as a cloud"
To the Dandelion......................James Russell Lowell
"Dear common flower that grow'st beside the way,"
The Rhodora.........................Ralph Waldo Emerson
"In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes"
To the Fringed Gentian...............William Cullen Bryant
"Thou blossom bright with autumn dew"
To a Mountain Daisy.........................Robert Burns
"Wee, modest, crimson tipped flower"
Flowers......................Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
"Spake full well, in language quaint and olden"
To Daffodils...................................Robert Herrick
"Fair Daffodils, we weep to see"
Thoughts on Flowers............................H. G. Bell
"There is religion in a flower"
To the Daisy..........................William Wordsworth
"With little here to do or see"
To the Daisy..........................William Wordsworth
"Bright flower, whose home is everywhere"
The Yellow Violet...................William Cullen Bryant
"When beechen buds begin to swell"
Song.......................................James Russell Lowell
"Violet, sweet violet"
Iris—Flower de Luce...........Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
"Beautiful lily, dwelling by still waters"
Chorus of Flowers..................................Leigh Hunt
"We are the sweet flowers"
The Wild Honeysuckle......................Philip Freneau
"Fair flower, thou dost so comely grow"

Spring.................................Celia Thaxter
    "The alder by the river"

CHAPTER V

Seashore..........................Ralph Waldo Emerson
    "I heard or seemed to hear the chiding sea"
The Sea..........................Bryant Waller Proctor
    "The sea! the sea! the open sea!"
The Sound of the Sea...........Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
    "The sea woke at midnight from its sleep"
Hampton Beach...................John Greenleaf Whittier
    "The sunlight glitters keen and bright"
Sea-Longings.......... ....Thomas Bailey Aldrich
    "The first world-sound that fell upon my ear"
Dover Beach............................Matthew Arnold
    "The sea is calm tonight"
A Life on the Ocean Wave.....................Epes Sargent
    "A life on the ocean wave"
The Coral Grove.....................James Gates Percival
    "Deep in the wave is a coral grove"
The Deep..................John Gardiner Calkins Brainard
    "There's beauty in the deep"
A Name in the Sand...................Hannah Flagg Gould
    "Alone I walked the ocean strand"
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.........Emma Hart Willard
    "Rocked in the cradle of the deep"
The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls....Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
    "The tide rises, the tide falls"
Break, Break, Break.................Alfred, Lord Tennyson
    "Break, break, break"
Crossing the Bar.....................Alfred, Lord Tennyson
    "Sunset and evening star"
The Marshes of Glynn........................Sidney Lanier
    "Gloom of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and woven"
Seaweed.....................Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
    "When descends on the Atlantic"
By the Seashore.............. ....John W. Chadwick
    "The curved strand"
Seaside Hymn...............................Celia Thaxter
    "Into the ocean of Thy Peace!"
Storm Song...............................Bayard Taylor
    "The clouds are scudding across the moon"

Wind and Sea.................................Bayard Taylor
"The sea is a jovial comrade"
The Waves..................................Bayard Taylor
"Children are we"

CHAPTER VI

Hymn to Mont Blanc...............Samuel Taylor Coleridge
"Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star"
The Lakeside......................John Greenleaf Whittier
"The shadows round the inland sea"
Summer by the Lakeside...........John Greenleaf Whittier
"White clouds, whose shadows haunt the deep"
Among the Hills...................John Greenleaf Whittier
"For weeks the clouds had raked the hills"
Midsummer in the Catskills..................John Burroughs
"The strident hum of sickle-bar"
Midsummer....................John Townsend Trowbridge
"Around this lovely valley rise"
To Seneca Lake......................James Gates Percival
"On thy fair bosom, silver lake"
A Mystery.........................John Greenleaf Whittier
"The river hemmed with leaning trees"
At Winnipesaukee............................Lucy Larcom
"O, silent hills across the lake"
Nearing the Snowline.................Oliver Wendell Holmes
"Slow toiling upward from the misty vale"
Sunrise on the Hills...........Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
"I stood upon the hills, when Heaven's wide arch"
Mont Blanc..........................Percy Bysshe Shelley
"The everlasting universe of things"
Mountaineer's Prayer........................Lucy Larcom
"Gird me with the strength of Thy steadfast hills"

CHAPTER VII

There is One Spot for Which My Soul Will Yearn
Myron B. Benton
"There is one spot for which my soul will yearn"
The Old Oaken Bucket..................Samuel Woodworth
"How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood"
Home, Sweet Home....................John Howard Payne
"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam"

Our Homestead.........................Phoebe Cary
“Our old brown homestead reared its walls”
Old Pictures.................................Phoebe Cary
“Old pictures, faded long ago, tonight”
Ode on Solitude..........................Alexander Pope
“Happy is the man whose wish and care”
The Return..............................John Burroughs
“He sought the old scenes with eager feet”
The Last Eve of Summer............John Greenleaf Whittier
“Summer’s last sun nigh unto setting shines”
The Strength of the Hills...........Louise Chandler Moulton
“My thoughts go home to that old brown house”
The Homestead....................John Greenleaf Whittier
“Against the wooded hills it stands”
The Little House on the Hill.....................Alice Cary
“O Memory! be sweet to me”

CHAPTER VIII

Autumn Woods.....................William Cullen Bryant
“Ere, in the northern gale”
An Indian Summer Reverie............James Russell Lowell
“What visionary tints the year puts on”
The Corn Song.............. ......John Greenleaf Whittier
“Heap high the farmer’s wintry hoard!”
To Autumn....................................John Keats
“Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness”
In October..............................John Burroughs
“Now comes the sunset of the verdant year”
October.........................William Cullen Bryant
“Ay, thou art welcome, heaven’s delicious breath!”
A Harvest Hymn.........................W. D. Gallagher
“Great God!—our heartfelt thanks to Thee!”
Corn Fields................................Mary Howitt
“When on the breath of autumn breeze”
My Autumn Walk..................William Cullen Bryant
“On woodlands ruddy with autumn”
The Death of the Flowers............William Cullen Bryant
“The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year”
A Dakota Wheat-field......................Hamlin Garland
“Like liquid gold the wheatfield lies”
November................. ....Elizabeth Stoddard
“Much have I spoken of the faded leaf”

Indian Summer..............................J. P. Ervine
"At last the toil-encumbered days are over"
The Last Eve of Summer.............John Greenleaf Whittier
"Summer's last sun nigh unto setting shines"
Autumn....................................Celia Thaxter
"Round and round the garden rushed a sudden blast"
A Still Day in Autumn.................Sarah Helen Whitman
"I love to wander through the woodlands hoary"

CHAPTER IX

A Forest Hymn......................William Cullen Bryant
"The groves were man's first temples. Ere man learned"
My Garden.........................Ralph Waldo Emerson
"If I could put my woods in song"
Aspects of the Pines.................Paul Hamilton Hayne
"Tall, sombre, grim, against the morning sky"
The Planting of the Apple-tree........William Cullen Bryant
"Come, let us plant the apple-tree"
Woodnotes.........................Ralph Waldo Emerson
"When the pine tosses its cones"
The Snowing of the Pines.......Thomas Wentworth Higginson
"Softer than silence, stiller than still air"
Last Walk in Autumn................John Greenleaf Whittier
"O'er the bare woods, whose outstretched hands"
To a Pine Tree.......................James Russell Lowell
"Far up on Katahdin thou towerest"
Metempsychosis of the Pine.................Bayard Taylor
"As when the haze of some wan moonlight makes"
Cedar Trees................................Mary Howitt
"The Power that formed the violet"
The Trees..................................Lucy Larcom
"Time is never wasted, listening to the trees"

CHAPTER X

Hymn to the night.............Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
"I heard the trailing garments of the Night"
The Light of Stars.............Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
"The night is come, but not too soon"
The Cloud............................Percy Bysshe Shelley
"I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers"

The Clouds................................William Coswell
"I cannot look above and see"
To the Rainbow.........................Thomas Campbell
"Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky"
A Storm in the Distance...............Paul Hamilton Hayne
"I see the cloud-borne squadrons of the gale"
The Celestial Passion.................Richard Watson Gilder
"O white and midnight sky! O starry bath!"
To Night...........................Percy Bysshe Shelley
"Swiftly walk over the western wave"
The Day is Done.............Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
"The day is done, and the darkness"
Dawn............................Richard Watson Gilder
"The night was dark, though sometimes a faint star"
The Starry Host.................John Lancaster Spaulding
"The countless stars, which to our human eye"
Bright Star! Would I Were Steadfast as Thou Art. John Keats
"Bright star! Would I were steadfast as thou art"
Ode to Evening..........................William Collins
"If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song"
Starlight...................................Celia Thaxter
"The chill, sad evening wind of winter blows"
The Sunrise Never Failed Us Yet..............Celia Thaxter
"Upon the sadness of the sea"
The Firmament......................William Cullen Bryant
"Ay, gloriously thou standest there"
Desert Hymn to the Sun.....................Bayard Taylor
"Under the arches of the morning sky"
To the Morning Star..................Sarah Helen Whitman
"Sweet Phosphor! Star of Love and Hope"
Hymn to the North Star.............William Cullen Bryant
"The sad and solemn night"

CHAPTER XI

The First Snowfall....................James Russell Lowell
"The snow had begun in the gloaming"
The Snowstorm......................Ralph Waldo Emerson
"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky"
A Winter Piece......................William Cullen Bryant
"The time has been that these wild solitudes"
It Is in Winter that We Dream of Spring. . Robert Burns Wilson
"It is in winter that we dream of spring"

Midwinter......................John Townsend Trowbridge
"The speckled sky is dim with snow"
Frost at Midnight..................Samuel Taylor Coleridge
"The frost performs its secret ministry"
A White World..............................Celia Thaxter
"I never knew the world in white"
Hymn of Winter........................Samuel Longfellow
"'Tis winter now; the fallen snow"

CHAPTER XII

The Sandpiper.............................Celia Thaxter
"Across the narrow beach we flit"
To a Waterfowl.....................William Cullen Bryant
"Whither, midst falling dew"
To a Mouse................................Robert Burns
"Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie"
To a Skylark........................William Wordsworth
"Up with me! up with me into the clouds!"
To a Skylark.........................Percy Bysshe Shelley
"Hail to thee, blithe spirit!"
To the Cuckoo.......................William Wordsworth
"O blithe new-comer! I have heard"
The Bobolink................................Thomas Hill
"Bobolink! that in the meadow"
The Vesper Sparrow.....................Edith M. Thomas
"It comes from childhood land"
The Oriole's Secret.......................Emily Dickinson
"To hear an oriole sing"
Robin's Come........................William W. Caldwell
"From the elm-tree's topmost bough"
To a Crow..........................Robert Burns Wilson
"Bold, amiable, ebon outlaw, grave and wise"
The Lark Ascending.....................George Meredith
"He rises and begins to round"
To an Insect......................Oliver Wendell Holmes
"I love to hear thine earnest voice"
The Humblebee................... Ralph Waldo Emerson
"Burly, dozing humble-bee"
Ode to a Butterfly...........Thomas Wentworth Higginson
"Thou spark of life that wavest wings of gold"
To a Catydid.............................Philip Freneau
"In a branch of willow hid"

The Green Linnet......................William Wordsworth
"Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed"
The Brown Thrush.........................Lucy Larcom
"There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in the tree"

CHAPTER XIII

The Rainy Day................Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
"The day is cold, and dark, and dreary"
A Winter Piece.....................William Cullen Bryant
"The time has been that these wild solitudes"
The Barefoot Boy..................John Greenleaf Whittier
"Blessings on thee, little man"
Expostulation..........................William Wordsworth
"Up! up! my friend, and quit your books"
The Evening Wind..................William Cullen Bryant
"Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou"
Daybreak....................Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
"A wind came up out of the sea"
Ode to the West Wind................Percy Bysshe Shelley
"O, wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being"
Song in March.....................William Gilmore Simms
"Now are the winds about us in their glee"
Influence of Natural Objects............William Wordsworth
"Wisdom and spirit of the universe"
Spring Again...............................Celia Thaxter
"I stood on the height in the stillness"
Oh, Tell Me Not of Heavenly Halls............Celia Thaxter
"Oh, tell me not of heavenly halls"
In the World with You......................Lucy Larcom
"When the first red streaks of dawn"
The West Wind.....................William Cullen Bryant
"Beneath the forest's skirt I rest"
The Wind of March................John Greenleaf Whittier
"Up from the sea the wild north wind is blowing"
Nature............................Henry David Thoreau
"Oh, Nature! I do not aspire"

CHAPTER XIV

The Voice of the Pine................Richard Watson Gilder
"'Tis night upon the lake. Our bed of boughs"
Hymn of the Earth................William Ellery Channing
"My highway is unfeatured air"

Man in Nature......................William Roscoe Thayer
“Climbing up the hillside beneath the summer stars”
Silence.........................John Lancaster Spaulding
“Inaudible move night and day”
It Is a Beauteous Evening, Calm and Free..William Wordsworth
“It is a beauteous evening, calm and free”
The World Is Too Much With Us........William Wordsworth
“The world is too much with us; late and soon”
A Thanksgiving............................Lucy Larcom
“For the wealth of pathless forests”
Nature and the Book......................Lucy Larcom
“I heard one say but now: ‘Shut up the book!’ ”
Overlord..................................Bliss Carman
“Lord of the grass and hill”

BOOKS TO READ

CHAPTER I

Landscape in American Poetry*................Lucy Larcom
Nature Pictures by American Poets*....Annie Russell Marble
Poetry of the Seasons*..........Compiled by Mary J. Lovejoy
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Eye Spy....... .. ..William Hamilton Gibson
Sidelights to Nature in Quill and Crayon—
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Outlook to Nature.....................Liberty Hyde Bailey
Nature for Its Own Sake..................Henry van Dyke
The Kinship of Nature.........................Bliss Carman
The Landscape Beautiful.................Frank A. Waugh
Landscape in History and Other Essays....Sir Archibald Geikie
Modern Painters..............................John Ruskin
Great Masters of Landscape Painting..........Emile Michel
Man and the Earth......................Nathaniel S. Shaler

CHAPTER II

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The Brook Book......................Mary Rogers Miller
Fish Stories...........................Holden and Jordan
The Story of the Fishes......... .. ..James Newton Baskett
Water Wonders Every Child Should Know...Jean M. Thompson

* Poetry.

CHAPTER III

Essay—Of Gardens ....Francis Bacon
In Praise of Gardens*............Compiled by Temple Scott
An Island Garden*..........................Celia Thaxter
When Mother Lets Us Garden...............Frances Duncan
The Voice of the Garden..............Abram Linwood Urban
The Voice of the Garden*...........Edited by L. L. C. Biklé
The Garden of a Commuter's Wife............Mabel O. Wright
The Garden, You and I.................... Mabel O. Wright
Wood and Garden.......................... Gertrude Jekyll
Home and Garden........ ....Gertrude Jekyll
Our Garden Flowers........................Harriet Keeler
The Practical Flower Garden............Mrs. Helena R. Ely
A Woman's Hardy Garden..............Mrs. Helena R. Ely
Old-Time Gardens..................Mrs. Alice Morse Earle
Sun-dials and Roses of Yesterday.....Mrs. Alice Morse Earle
The Lure of the Garden...............Hildegarde Hawthorne
In the Heart of a Garden.............Rosamund M. Watson
Joy of Gardens......... .. ..Lena May McCeveley
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Old-Fashioned Gardening......................Grace Tabor
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The Flower-fields of Alpine Switzerland..........G. Flemwell
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Wait and Leonard
Myths and Legends of Flowers, Trees, Fruits, and Plants—
Charles M. Skinner
Flower Stories.....................Lenore Elizabeth Mulets
Old-time Gardens.........................Alice Morse Earle
The Flowers and Their Story.......................H. Friend
Field, Forest, and Wayside Flowers..............Maud Going
Field Book of American Wild Flowers....F. Schuyler Matthews
A Guide to the Wild Flowers.................Alice Lounsberry

Flowers and Ferns in Their Haunts..........Mabel O. Wright
Our Ferns in Their Haunts....................W. N. Clute
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How to Know the Wild Flowers......Mrs. William Starr Dana
Nature's Garden..........................Neltje Blanchan

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The Sea Beach at Ebb Tide............Augusta Foote Arnold
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The Rockies of Canada...................Walter D. Wilcox
Picturesque Landscapes in the Canadian Rocky Mountains—Walter D. Wilcox
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Our National Parks............................John Muir
The Spell of the Rockies.......................Enos A. Mills
Aspects of the Earth.....................Nathaniel S. Shaler

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Country Life..........................R. Morris Copeland

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Adventures in Contentment...................David Grayson

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Seed Dispersal..........................William James Beal
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The Fall of the Year.....................Dallas Lore Sharpe

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With the Trees.............................Maud Going
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Our Native Trees..........................Harriet Keeler
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Woodland Paths........................Winthrop Packard
Wild Pastures..........................Winthrop Packard
Wood Wanderings......................Winthrop Packard
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Stories of Starland..........................Mary Proctor
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A Watcher in the Woods..................Dallas Lore Sharpe
Story of the Birds..................James Newton Baskett
Natural History of Shelbourne................Gilbert White
Bird Craft............................Mabel O. Wright
Birds and Bees..........................John Burroughs
True Bird Stories.....................Olive Thorne Miller
Handbook of New England Birds and their Music—
F. Schuyler Matthews
Birds that Hunt and Are Hunted............Neltje Blanchan
Bird Neighbors..........................Neltje Blanchan
How to Attract the Birds..................Neltje Blanchan
Winter Neighbors..........................John Burroughs
Birds, Bees, and Sharp Eyes................John Burroughs
Wake Robin..............................John Burroughs
Through Birdland Byways......................Oliver C. Pike
The Jungle Book.........................Rudyard Kipling
Second Jungle Book.......................Rudyard Kipling
Insect Life..............................J. H. Comstock
My Winter Garden......................Maurice Thompson
Music of the Wild...................Gene Stratton Porter
Sharp Eyes......................William Hamilton Gibson
Highways and Byways............William Hamilton Gibson
Moths of the Limberlost................Gene Stratton Porter
Caterpillars and their Moths...............Elliott and Soule
Romance of Insect Life.....................Edmond Selous

CHAPTER XIII

Songs from Vagabondia*.....................Bliss Carman
Robinson Crusoe............................Daniel Defoe
Swiss Family Robinson..................Johann David Wyss
Two Little Savages..................Ernest Thompson-Seton
Journey to Nature........................J. P. Mowbray
The Desert............................. J. C. Van Dyke
The Open Air...........................Richard Jeffries
Familiar Life of Field and Forest........F. Schuyler Matthews
Watchers of the Trails......................John D. Long
Wild Animals I Have Known..........Ernest Thompson-Seton
Camp Life in the Woods............William Hamilton Gibson
Camp and Trail......................Stewart Edward White
Campfires of a Naturalist.........................Edwards
The Open Road*..................Compiled by E. V. Lucas
Poems on Country Life*..........Edited by George S. Bryan
The Friendly Road.........................David Grayson
The Sylvan Year...................Philip Gilbert Hamerton

CHAPTER XIV

Ode on the Intimation of Immortality*....William Wordsworth
Sunday Book of Poetry*........Selected by Cecil F. Alexander
The Idea of God...................................John Fiske
De l'Existence de Dieu..............................Fénelon
The Sense of Beauty...................George Santayana
The World of Life....................Alfred Russell Wallace
Man's Place in the Universe..........Alfred Russell Wallace
God and His World.......................Samuel Calthrop
The Interpretation of Nature............Nathaniel S. Shaler
The Antiquity of Man.......................Sir Charles Lyall
Mosaics of Truth in Nature..............Etta Merrick Graves

GENERAL REFERENCES

The Age of Fable	Thomas Bulfinch
Nature Myths and Stories for Little Children	Flora J. Cooke
Myths of Northern Lands	H. A. Guerber
Kindred of the Wild	Charles G. D. Roberts
Birds and Poets	John Burroughs
Indoor Studies	John Burroughs
Nature	Ralph Waldo Emerson
Wild Nature Wooed and Won	Oliver G. Pike
Under the Open Sky	Samuel G. Schmucker
Country Life	R. Morris Copeland
The Nature Study Idea	Liberty Hyde Bailey
Handbook of Nature Study	Anna Botsford Comstock
Childe Harold*	Lord Byron
In Memoriam*	Alfred, Lord Tennyson

WRITERS WHO REFER TO NATURE

Some of the well known Nature lovers of the present age.

William Wordsworth
Henry David Thoreau
John D. Long
Stewart Edward White
Ralph Waldo Emerson
Winthrop Packard
Henry van Dyke
John Muir
John Burroughs
Richard Jeffries
Kenneth Grahame
J. P. Mowbray
Ernest Thompson Seton
David Starr Jordan
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Hamlin Garland
John Ruskin
John C. van Dyke
Celia Thaxter
Helen Hunt Jackson
Bradford Torrey
Bayard Taylor
Bliss Carman
Mary Howitt
Lucy Larcom
Edith M. Thomas
Rudyard Kipling
Jack London
Dallas Lore Sharpe
William Hamilton Gibson
Walt Whitman

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